



We Mingle

Prepared by R. Young from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

A
MEMOIR
OF FIELD MARSHAL
The Duke of Wellington.
WITH NOTICES OF
his Associates & Opponents



(Wellington) rose in such haste as to overturn the table
exclaiming "Marmont's good genius has forsaken him"

Battle of Salamanca Page 12

VOL. II.

A. FULLARTON & CO
LONDON, EDINBURGH & DUBLIN

MEMOIR OF FIELD-MARSHAL
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON;

WITH INTERSPERSED NOTICES OF

HIS PRINCIPAL ASSOCIATES IN COUNCIL,

AND

COMPANIONS AND OPPONENTS IN ARMS.

BY JOHN MARIUS WILSON.

VOLUME II.

A. FULLARTON AND CO.
LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND DUBLIN.

EDINBURGH ·
FULLANTON AND MACNAE, PRINTERS, LEITH WALK.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

CHAPTER I.

	Page
Lord Wellington's Return to Elvas—The first British Siege of Badajoz—Soul's Return to Estremadura—Beresford's Arrangements for Confronting Him—The Battle of Albuera—Lord Wellington's Proceedings Consequent on that Battle—Beresford's Release from the Detached Command,	1

II.

The Second British Siege of Badajoz—Advance of Soul and Marmont to raise it—Lord Wellington's Positions at Albuera and on the Caya—Soul and Marmont's Separation from each other and Withdrawal from the Guadiana—Lord Wellington's Movement to Fuente Guinaldo,	18
--	----

III.

Lord Wellington's Improved Relation to the Portuguese Government—His Disinterestedness—His Counter-position to Marmont and Dorsenne—His Blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo—The Combats of El Bodon and Aldea de Ponte—Retrogression of the French,	31
--	----

IV.

Hill's Surprise of Girard at Arroyo Molinos—His Elevation to Knighthood—His re-advance against Drouet—Operations in Andalusia and Valencia—Lord Wellington's Re-blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo—His Cantonments on the Coa—His Siege and Capture of Ciudad Rodrigo—New Honours Conferred upon him,	47
---	----

V.

Marmont's Stultification at the Fall of Ciudad Rodrigo—Lord Wellington's Care for that Place—His Projects against Badajoz—His Movement to Elvas—The Third British Siege of Badajoz—Movements of Marmont and Soul during the Siege—The Capture of Badajoz—Sequents of the Capture,	72
---	----

VI.

More follies of the Spanish Authorities—Retreat of Soul into Andalusia—Return of Lord Wellington to Beira—Retreat of Marmont into Castile—Enterprize of Sir Rowland Hill against Almaraz—Change of Ministry in Britain—Advance of Lord Wellington into Castile—His Reception at Salamanca,	97
--	----

VII.

The Military features of Salamanca and its Environs—Lord Wellington's Siege of the Forts of Salamanca—Marmont's Retreat to Tordeasillas, followed by Lord Wellington—Marmont's Re-advance to the Tormes, accompanied by Lord Wellington—The Battle of Salamanca—The Results of that Battle,	111
---	-----

VIII.

Marmont's Personal History—Lord Wellington's Pursuit of Clausel to Valladolid—His Advance against Joseph Buonaparte—His Entry into Madrid, and Proceedings there—His Arrangements in Reference to new great Concentrations of the French Armies—More Honours conferred upon him,	128
--	-----

CONTENTS.

	Page
IX.	
Spain's Evacuation of Andalusia—Lord Wellington's Advance to Burgos—His Siege of the Castle of Burgos—His Retreat, and the Retreat of Sir Rowland Hill, to Ciudad Rodrigo, followed by the Concentrated French Armies—The Retirement of all the Armies into Winter Cantonments—The Results of the Campaign of 1812,	148
X.	
Lord Wellington's Circular Letter to his Officers respecting Discipline—His Visit to Cadiz—His Difficulties with the Spanish Government—His Visit to Lisbon—His Personal—His Sanitary Arrangements—His Reorganization of the Allied Armies—The State of the Antagonist Forces in the Peninsula in the Spring of 1813,	162
XI.	
Operations on the East Coast of Spain—Lord Wellington's Farewell to Portugal—His Grand Aggressive March to the Ebro—The Concentration and Retreat of the French Armies—The Destruction of the Castle of Burgos—The Battle of Vittoria—The Results of that Battle—Lord Wellington made a Field-Marshal,	177
XII.	
The Retreat of the French from Vittoria—The Allies' Pursuit of Joseph Buonaparte, Foy, and Clausel The Blockade of Pampeluna— Lord Wellington's Occupancy of the Western Pyrenees—Sir John Murray's Disaster at Tarragona—Lord Wellington's Political Difficulties with the Spaniards—The First Siege of San Sebastian,	201
XIII.	
The Reappointment of Soult to Spain—His Irruption into the Pyrenees—The Combats of Roncesvalles and Maya—The Battle of Sorauren—The Combats of Buena, Sorauren, Donna Maria, Yanzi, and Echallar—The Expulsion of Soult from Spain—The General Character and Results of the Battles of the Pyrenees,	218
XIV.	
Lord Wellington's Reasons for not Pursuing Soult into France—The Second Siege of San Sebastian—The Destruction of the Town of San Sebastian, and Libels Respecting it on Lord Wellington and his Officers—The Combats of San Marcial and Vera—The Capture of the Castle of San Sebastian,	236
XV.	
Lord Wellington's Passage of the Bidassoa—His Orders to his Army on entering France—The Combat of Sarre—The Surrender of Pampeluna—The Battle of the Nivelle—The Positions of the Armies on the Nivelle and the Adour—The Passage of the Nive—The Battles in Front of Bayonne The Battle of St. Pierre,	250
XVI.	
Lord Wellington's Vigorous Measures Against Plundering—His Situation with Reference to the French People and Government—His Political and Financial Embarrassments—His Cantonments on the Nive—Soult's Change of Position on the Adour—The Commencement of the Campaign of 1814—The Battle of Orthez,	270
XVII.	
The Passage of the Lower Adour—The Recall of the Spaniards—The Passage of the Upper Adour—The Combat of Aire—Beresford's Movement to Bourdeaux—Soult's and Wellington's Situation on the Upper Adour, and Movement to the Garonne—The Battle of Toulouse—The Cessation of Hostilities—The Sortie from Bayonne,	291
XVIII.	
The Fall of Napoleon—Lord Wellington's Visit to Paris—His Elevation to a British Dukedom—His Conduct with regard to Non-solicitation of Honours for Himself or for his Officers—His Visit to Madrid, and Diplomacies at the Court of Spain—His Farewell to his Army—Summary View of the Peninsular War,	318

XIX.

The Duke of Wellington's Return to Britain—His Popularity there—His Reception in Parliament—His Public Appearances in London—His Proceedings against the Slave Trade—His Visit to the Netherlands—His Embassy to Paris—His Mission to the Congress of Vienna—The Escape of Buonaparte from Elba,	Page 333
---	---------------------------

XX.

Buonaparte's Resumption of Power, and Preparations for War—The Allies' Preparations—The Duke of Wellington's Plans—The Disposition of his Forces—The Commencement of Hostilities—The Duke's Situation at Brussels—His Advance Toward Quatre Bras, and Interview with Blucher—The Battle of Ligny—The Battle of Quatre Bras,	350
--	------------

XXI.

Blucher's Retreat to Wavre—Wellington's Retreat to Waterloo—Buonaparte's Advance to Planchenoit—The Battle-field of Waterloo—The Battle of Waterloo—The Accession of the Prussians to the Action and the Pursuit—The Character of the Battle—The Duke of Wellington's Personal Conduct in it, and his Opinions Respecting it,	373
--	------------

XXII.

Wellington and Blucher's Movement into France—The Condition of Wellington's Army—The Allies' Advance upon Paris—The Final Downfall of Buonaparte—The Allies' Entry into Paris—The Termination of the War—Public Rejoicings in Britain—Rewards for Waterloo	411
---	------------

XXIII.

The Duke of Wellington's Prevention of Severities in Paris, and Restoration of the Spoils in the Louvre—His Non-complicity in the Death of Ney—Incidents of his Life in Paris—His Command of the Army of Occupation—His Generosity to France, and Conduct in the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle—His permanent Return to Britain,	425
--	------------

XXIV.

The Duke of Wellington's Mansions—His Political Position in Britain—New Offices and Honours Conferred upon Him—His Mission to the Congress of Verona—His Embassy to the Court of St. Petersburg—His Appointment to the Command-in-chief of the British Forces—The Death and Character of the Duke of York,	444
---	------------

XXV.

The State of Political Parties in Britain in 1827—Mr. Canning's Administration—The Duke of Wellington's Withdrawal from Mr. Canning—His Amendment of Mr. Canning's Corn-bill—His Vindication of Himself at Mr. Canning's Death—The Influence of Mr. Canning's Political Career upon that of the Duke of Wellington,	459
--	------------

XXVI.

Lord Goderich's Administration—The Duke of Wellington's Resumption of the Command-in-chief—His Appointment to be Prime-minister—The Composition and Policy of his Cabinet—The New Corn-law—The Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts—The Secession of Mr. Huskisson—Changes in the Ministry,	473
---	------------

XXVII.

Progress of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Question—The Duke of Wellington's Proceedings upon it—His Difficulties Respecting it with the King—The Passage of His Bill upon it through Parliament—His Duel with Lord Winchelsea—His Appointment to be Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports,	487
---	------------

XXVIII.

Traits of the Duke of Wellington in the latter part of 1829—His Prosecution of the Morning Journal—The Situation of His Cabinet in 1830—The National Distress—The Death of George IV.—The Reform Agitation—The New Parliament of William IV.—The Downfall of the Wellington Administration,	504
--	------------

XXIX.

Earl Grey's Administration—The Reform Contest, in Parliament and through the Country— The Duke of Wellington's Speeches upon it—His Abortive Attempt to Form a Ministry Successive of Earl Grey's—His Course of Sufferance toward the Reform Bill, so as to let it Pass—The Reasons of his Change of Policy,	Page 518
---	-------------

XXX.

Traits and Speeches of the Duke of Wellington in 1831—1834—His Election to the Chan- cellorship of Oxford University—His Relation to the Governments which succeeded Earl Grey's—His Speech at the Death of William IV.—His Conduct at the Accession of Vic- toria and at her Coronation—Marshal Soult in England,	533
---	-----

XXXI.

The Duke of Wellington's Speeches in 1838—1841—The Ministerial Crisis of 1839—The Banquet to the Duke at Dover—The Marriage of Queen Victoria—The Recall of Sir Robert Peel to the Premiership in 1841—The Duke of Wellington's Position in the New Administration—His Extraordinary Political Influence,	547
--	-----

XXXII.

The Peel Cabinet's Policy—The Duke of Wellington's Speeches in 1842—1846—His Resump- tion of the Command-in-chief—His Treatment of the Repeal Agitation—Statues of him in London and in Scotland—The Queen's Visit to him at Strathfieldsaye—His Connexion with the repeal of the Corn-laws—The Fall of the Peel Administration,	563
---	-----

XXXIII.

The Duke of Wellington's Public Appearances in his Old Age—His Position under the Rus- sell Administration—His Conduct in Reference to the British Defences, the Chartist Dis- turbances, the War of the Punjab, the Death of Sir Robert Peel, and other Public Affairs in 1847—1852—The Close of his Public Life,	580
---	-----

XXXIV.

The Duke of Wellington's Personal and Social Habits during the Years of his Old Age— His Feeling toward the Fine Arts—Incidents in the Last Months of his Life—His Last Illness and Death—Sensation caused by the News of his Death throughout the United Kingdom and on the Continent—His Funeral,	593
--	-----

XXXV.

The Duke of Wellington's Titles—His Connexion with the Town of Wellington—Honours done to him through the Medium of the Fine Arts—Testimonials to him—Posthumous Monuments of Him—Opinions of the French Press Respecting him—Comparison of him and Buonaparte—Summary Views of his Character,	612
---	-----

On the evening of the 15th, Soult reconnoitred Beresford's position without hinderance, and resolved to attack it next morning. "The hill in the centre," remarks Napier, "was undoubtedly the key of the position if an attack was made parallel to the front; but the heights on the right presented a sort of table-land, trending backwards towards the Valverde road, and looking into the rear of the line of battle. Hence it was evident that, if a mass of troops could be placed there, they must be beaten, or the right wing of the allied army would be rolled up on the centre and pushed into the narrow ravine of the Aroya. The Valverde road could then be seized, the retreat cut, and the powerful cavalry of the French would complete the victory." During the night, therefore, Soult concentrated the larger part of his army on the wooded hill between the FERIA and the Albuera, which was within ten minutes' march of this table-land, with the view of suddenly deforming from it any portion of the allied right wing by whom it be occupied, and rushing thence to speedy victory; and the rest of his army he drew up within the border of the wood, between the mouth of the FERIA and the new bridge of the Albuera, in order to make a strong demonstration against the centre of the allied position, "with a view to attract Beresford's attention, to separate his wings, and to double up his right at the moment when the principal attack should be developed."

Beresford's general disposition for receiving the enemy on the morning of the 16th, was in two lines ~~parallel to the Albuera~~ parallel to the Albuera. General Hamilton's Portuguese division, excepting one brigade, was in two lines northward from the Badajoz road, forming the left wing. General William Stuart's division was in front line, between the Badajoz road and the Valverde road, along the face of the hill, forming the centre. General Cole's division and the ~~excepted~~ brigade of General Hamilton's, were in second line, between the Badajoz road and the Valverde road, along the summit of the hill. General Blake's corps, strengthened by all Castanos' infantry, was in two lines southward from the Valverde road, forming the right wing. A brigade of German riflemen, under General Alten, were in front of the centre, occupying the village. General Otway's brigade of Portuguese cavalry were in front of the left wing. And the rest of the cavalry, British, Portuguese, and Spanish were concentrated, under command of General Lumley, in rear of the centre. Beresford's total force in the field comprised about 30,000 infantry, upwards of 2,000 cavalry, and 38 pieces of artillery; but his British infantry, who were to form "the pith and strength of battle," did not quite amount to 7,000. Soult had only 20,000 infantry,—who, however, being all well-disciplined troops and of one nation, were perhaps quite equal in strength to the allied 30,000; and he had upwards of 4,000 cavalry, and 50 pieces of artillery.

"The enemy, on the morning of the 16th," says Sir William Beresford, in his own official account of the battle, "did not long delay his attack. At 8 o'clock

he was observed to be in movement, and his cavalry was seen passing the rivulet of Albuera, considerably above our right; and shortly after he marched out of the wood opposite to a strong force of cavalry and two heavy columns of infantry, pointing them to our front, as if to attack the bridge and village of Albuera. During this time, under cover of his vastly superior cavalry, he was filing the principal body of his infantry over the river beyond our right; and it was not long before his intention appeared to be to turn us by that flank, and to cut us off from Valverde. Major-General Cole's division was therefore ordered to form an oblique line to the rear of our right, with his own right thrown back; and the intention of the enemy to attack our right becoming evident, I requested General Blake to form part of his first line and all his second to that front, which was done. The enemy commenced his attack at 9 o'clock, not ceasing at the same time to menace our left; and after a strong and gallant resistance of the Spanish troops, he gained the heights upon which they had been formed. Meanwhile the division of Major-General the Honourable William Stuart had been brought up to support them, and that of Major-General Hamilton brought to the left of the Spanish line, and formed in contiguous close columns of battalions, to be moveable in any direction. The Portuguese brigade of cavalry under Major-General Otway remained at some distance on the left of this, to check any attempt of the enemy below the village. As the heights the enemy had gained raked and entirely commanded our whole position, it became necessary to make every effort to retake and maintain them; and a movement was made by the division of General Stuart, headed by that gallant officer.

Thus was Beresford's situation, by the mere skill and form of the enemy's onset, rendered almost totally desperate. He received battle nowhere and nowhere as he expected. His whole position was wrong, and required to be instantly introverted. His right flank, where the push of battle was made, where the ground "raked and entirely commanded" all the rest of his position, and where a necessity arose as a very preliminary to action to form an entirely new front perpendicular to the original one, was in the protection only of his worst troops, the Spaniards, who were notoriously slow to move, difficult in evolution, and very liable to panic. Nor is it certain that the commanding hill there was even occupied by these troops; for says Lord Wellington, in his memorandum of the operations of 1811,—“It has been matter of dispute whether the Spaniards had or had not occupied the height before the French were on it. They were certainly ordered to occupy the ground, and their picquets were on it; but it is not clear that they had occupied it in sufficient strength before the French troops were on it.” Great difficulty was encountered, and serious loss of time incurred, in forming the Spaniards into the new front,—inasmuch that the enemy was upon them before they had fully formed it; and, when deforced from it, though they offered very gallant resistance, and fell back in marvellously good order,

yet they could not by any effort be again led forward; so that not a possibility remained of recovering the day, except by pushing the British troops past them and through their openings up to the acclivities of the commanding hill. But great as were the errors committed in the original disposition of the allied army by Beresford's deficiency in generalship, they were equalled by his rapid discrimination, his subtle activity, his indomitable bravery, and his prodigious zeal amid the perils of the fight. Everywhere was he to be seen, in brawny might and leonine fury, rallying, encouraging, hurling on his battalions, in the face of thunder-showers of shot, proving himself, if only a second-rate general, at least one of the grandest of heroes.

"Nearly at the beginning of the enemy's attack," says he, in continuation of his official narrative, "a heavy storm of rain came on, which, with the smoke from the firing, rendered it impossible to discern anything distinctly. This, with the nature of the ground, had been extremely favourable to the enemy in forming his columns, and in his subsequent attack. The right brigade—General Stuart's division, under Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne, first came into action, and behaved in the most gallant manner; and finding that the enemy's column could not be shaken by fire, proceeded to attack it with the bayonet; and while in the act of charging, a body of Polish lancers, which the thickness of the atmosphere and the nature of the ground had concealed, (and which was, besides, mistaken by those of the brigade, when discovered, for Spanish cavalry, and therefore not fired upon,) turned it; and being thus attacked unexpectedly in the rear, was unfortunately broken, and suffered immensely. The 31st regiment, being the left one of the brigade, alone escaped this charge, and, under the command of Major L'Estrange, kept its ground until the arrival of the third brigade under Major-General Houghton." One of the Polish lancers, amid the thickest of the tumult, even made a personal dash at Beresford; but was pitched from his saddle, like a piece of buckram, by Sir William's stalwart arm. The lancers happily did not keep to their ranks, and were likewise espied amid their terrible butchery, by General Lumley, through a sudden break of the mist and smoke; else they might, conjointly with the other assailants, have annihilated the brigade. The British cavalry under Lumley rode at a gallop to the rescue, took the lancers in their turn in the rear, and cut many of them down.

"While this stern fighting was in progress on the hill," says Mr. Macfarlane in his Memoir of the Duke of Wellington, "some Spanish corps, regardless that their fire was falling fast, not upon the French, but upon the English ranks, kept up a mad, blind, unabating fusillade; but when ordered to advance, and succour men who were perishing through the celerity with which they had rushed to cover and assist them, no power could move them forward. At one time, Beresford seized a Spanish ensign and dragged him forward with the colours, hoping that the useless regiment might be induced to follow. Not a

man stirred, and the standard-bearer flew back to his herd, as soon as the mar- relaxed his grasp. Houghton's brigade, the next of the two brigades which been sent forward to recover possession of the ridge, soon reached the sum- , joined the immovable 31st, and maintained a most desperate struggle against immensely superior force, and against all arms,—artillery, infantry, cavalry both light and heavy. When we shall see a well authenticated instance of the troops of any other nation gaining and keeping such a position against such odds, then we may qualify, or waver in, our national faith that the British infantry is the best in the world. Houghton's men, however, fell fast, and his ammunition, expended in a rapid, sustained fire, began to fail. At the same moment, another and a fresh French column appeared moving round the right flank of the hill.

Marshal Beresford now thought of retreat; and it is said that orders were on the point of being issued to commence it. But there was a young quick-sighted, noble-hearted officer on the field, who saw that the battle might yet be won. This was Colonel now General Viscount Hardinge, who has shown the greatest intrepidity, activity, vigilance, and address in Sir John Moore's unfortunate campaign. He was now acting as deputy quarter-master-general to the Portuguese troops; and without waiting for Marshal Beresford's orders, he hurled General Cole's division against the French. With this division, which consisted only of the English fusileer brigade and of one Portuguese brigade, Cole moved forward. It was this British fusileer brigade that restored the fight, and saved the allied army from a fearful catastrophe. While the Portuguese brigade, under General Harvey, moved round the shoulder of the hill on the right, and some troops under Colonel Abercrombie moved round on the left, Cole himself led the matchless fusileers straight up the fatal hill, which was now completely crowned by the French masses and their artillery. Three flags of regiments and six British guns were already in the enemy's possession, and the whole of Soult's reserve was coming forward, *en masse*, to reinforce his columns on the ridge, from which the 31st and Houghton's thinned brigade seemed, at last, on the point of being swept. On the ridge and on the slopes, the ground was heaped with dead bodies, and the Polish lancers were riding furiously about the captured English guns. But General Cole, at the head of his fusileers, moved steadily onward and upward, dispersed those savage lancers, recovered our six guns, and appeared on the summit of the hill and on the right of Houghton's brigade just as Abercrombie took post on its left.

"The military historian of these exciting events, (Napier,) has given a most animated and perfect picture of the scene which followed. His description has often been quoted: but it would savour of presumption in any man to attempt to write another.—'Such a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke, and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled

the enemy's heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory. They wavered, hesitated, and then, vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Sir William Myers was killed, Cole and the three colonels, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe, fell wounded, and the fusileer battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. Suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult, by voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely rising, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen, hovering on the flank, threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm, weakened the stability of their ardour; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shot overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as foot by foot, and with a horrid carnage, it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves, joining with the struggling multitudes, endeavour to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and 1,500 unwounded men, the remnant of 6,000 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill."

Beresford, instantly on the advance of the fusileers, made such changes among his other troops as to lead forward a strong reserve of Spaniards, Portuguese, and Alten's Germans. But so rapid was the execution of the fusileers that this reserve could not overtake them into action. The retiring masses of the French, too, in spite of the severity of their defeat, were so well covered by a stupendous play of their artillery as to be able to make a ready escape. Nor did Beresford deem it safe to attempt even a more leisurely and more organized pursuit; but, thinking of the dismal slaughter in his British brigades, of the unwieldiness of his Spaniards, and of the immense superiority of the enemy in cavalry, was contented to see him driven across the Albuera. The forces who had continued to assail the bridge and the village withdrew into the woods, on desecrating the overthrow at the hill. The firing every where ceased about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Soult sat down on the same ground which he had occupied on the previous night,—and sat down upon it coolly and in position. His defeat, in the third

THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

and bearing of its military circumstances, appeared very similar to that of Massena at Fuentes d'Onoro; but in its nature, it was vastly less damaging to his reputation,—and in its amount, considerably less reductive of his relative strength. Had he chosen to renew the struggle on another day, his eagles perhaps would have easily soared to victory. The only true superiority which remained with Beresford, and which could alone awe this ablest of the French marshals, was, not anything on the gory battle-field, not any greater preponderance of the fighting power over the fallen encumbrance, but comparative proximity to his resources, the near prospect of strong reinforcement, and chief of all, the moral effects of the victory in inspiring the allies and disheartening the French.

But its loss in the battle exceeded eight thousand men in killed and wounded, including eight hundred wounded in so bad a state that they were left behind on the battle-field, two generals killed, three generals wounded, and so many other officers killed or wounded that not a few of the troops came to be non-plussed for want of orders, and were in consequence easily driven into confusion and retreat. The French enjoyed some small consolation for this loss and for defeat by carrying off a howitzer, several stands of colours, and about five hundred unarmoured British prisoners,—most of whom, however, rejoined their regiments within a fortnight. Beresford's loss in killed and wounded amounted to about 2,000 Spaniards, about 500 Portuguese and Germans, and 3,977 British. The appalling proportion of loss in the British indicates how surely the whole brunt of battle fell upon them, and how desperately they fought. Their killed alone amounted to 34 commissioned officers, 33 non-commissioned officers, and 917 rank and file. Most of the field officers were either killed or severely wounded. Few of the British regiments lost less in the battle, by death or wounds or capture, than two-thirds of their number; and the 57th, which went into action with about 570 bayonets, lost before two o'clock 23 officers and upwards of 400 rank and file. Nor had the allies any trophies to boast except the mere battle-ground, with its debris of arms, its pools of blood, and its piles of carcases.

Seldom, in any age, in any clime, have any soldiers fought so sternly as the British did at Albuera. "It is impossible," said Beresford, "by any description to do justice to the distinguished gallantry of the troops. But every individual most nobly did his duty, which will be well proved by the great loss we have suffered in repulsing the enemy; and it was observed that our dead, particularly the 57th regiment, were lying as they had fought in ranks, and every wound was in front." Soult also is said to have acknowledged that, in all his long and varied service, he had never seen so desperate and bloody a conflict. He is likewise said to have remarked, in reference to the British brigades,—“There is no beating these troops, even when their generals are beaten. I always thought them brave soldiers, and now I am sure of it. I turned their right and penetrated their ranks; they were completely beaten; the day was

mine; and yet they did not know it, and would not run." Wellington, too, after he had visited the battle-field, and received full and varied accounts of the action, said,—“The fighting was desperate, and the loss of the British has been very severe. But, adverting to the nature of the contest, and the manner in which they held their ground against all the efforts the whole French army could make against them, notwithstanding all the losses which they had sustained, I think this action one of the most glorious and honourable to the character of the troops of any that has been fought during the war.”

Victory at Albuera wore very sable robes. The battle-field, besides being so fearfully gory, was swept by tempestuous weather, and contained not the necessary of comfort. The rain, which had fallen in heavy showers during the action, fell afterwards in continuous torrents. The village of Albuera had recently, in occupation by the French, been sacked, pillaged, rendered almost a total ruin, without roof or inhabitant; and there was no other place of shelter. The wounded and the dying lay long where they had fallen, weltering in their blood, amid the heaps of the dead, unheeded by the living. The entire strength of Beresford and his staff, throughout the afternoon and evening, was expended in improving and fortifying his position against the contingency of another attack by the French. Almost all the unhurt British were required for picquet duty; so that scarcely any could give even the slightest attention to the wounded. Colonel Hardinge went toward night to request assistance from Blake, whose proportion of unhurt soldiers was so great; but the surly Spaniard, happening to be in fretful discontent at the result of the battle, savagely refused so much as a crumb or a bandage to the thousands of brave foreigners who had fallen near him fighting for his country; and he insultingly remarked, “that it was the custom with allied armies for each to take care of its own wounded.”

On the morning of the 17th, both the allied army and the French one remained in the same position as on the previous evening, each with its wounded still uncared for, and both looking as if in momentary expectation of closing again in battle. In the course of that day, a brigade of Cole's division which had been detained on the Guadiana, arrived on the battle-field, and gave a cheering appearance of reinforcement to the allies; and during the night and on the following day, the French slowly retired along the road by which they had advanced, their wounded going first in emptied tumbrils and emptied ammunition waggons, their unhurt infantry going next, and their cavalry covering the rear.

On the 19th, Lord Wellington visited the battle-field. He is said to have been sorry that the battle was fought, and that it had not been aided by an artificial strengthening of the position. He likewise, in some of his letters, expressed strong regret at the numbers of the British who had fallen. But he was too prudent a generalissimo to say anything, in any quarter, which could be

any way in the effects of victory. On the contrary, he highly commended all the troops and commanders who had been in the action; he seized every opportunity of enhancing the fame of the victory; he even said to Beresford, respecting the terrible price of life and limb which had been paid for it,—“You could not be successful in such an action without a large loss, and we must make up our minds to affairs of this kind sometimes, or give up the game.” He instructed Sir William to follow the enemy, but to do so with caution; and he himself returned to Elvas to superintend in person the resumption of the siege of Badajoz. Yet his first care was for the wounded; insomuch that on the 20th at Elvas, he wrote to the chief officer of the medical department of his army,—“The gentleman here appears to me to be doing everything that is in his power, and has written to me for further assistance. I have written also to General Peacocke, and have desired that all possible assistance may be sent here, and two thousand sets of bedding. It is impossible to calculate the number of wounded there will be, but I should think at least that number. You will know best whether, from the state of the hospitals elsewhere, it will be possible to send assistance from other quarters.”

Soult, in retiring southward from Albuera, went no farther than to Llerena. He took strong post there, apparently in perfect confidence that he could not be driven through the passes of the Sierra Morena; and at the same time, he possessed the option of proceeding to Seville, or even to the lines of Cadiz, at any time he might think proper, with the certainty of leaving the road behind him quite practicable for his return. Beresford, for these reasons, as well as because of Lord Wellington's instructions, followed him with caution. Nor did he go farther than to Usagre,—where, on the 25th, his cavalry overthrew a brigade of Soult's heavy dragoons, capturing or sabreing nearly two hundred of them, and dispersing the rest in confusion; and then, in obedience to a recall by Lord Wellington, he retraced his steps to the Guadiana. “It was deemed better,” says His Lordship, “not to lose time by an attempt to attack Soult, which appeared hopeless, and to take advantage of our superiority in the battle of Albuera, and of the early arrival of our reinforcements, to make a vigorous attack upon Badajoz.”

About this time, General Hill returned to the army from his convalescence in England, and resumed command of the detached corps. His troops, who all highly respected him, and were far from being contented under Sir William Beresford, were delighted at his return. But the troops of Beresford's special command, those of the regular Portuguese army, were in incomparably worse circumstances,—involving immense loss from the suspension of Sir William's authority, and imperatively requiring its instant vigorous resumption. Everything had gone wrong with that army, every kind of evil had befallen it, famine, pestilence, confusion, dissatisfaction, desertion, disorganization, from the day of

MEMOIR OF FIELD-MARSHAL

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

LORD WELLINGTON'S RETURN TO ELVAS—THE FIRST BRITISH SIEGE OF BADAJOZ—SOULT'S RETURN TO ESTREMADURA—BERESFORD'S ARRANGEMENTS FOR CONFRONTING HIM—THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA—LORD WELLINGTON'S PROCEEDINGS CONSEQUENT ON THAT BATTLE—BERESFORD'S RELEASE FROM THE DETACHED COMMAND.

As soon as the French were expelled from Beira, Lord Wellington turned his thoughts to the country around Badajoz. He learned that Sir William Beresford was carrying on operations there under a sense of profound security; yet he justly reasoned, in spite of Beresford's confidence, and in spite of momentary appearances in Andalusia, that Soult would speedily advance with a strong force for the relief of Badajoz; so that he foresaw a speedy crisis in the south quite as great as that which had just transpired in the north. He therefore sent off immediately Picton's division, Houston's division, and the second German hussars to join Beresford, and made rapid preparation to follow them in person.

The rest of his army he resolved to leave still in Upper Beira, to withstand Marmont; and to Sir Brent Spencer, who was to be left in command of it, he gave the following instructions;—"Having made so considerable a detachment of the army to the south, it is necessary that what remains of this army should be for the present on the defensive. If therefore the enemy should collect again a large force upon Ciudad Rodrigo, it will be necessary that our army should be collected about Nava d'Aver—still, however, holding its advanced posts upon the Azava; and that it should be prepared, if necessary, to fall back upon the position behind Aldea Velha, Alfayates, &c., and its left towards Badamalos, and thence to the position with its right behind Seita and the left to Rendo, and thence across the Coa to Sabugal. If the collection of

LORD WELLINGTON'S RETURN TO ELVAS.

The enemy should be of such force, or made under such circumstances, as to create a belief that they will enter Portugal with a view to establish themselves again in the country, it will be necessary that the troops in this part of the country should fall back, when necessary, from Sabugal upon Belmonte, and thence by the Estrada Nova towards the Zezere. The strong country, however, between Belmonte and the Zezere must not be given up in a hurry; and a magazine, for a few days, should be formed at Belmonte, and care should be taken to remove from Celorico and on the Mondego the magazines, hospitals, &c., formed at those places." These instructions, and some others in the same strain which we need not quote, were for the most part destined to be a dead letter; yet to readers who will take the trouble to acquaint themselves with the topography of the districts referred to, they afford a fine instance of the masterly strategical views with which Lord Wellington made provision for almost every imaginable contingency.

On the 15th of May, His Lordship wrote a quantity of public official matter which fills eleven printed octavo pages. On the same day he left Villa Formosa for the south; and travelling at the rate of sixty miles a-day, without baggage or any kind of impediments, he arrived on the 19th at Elvas. Rife rumours of Sir William Beresford's operations met him on the road. At one place he was told that Soult was coming on in great strength, and that a battle might be hourly expected; at another, that Beresford had resolved upon a retreat, not feeling himself strong enough to oppose Soult; and at a third, that a great battle had been fought, and had ended in favour of the allies. This last rumour proved true,—with the addition that the battle, notwithstanding its being a victory, had made most horrible havoc among the British; so that Lord Wellington, the instant he arrived at Elvas, plunged into a torrent of cares respecting the reparation of the damages of the field, and the modifying of the subsequent operations of the campaign. But in order to explain how he stood and what he did, we must narrate what had happened during his absence.

Sir William Beresford, immediately after Lord Wellington was summoned away to the north, made a few military demonstrations which awed the French garrison of Badajoz and gave confidence to the native population of Estremadura. In a few days the flood in the Guadiana subsided, the bridge at Jaramenha was restored, and the Spanish generals, Blake and Castanos, acceded to the prescribed plan of co-operation. On the 4th of May, the engineers and artillerymen began to form the depot for the siege of Badajoz, and General William Stuart, with 5,000 men, invested the main body of the fortress, situated on the left bank of the Guadiana. But the whole business of besieging was so new to all the troops, so badly understood by many of the officers, and so wretchedly ill-provided for in tools and muniments and organization, that all the subsequent proceedings were slow, disjointed, and feeble. The Spanish forces

for co-operating with General Stuart* did not arrive till the 7th; and the force for investing Fort San Christoval and the *tete de pont* on the right bank of the Guadiana, comprising about 4,000 men under General Lumley, did not take ground till the 8th,—and even then arrived so irregularly that a body of only sixty French dragoons was able for some little time to hold them in check.

“At this point,” remarks the *Times*’ biographer of Wellington, “were now to commence the famous sieges of the Peninsula,—sieges which will always reflect immortal honour on the troops engaged, and which will always attract the interest of the English reader, but which must, nevertheless, be appealed to as illustrations of the straits to which an army may be led by want of military experience in the government at home. By this time the repeated victories of Wellington and his colleagues had raised the renown of British soldiers to at least an equality with that of Napoleon’s veterans, and the incomparable efficiency, in particular, of the light division was acknowledged to be without a parallel in any European service. But in those departments of the army where excellence is less the result of intuitive ability, the forces under Wellington were still greatly surpassed by the trained legions of the Emperor. While Napoleon had devoted his whole genius to the organisation of the parks and trains which attend the march of an army in the field, the British troops had only the most imperfect resources on which to rely. The engineer corps, though admirable in quality, was so deficient in numbers that commissions were placed at the free disposal of Cambridge mathematicians. The siege trains were weak and worthless against the solid ramparts of Peninsular strongholds; the entrenching tools were so ill made that they snapped in the hands of the workmen; and the art of sapping and mining was so little known that this branch of the siege duties was carried on by drafts from the regiments of the line, imperfectly and hastily instructed for the purpose.”

The appliances of a siege were even worse in the present case—both much fewer and much feebler—than in the case of most of the subsequent sieges. Some stores which Lord Wellington had ordered from Lisbon could not be obtained for want of means of conveyance. The guns from Elvas were old, and did not correspond in calibre with the shot appropriated to them, so that the practice of even the best gunners in working them was exceedingly vague. The carriages of the guns were heavy, ill-constructed, and fragile, so as to be both unwieldy in movement and very ready to break down. The total supply of appliances for the siege on the right bank of the river comprised three brass 24-pounders, with 300 rounds for each, two 8-inch howitzers, with 200 rounds for each, 500 entrenching tools, 2,000 sand-bags, a few planks, and about 200 gabions. Not a single private soldier knew how to carry on an approach under fire; the most scientific of the officers, who understood well enough the theory of besieging, were compelled to make a disastrous exposure of their life in at-

THE FIRST BRITISH SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

tempts to compensate the deficiency of materials and the want of experience; and, what perhaps was worse than all, the commanding general had no skill to direct the various operations in proper concert, so that each section of the siege, or each stroke of the besiegers, was nearly as liable to sudden disastrous overthrow as if it were the only assailant of the fortress.

On the night of the 8th of May, ground was broken before the three out-works of Pardaleras, Picurina, and Christoval. The plan was to make false attacks on the first and the second, with the view of dividing the attention of the garrison, and to make a concentrated true attack on Christoval, with the view of speedily mastering it, so as to use its batteries for breaching the castle. A repusal of the description of the fortress in our thirty-fourth chapter will show the advantageousness of this plan. An officer also, by a perilous exploit on the night of the 4th, had ascertained that certain important facilities of access to the wall of the castle from the bed of the river had not been destroyed. But the besiegers made wretched progress. The operations against Pardaleras and Picurina were so puerile as to occasion the garrison very little concern. The ground before Christoval proved extremely hard and rocky; the spot chosen for the first battery, besides being exposed to the shot and shells from the town, was within musket-range from the rampart; the whole operation was carried on under bright moonlight; not even one gabion was placed before the play of shot, shells, and musketry began; and eventual cover for working the guns at day-light of the 9th could not be obtained for more than ten men.

The brave besiegers would not be daunted, would not slacken their exertions, but worked on in defiance of constant exposure and of heavy loss, endeavouring to supply the dismal deficiencies for the siege with their best blood. Unhappily, too, on the morning of the 10th, those of them at the foremost battery were provoked to an intemperate and wasteful display of bravery. A furious sally from the fort, at about seven in the morning, with 700 infantry and two field-pieces, drove them for a few minutes from their ground. The working party at the moment was about 400 strong, and the guard of the trenches about 600; and on recovering from their momentary deforcement, they not only drove back their assailants, but chased them fiercely to the very walls of the fort and of the tete de pont, unthinking of their own danger, and without a single object in view except vengeance, till in an instant, at almost the mouth of the cannons, they were overwhelmed in front and in flank by a shower of grape-shot, with the loss of about 400 in killed and wounded.

Lord Wellington, on hearing of this affair, felt vexed and indignant. He associated it with the furious pursuit from Campo Mayor, and with two other recent though smaller occurrences of similar character; and, inferring that a habit of rash audacity was growing up in the room of prudent bravery, he immediately penned a letter for circulation among all his officers, earnestly depre-

THE FIRST BRITISH SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

cating such a spirit, and announcing his determination to bring every future instance of it, on the part of any officer, before a general court martial. "I entertain no doubt," said he, "of the readiness of the officers and soldiers of the army to advance upon the enemy; but it is my duty, and that of every general and other officer in command, to regulate this spirit, and not to expose the soldiers to contend with unequal numbers in situations disadvantageous to them, and above all not to allow them to follow up trifling advantages to situations in which they cannot be supported, from which their retreat is not secure, and in which they incur the risk of being prisoners to the enemy they had before beaten. The desire to be forward in engaging the enemy is not uncommon in the British army; but that quality which I wish to see the officers possess, who are at the head of the troops, is a cool discriminating judgment in action, which will enable them to decide with promptitude how far they can and ought to go with propriety. The officers of the army may depend upon it that the enemy to whom they are opposed are not less prudent than they are powerful. Notwithstanding what has been printed in gazettes and newspapers, we have never seen small bodies, unsupported, opposed to large; nor has the experience of any officer realized the stories, which all have read, of whole armies being driven by a handful of light infantry or dragoons."

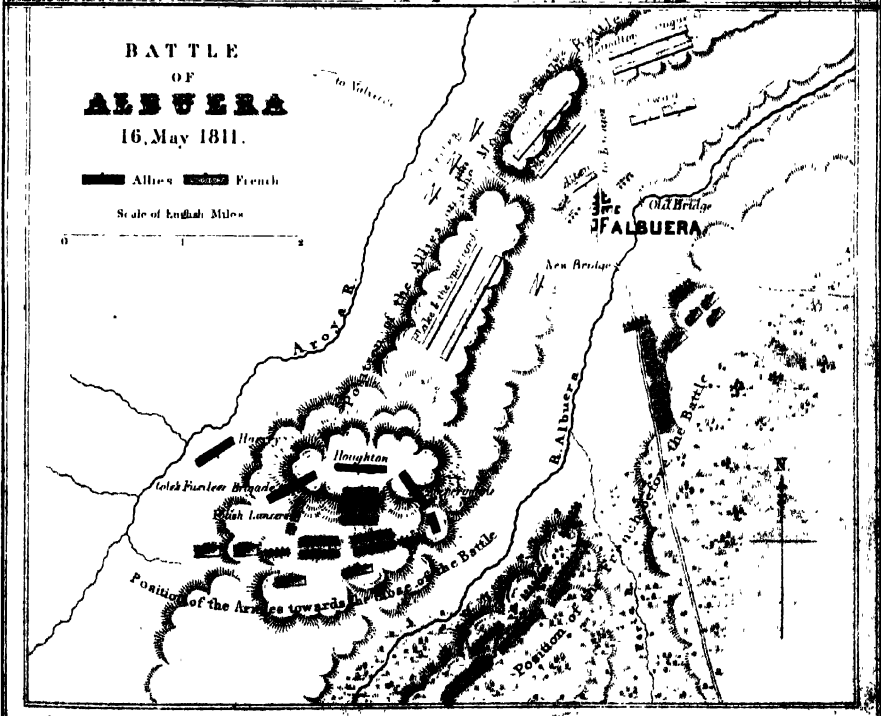
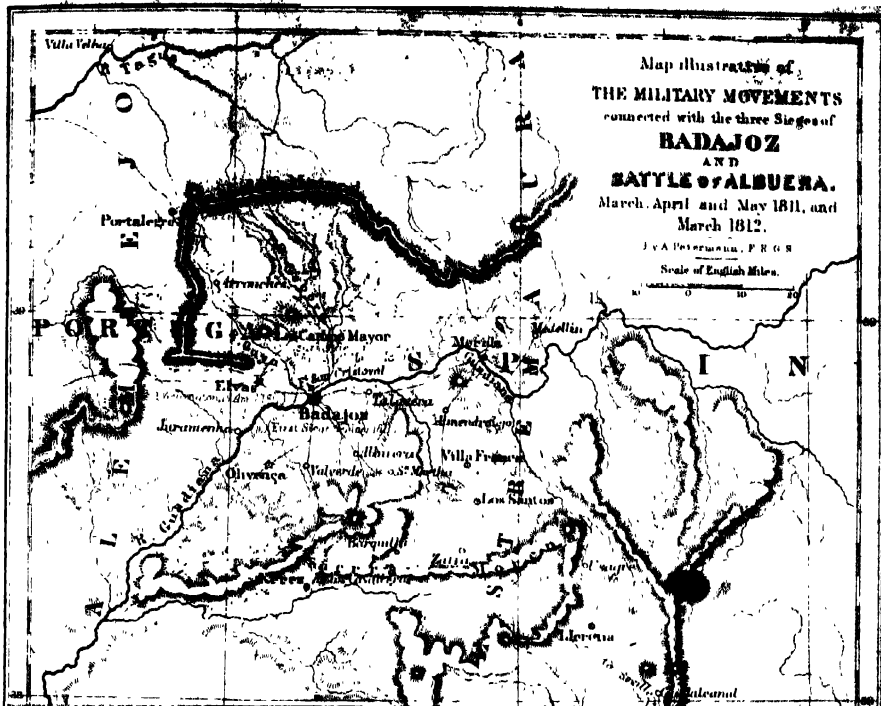
The troops who were engaged in the siege of Badajoz probably had more of the romance of battle than the rest of the army. They had been withdrawn from the superlatively famous operation of driving Massena out of Portugal; they had not even shared in the battle of Busaco, though present on the battlefield; and now, amid the strongly exciting influences of expected general triumph over the French, they naturally felt desirous to perform any achievement, no matter how difficult or perilous, which might procure them a fair share, or even a prominent one, in the army's fame. The survivors, therefore, were little affected by the startling calamity of the 10th, which drew such a fulmination from Lord Wellington. They toiled on as before, totally heedless of prodigious obstructions, frightful exposure, and incessant casualties. Their first battery was not ready to play till the morning of the 11th, and was silenced in a few hours. But they constructed another battery adjacent to this, and a third to command the bridge, and prevent sallies from the tete de pont; and at the same time, seeing that all their labour on the right bank of the river was likely to continue very slow and very doubtful, they commenced operations on the left bank directly against the castle. At twilight on the 12th, 3,000 men were paraded for the work of opening the parallel and the approaches to the castle, 1,400 of them as operatives and the rest as a guard; but toward midnight, when they had already pretty well covered themselves, they suddenly received an order from Sir William Beresford to retire from the trenches, and to prepare to raise the siege. Reports of the advance of Soult had for two days come in. At

SOULT'S RETURN TO ESTREMADURA.

was somewhat vague, but afterwards such as to shake even Beresford's feeling of security, and not quite certain and startling.

"On the night of the 13th," says Jones, "all the artillery was withdrawn from the batteries, the platforms taken up, and the splinter proofs removed. On the 14th, every exertion was used to send the artillery and stores to the rear; and at night, the fascines, gabions, and materials which could not be moved were burned. At noon on the 15th, the whole of the siege artillery and ammunition being across the Guadiana, the flying bridge was drawn ashore. Part of the army had already marched to Valverde; and the 5th division and some Spaniards only remained on the left of the Guadiana to cover these operations. On the 15th, they also moved, and the siege was completely raised. At the moment the rearguard drew off, the garrison made a sortie in force, by which a Portuguese light battalion suffered severely, making the total loss during the operation above 100 killed and 650 wounded."

Soon after the instant he heard of Beresford's advance from the Tagus to the Guadiana, Soult resolved to succour Badajoz; but he took the twofold precaution to make no haste of preparation till he should be in sufficient strength to move with effect, and to assume such appearances of busy local operation in Andalusia as should lull Beresford into a dream of security. He quitted Seville on the 10th of May, and was at Villa Franca, thirty miles from Badajoz, on the 14th. Beresford held a conference with Blake and Castanos at Valverde on the 13th; and at their earnest request, seconded by the known passion of his own troops for action, he resolved to give battle at the village of Albuera. He was warranted fully in that resolution by the letter of Lord Wellington's instructions,—but not at all by the spirit of them; for, in the circumstances of the moment, he would gain nothing by a victory which could not be gained as well or better by a few days' inaction, while he might lose by a defeat absolutely every thing which Lord Wellington had been gaining throughout the stubborn campaign with Massena. He knew that the allied army of the north had been finally victorious,—that a strong reinforcement from it might immediately be expected,—that the siege of Badajoz, so recent, and slow, and feeble, would suffer little injury from interruption,—and that the allied army under his command, while abundantly strong enough to hold Soult perfectly in check till the arrival of the reinforcements and of Wellington himself from the north, was neither so numerous nor so united as to be reasonably certain of success in giving him battle. He knew, too, that defeat would separate the component parts of the army, involve serious loss of numbers, expose Elvas to beleaguement and the Alemtejo to incursion, and most probably compel Lord Wellington to retreat again to the Line. Nor, in the face of all this, did he only resolve to give battle at Albuera, but, though that place had for nearly three weeks been hypothetically in view as his battle-field, and had all the while been easily ac-



cessible to him, he had failed up to the moment of adopting his resolution, and continued to fail on to the moment of actual fighting, to take such minute note of its features, or make such artificial changes upon it, as were essential to firm occupancy and masterly evolution in the day of battle.

The village of Albuera stands sixteen miles south-south-east of Badajoz, on the high road thence to Seville. It is a street of mean houses, with a church. A small river of the same name as the village flows past the east end of it, and proceeds northward to the Guadiana. Another stream called the Aroya, runs parallel to the Albuera, about four miles to the west. The tract between these streams, for about five miles north and south of the village, is a low undulated table-land, presenting a series of gentle eminences, without any marked feature of military strength. A swell, or low hill, directly behind the village, between the road to Badajoz and the road to Valverde, looks somewhat prominent, and was regarded by Beresford as the battle-key of the tract. Another swell, about two miles to the south, is broader than this, approaches much nearer the Albuera, has a more tabular summit and more rapid slopes, and was destined to be the scene of far the direst part of the impending struggle. The bed of the Aroya has enough of the character of a ravine to be seriously obstructive to a retiring army, so that the only good paths of retreat over it were the highways to Badajoz and Valverde. The slopes of the ridge toward the Albuera, whether at the swells or at the intervening depressions, both above the village and below it, are so perfectly free from fissure, escarpment, rugosity, rock, or tree as to be everywhere practicable, not only to infantry, but to horsemen and artillery. The stream of the Albuera, in summer, is not above knee-deep. Its banks immediately below the village are very abrupt and difficult, but everywhere above it are readily passable by troops of all arms. Two bridges span the stream,—the one at the commencement of the abrupt range of banks, old, narrow, and incommodious,—and the other a little farther up, new, handsome, and capacious. The contiguous tract along the right bank of the river rises to a very gentle elevation, and is all occupied by an extensive open wood. This wood was so unincumbered with shrubs as to be easily traversable by columns of cavalry, and at the same time presented so dense an umbrage toward the river as completely to conceal from the view of an observer at the village any military bodies who might be amassed almost within a few yards of its outskirts. "Ground more favourable to a general preparing an attack cannot be conceived." A rivulet, called the FERIA, flows obliquely through the wood to a confluence with the Albuera about one and a half mile above the upper bridge. The peninsula between the FERIA and the Albuera, at the points opposite and above the great tabular swell on the left bank of the Albuera, is occupied by a wooded hill which, besides confronting that swell, commands short ready access, past the upper end of it, right across to the Aroya and on to Valverde.

THE BATTLE-POSITION OF ALBUERA.

On the morning of the 16th, Madden's brigade of Portuguese cavalry were at Talavera Real, watching the road there, and waiting an order to advance to the south,—the rest of the cavalry, British, Portuguese, and Spanish, were at Santa Marta, retiring before the French,—Blake's infantry were at Almendral, under promise to be in line at Albuera against noon,—Cole's division of British and Portuguese infantry and Don Carlos d'España's brigade of Spanish infantry were still at Badajoz, covering the removal of the siege stores,—and the rest of Sir William Beresford's army, under his own immediate command, were already in position behind the village of Albuera. Sir William posted his best troops on the hill between the Badajoz and Valverde roads, and left the space on the right of it to be occupied by the Spaniards. In the course of the day, orders were sent off to Madden, Cole, and D'España to join; but those to Madden miscarried, and those to Cole and D'España, though promptly obeyed by a night march, did not bring the troops into the field till a very short time before the commencement of battle. About three o'clock in the afternoon, all the allied cavalry from Santa Marta came hurriedly across the Albuera, abandoning the whole range of wood on the farther bank, and closely followed by the French light horsemen. Blake had not yet arrived; nor did his van arrive till eleven o'clock at night, or his rear till three o'clock next morning.

Thus was Sir William Beresford, with only about one half of his army and in most disadvantageous circumstances, suddenly confronted by Soult. Not an entrenchment had been made, not a breastwork thrown up, not a contrivance of any kind performed, to strengthen the natural weakness of his ground. The wood on the further bank, with its perfect cover and impenetrable concealment was entirely relinquished to the enemy. The commanding wooded hill between the Feria and the Albuera also was left without occupation and without notice to be used by the enemy in any way he might think proper. Sir William likewise appears to have felt more solicitude for the left of his position, where some degree of cover was offered by the bed of the Albuera, than for the right of his position, where there was no degree of cover whatever. Had he been as deficient in courage as he manifestly was in generalship, he must have precipitately retired; but he was superlatively fearless, supereminently brave, never so firm at any kind of crisis as in a crisis of highest danger; so that he coolly made the best dispositions he could think of at the moment, forming a temporary wing to hold the right of his position, and waiting the arrival of the rest of his troops to make a complete battle-array. Lord Wellington, it is true, recommended to him the ground at Albuera as a very proper battle-field, and there lies his chief vindication, and a great one; but, beyond all question, Lord Wellington, had he been personally in command, would either have declined battle, or made widely different disposition for it, or at the very least taken strong precautions, both natural and artificial, to strengthen the ground.

his ceasing to spend all his time in superintending it, till at last, as Lord Wellington often asserted in his correspondence, it lost one half or more of all its value, and seemed rapidly dwindling to extinction. Beresford's release from the command of the detached corps, in order to his restoration to the full exercise of his proper authority as the commanding-marshal of the Portuguese army, was therefore most opportune. "He went back into Portugal," says Sherer, "to the important charge for which he was so eminently qualified, and in which he had rendered a service to the common cause of Europe never to be mentioned without respect. Admirable as a second in command, skilful to organize a new-raised army, a good aid in battle, and personally intrepid, the marshal with all this was not popular; and therefore perhaps it is that the censures of his conduct in the battle of Albuera have been so constantly and with so little abatement reiterated. However, despite all censure, his name will go down to posterity associated for ever, and that too in the relation of commander, with those unconquerable soldiers who upheld the fame of England upon the bloody field of Albuera."

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND BRITISH SIEGE OF BADAJOZ—ADVANCE OF SOULT AND MARMONT TO RAISE IT—LORD WELLINGTON'S POSITIONS AT ALBUERA AND ON THE CAYA—SOULT AND MARMONT'S SEPARATION FROM EACH OTHER AND WITHDRAWAL FROM THE GUADIANA—LORD WELLINGTON'S MOVEMENT TO FUENTE GUINALDO.

THE most desirable operation after the victory of Albuera would have been to drive Soult across the Sierra Morena, to raise the blockade of Cadiz, and to sweep the French out of Andalusia. But this was impossible. Lord Wellington, though no longer obliged to stand on the defensive, was not yet in a condition to act strongly on the offensive. The two grand gates to all the main roads to Portugal, Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, were in the enemy's possession. The two armies for covering these, Soult's and Marmont's, irrespective of corps not far distant whence they could obtain succours, were jointly superior in numbers to his total force. Soult's army, though weaker at the moment than his army of the south, as strengthened by the two divisions from his army of the north, had the prospect of being reinforced in the second week of June by seventeen battalions under Drouet, and at the same time held a flank position on the road to Seville, where on the one hand it commanded perfect facilities for marching into junction with Marmont's army, and on the other could easily defy or repel every effort within Lord Wellington's power to drive it through the Morena's fastnesses. Marmont's army, too, had a free option either to march southward into junction with Soult, or to move westward into a re-invasion of Beira; and if it should choose the latter alternative, it was so much stronger than the force under Sir Brent Spencer that it could not be resisted or even very materially checked.

Lord Wellington, therefore, turned all his thoughts for the present simply to the besieging of Badajoz; nor did he suppose that, in the event of his obtaining possession of that fortress, he could even then make any immediate attempt upon Andalusia. "You will see," wrote he to Lord Liverpool on the 23d of May, "that, supposing that I can get through the siege of Badajoz, it will be impossible to do more to the southward till I shall have closed the door upon Beira, by obtaining possession of Ciudad Rodrigo. Indeed I am thinking of bringing another division from Castile, in order to make sure of Badajoz, in consequence of Beresford's large losses; but I can scarcely venture to do that, and certainly cannot do more, without exposing to risk the frontier of Beira."

Fortunately for me, the French armies have no communication, and one army no knowledge of the position or of the circumstances in which the other is placed; both depend upon orders from Paris; whereas I have a knowledge of all that passes on all sides. From this knowledge I think I may draw more troops from Beira for my operations against Badajoz. But I cannot venture farther south till I shall get Ciudad Rodrigo, without exposing all to ruin. I beg therefore that the people in England will have patience about Cadiz, and allow us to do our work gradually."

Even the attempt to take Badajoz was highly heroic. Beresford's siege, instead of preparing the way for it, had only proved how difficult it would be, and yet had been undertaken in higher hopes, and under better circumstances. The strength in men was not much greater now than then, the two divisions from the north being little more than compensation for the loss at Albuera. The want of experience, the want of sappers and miners, the want of power to carry on the work by proper rule, were still the same. The means of transport were seriously diminished, by the necessity of employing so many carriages in conveying the wounded to the different hospitals. The besieging equipage had received no important addition, no radical improvement, not even so much increase of power or appliance as could match a corresponding increase in the garrison's means of resistance; while the main part of it had been so seriously weakened, chiefly by injuries done to the gun-carriages, in the former siege, that the artillery officers asked eleven days to put it into working order. Soult's army, for succouring the garrison, was no longer distant, scattered, and otherwise employed, but near, concentrated, and looking on. Even Marmont's army was as likely a force to bring relief now as Soult's had been then. The two armies likewise had the power of making a joint operation at so early a date that Lord Wellington could scarcely hope to have sufficient time for taking the fortress, even with the sharpest practice and the stoutest enterprise, before they would be under the walls, in full force, to fight him or to drive him away. In fact, if he could get the place at all, he would get it only by "snatching it away from between them." Hence did he say on the 24th of May to Lord Liverpool,—“I do not know when Marmont will be ready to co-operate with Soult. However, as the siege of Badajoz can be raised with so much ease, and without loss of any kind, whenever it may be necessary, I have thought it best to lose no time about it, and to adopt every measure to get that place, if I can, before the enemy's troops can join, and, if I cannot, to raise the siege and fight a battle or not as I may find most proper, according to the state of our respective forces.”

Lord Wellington's general plan of the siege was the same as Sir William Beresford's,—to make false attacks on Pardaleras and Picurina, and true ones on Christoval and the castle. But he made arrangements to conduct them all with more vigour and in perfect concert. He resolved likewise that the attack

on the castle should be commenced and carried on simultaneously with the attack on Christoval. His disposition of the covering army also was closely similar to that of Sir William Beresford,—the infantry spread from Merida to Almodovar, the cavalry pushed forward in observation of the French, as far as to Zafra, and the whole under strict instructions to do nothing which should not directly concern the covering of Badajoz, and ever to hold themselves in readiness to concentrate, as before, at Albuera.

So early as the 19th of May, General Hamilton's division, marching up from the battle-field of Albuera, shut in the garrison of Badajoz on the left bank of the Guadiana. On the 24th, General Houston's division, just arrived from the north, and increased to five thousand men by additions of Portuguese troops, invested the fortress on the right bank. On the 27th, General Picton's division, also just arrived from the north, joined General Hamilton's, making jointly with it a force of about ten thousand men. In the night of the 30th, sixteen hundred workmen, protected by twelve hundred men under arms, sank a parallel against the castle, on an extent of eleven hundred yards, and twelve hundred workmen, protected by eight hundred men under arms, commenced a parallel against San Christoval, four hundred and fifty yards from that outwork, and seven hundred yards from the *tete de pont*. The former party worked without discovery, and, finding the soil very soft, completed their parallel by break of day; and the subsequent works against the castle were carried on with corresponding facility. But the workers against San Christoval encountered a very different fortune. They had to labour on rocky ground, whose surface had been scraped bare by the French since the former siege; they had to bring earth from a distance for their works, and were so retarded by the bringing of it as to be glad to use woolpacks from Elvas extensively as a substitute; and, in spite of much protection from stuffed gabions, they were fearfully exposed to at once musket-shot, cannon-shot, and shells. Had they not laboured with prodigious energy, and had not the shells usually fallen on the edge of a ridge whence they rolled off before bursting, the works either could not have been done at all, or could have been done only with great delay and very heavy loss. Yet they were completed in three days.

On the morning of the third of June, the fire was opened from eight batteries against the castle, and from four batteries against San Christoval. Before evening, the fire of the castle was nearly silenced, and the outer wall, or rather a sheathing of masonry which looked like a wall, fell down. But behind this sheathing of masonry there appeared a perpendicular natural bank of clay, against which it had been erected, and which threatened to offer greater resistance than could be offered by very strong stone-work to the forming of a practicable breach. "The bank peeled off in perpendicular sections under the fire, and remained a scarp almost as regular as the wall itself. Moreover, as

the guns in battery were for the most part brass and very soft, the fire could not be kept up with sufficient rapidity and weight to hasten the fall of so large a quantity of the bank as might form a good ramp."

On the 6th, however, this formidable obstacle assumed such a slope as promised to be speedily surmountable. On that day, also, one of two breaches in San Christoval became so large as to seem perfectly practicable. Lord Wellington, in spite of the poverty of his means and the unexpected strength of his difficulties, had already begun to urge forward the operations with increasing disregard to rule; and he now resolved to force them to a crisis in four days, with the alternative of complete success or total relinquishment. "We have a chance," said he, "and in my opinion not a bad one, of obtaining possession of Badajoz before the enemy can relieve the place; or we must raise the siege before the 10th, from all that I can see of the enemy's movements. According to an intercepted letter, they have provisions, I should think, to the 18th or 20th; so that if we could be assured that we could keep the blockade, we should have the place. I must therefore determine what I shall do when I shall raise the siege, according to the means I shall have of maintaining the blockade. If I cannot prevent them from receiving provisions, it is not worth while to risk an action; for we have not the means, nor would it be fair towards the soldiers, to make them endure the labours of another siege at this advanced season."

A detachment of 180 men was ordered to storm the breach of San Christoval on the night of the 6th. They advanced bravely and in the best order, under a very heavy fire of musketry and hand-grenades from the out-works, and of shot and shells from the main fortress. But they found that seven feet of wall remained unfallen, that the rubbish below it had been cleared away since nightfall by the French, and that the breach above had been suddenly filled with strong extemporaneous obstructions. They had taken with them twelve ladders, and now attempted to enter by escalade. The ladders were busily tried for about an hour, at almost every face and flank of the work; but, though fifteen feet long, were too short to reach any place of footing on the scarp. The assailants were plied with incessant shattering fire, which killed twelve of them and wounded ninety; yet did not retire till they ascertained the forcing of an entrance, in any way or at any point, to be utterly beyond their power.

On the 9th, the breach in San Christoval again appeared practicable; and at 9 o'clock in the night of that day, two detachments of an hundred men each, with an advanced guard of twenty-five men, went forward to storm it. They were provided with six ladders from 25 to 30 feet long. They found the breach, as before, cleared out and impracticable; they also encountered a very hot resistance from at once the strength, the alertness, and the assiduity of the garrison; so that they could do nothing but attempt a most daring escalade. This, how-

THE SECOND BRITISH SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

proved as unsuccessful as it was brave. "Every one who succeeded in reaching the parapet," says Jones, "was instantly bayoneted down; and the assault, after a little while mounting on the parapet, upset the ladders. At the same time the two assailing columns were completely mixed together, and united in very strenuous endeavours to replace the ladders at various points of the front; but the enormous quantity of large shells, hand-grenades, bags of powder, and combustibles which the garrison threw into the ditch, rendered their perseverance and gallantry unavailing; and after braving destruction till ten o'clock, and having forty men killed and an hundred wounded, the remainder of the assaulting party was ordered to retire."

This second failure to carry San Christoval took away all hope of successful assault upon the castle. The battering train, too, was proving incomparably worse than had been expected. Both guns and carriages were exceedingly often rendered useless by the mere effects of their own working. On the morning of the 10th, only eight guns and two howitzers remained serviceable against San Christoval, and only twelve of the original ordnance against the castle. The play of fourteen 24 pounders for seven days upon the castle wall had failed to effect a practicable breach. Other guns would require to be brought from Elvas, and nearer approaches to the wall would require to be worked, before another attempt could be made to storm San Christoval. Lord Wellington, therefore, had now no choice but to carry out his purpose of the 6th, to raise the siege.

"The most critical examination of the operations of this siege," remarks Jones, "will not allow of blame for its failure being thrown on any one. From the general to the soldier each did his duty. Nor should want of success discredit the original project. It must be admitted that there was a judicious application of all the means that could be collected for the reduction of Christoval. On trial those means proved insufficient. Many of the causes of their insufficiency could not have been foreseen; and others, if foreseen, could not have been remedied. All that skill and bravery could effect was done. The successful resistance of Fort Christoval prevented the execution of the final part of the project. But such part of it as was executed augured favourably for the remainder; and a candid consideration will perhaps grant that this attempt to recover Badajoz, although bold and hazardous in the extreme, and contrary to all rule, had much merit as a feasible expedient, and deserved a happier result."

During the progress of the siege, Lord Wellington, by means of his scouts, kept a keen eye upon the movements of Soult and Marmont; and, though determining to raise the siege on the 10th, he determined also to maintain the blockade of the fortress as much longer as possible, and to cover it against the advance of Soult. He also drew toward him two brigades of infantry and two regiments of cavalry which had been stationed at Coria, as posts of communica-

tion with Sir Brent Spencer, and sent forward fresh instructions to Spencer, to aid his manœuvres against Marmont, and to bring him onward to the Guadiana. Marmont, on leaving Salamanca, moved first upon Ciudad Rodrigo, and threw in there, on the 6th of June, a convoy of provisions. Spencer, at his approach, retired across the Coa. Marmont then turned round, and marched through the Puerto de Banos to Plasencia. Spencer made a corresponding movement on Castello-Branco; and there he felt obliged to make a long halt by intelligence that Marmont had posts on the Alagon and cavalry in Coria, and did not seem to be going across the Tagus. Marmont's real predicament, however, was a delay occasioned by the non-arrival of pontoons for the passage of his troops; and he actually was using every means in his power to move as expeditiously as possible into junction with Soult. Accordingly, the head of his army crossed the Tagus on the 12th, and arrived at Truxillo on the 13th, and at Merida on the 15th.

Soult, having just been joined by Drouet, broke up from Llerena on the 12th, and moved his advanced guard to Zafra and Los Santos on the 13th. A detachment of British cavalry, having been sent forward to reconnoitre, skirmished with a strong body of his advanced guard at Los Santos, and took some prisoners. The covering corps of the allied army, comprising Blake's corps and Wellington's second and fourth divisions, concentrated on the same day at Albuera. Hamilton's division also, and Lord Wellington in person, moved thither on the night of the 13th. Picton's and Houston's divisions were left to maintain the blockade of Badajoz. Lord Wellington, expecting Soult to advance right toward Badajoz before being actually joined by Marmont, made active preparations to give him battle on the old ground at Albuera, entrenching the position, occupying the hill on the right bank of the river, and adopting whatever other precautions seemed requisite to avoid the errors of Beresford. Soult, however, was very cautious, shrewdly groping his way into communication with Marmont, shying off by the right till he got near the parallel of Albuera, and then moving deftly toward junction with Marmont at Merida.

On the 14th at Albuera, and in a previous letter, General Blake was urged by Lord Wellington either to commit himself to a full co-operation with the allied British and Portuguese army during the impending operations, or to cross the Guadiana at Juramenha, to move down the right bank, to recross the river at Mertola, and to attempt a strong diversion by marching suddenly upon Seville, and thereby shaking the blockade of Cadiz. Blake preferred the latter alternative; and accordingly crossed the Guadiana on the 17th, and recrossed it on the 22d. But, instead of moving at once upon Seville, he amused himself with a petty tedious operation by the way, in circumstances which covered him with disgrace, and occasioned the total withdrawal of his force from the exertion of even the slightest influence on the struggle in Extremadura.

HIS WITHDRAWAL TO THE CAYA.

149. The effective French force on the Guadiana, after the junction of Soult and Marmont, comprised about 53,000 infantry and 7,000 cavalry. The allied force, immediately after the departure of the Spaniards, comprised only 11,812 British infantry, 12,885 Portuguese infantry, 1,671 British cavalry, and 900 Portuguese cavalry. The head of Sir Brent Spencer's column did not join till the 20th; and one of the divisions, consisting of about 5,000 men, did not join till the 24th. Wellington's total strength, after his whole army was brought together, comprised 25,123 British infantry, 18,926 Portuguese infantry, 3,197 British cavalry, and 1,200 Portuguese cavalry. Thus, when Blake left him, he had considerably less than one half of the numerical strength of the French; and when the last of his own troops joined him, he had still 11,500 fewer men than they. His proportion of cavalry, too, was only as twenty-two to thirty-five. "It was a severe trial to Lord Wellington," remarks Sherer, "to be constantly cramped in his efforts by the want of cavalry; for with a superior cavalry, no general can ever be fully beaten; and without it, he can never so follow up a victory as to make considerable captures, and obtain large successes."

Lord Wellington, with the force which he possessed between the 17th and the 24th, could not by any possibility either maintain the blockade of Badajoz, or make any other kind of stand against the enemy. On the 16th, therefore, he terminated the blockade; and on the 17th, while Blake's corps were crossing the Guadiana at Juramenha, he led his own troops across by the pontoon bridge near Badajoz, to take up a strong defensive position on the Caya. This movement, though difficult in itself, and though liable to be embarrassed by the urgency of the crisis, was performed without any loss of either men or stores, without confusion, and without a murmur. Yet an army only a degree or two less disciplined, or with only a degree or two less confidence in their commander, might have shown strong discontent. For, just at the moment when they were ordered away, the great prize for which they had been struggling was almost within their grasp. Philippon, the governor of Badajoz, had despaired of obtaining succours, and, being on the verge of starvation, was preparing means to break out and escape.

The position upon which Lord Wellington retired was in the form of an arc, from the vicinity of Elvas to the vicinity of Campo Mayor, with reserves in the rear and strong outposts at Portalegre. It completely covered Elvas and Campo Mayor, and insured the arrival into them of convoys of provisions and stores, which were essential to their maintenance. It was not fully occupied, of course, till after the arrival of Sir Brent Spencer's corps; yet was taken up, from the first, with sufficient strength and skill to offer defiance to the French. Advance cavalry posts were placed on the Guadiana, at the mouth of the Caya, and mid-way thence to Juramenha. The right wing of the main position covered Elvas, amid woods and gardens, upward from the lower bridge of the

Caya. The centre was in front of the town and wood of Arronches. The light division occupied the wooded ridge of Monte Reguingo, between the Caya and Campo Mayor. The left wing commanded some high ground, eminently favourable for defensive battle, on the Gebora a little beyond Campo Mayor, and at the same time was strengthened behind by the small fort of Ouguella. The main body of the cavalry were posted in observation beyond the Gebora and around Albuquerque. The whole position was completely masked from the view of the enemy, even upon a near approach for reconnoissance; while it comprised numerous watch-towers and small summits which commanded a full, distant, perfect prospect of all the plain in front of it to Badajoz. It also had excellent communications, which would enable Lord Wellington, on the first remote view of any menacing advance, to move the mass of his army quickly and effectively on the precise point which was threatened. The first division alone, Sir Brent Spencer's, was posted at such a distance that it could not come into any suddenly evoked action at any part of the main position; for it was retained so far in the rear as Portalegre, in order that it might promptly intercept any body of the enemy which might steal past the allied right flank between Elvas and Estremos, or past the left flank by Albuquerque.

On the 19th, the advanced guard of the united armies of Soult and Marmont entered Badajoz. On the 22d, the whole of the cavalry, in two columns, crossed the Guadiana to make a close reconnoissance of the allied position. Soult's cavalry, forming the left column, crossed below the mouth of the Caya, and moved upon the woods in front of Elvas; and, in consequence of their front line being mistaken by a British officer for a regiment of Portuguese, they captured a squadron of the 11th light dragoons, and drove back the second German hussars in impetuous flight and with some loss to Elvas. Marmont's cavalry, forming the right column, crossed by the bridge of Badajoz, and moved upon Campo Mayor. They manœuvred for several hours to penetrate Lord Wellington's mask, or obtain some degree of information, but were held completely in check by two brigades of the allied cavalry, aided by the peculiar features of the ground, so that they could not gain a sight of one foot of the position. The allied infantry along the whole line were under arms,—some of them for a considerable time not more than two gun-shots distant from the nearest part of either one or other of the two reconnoitering columns; yet all lay so perfectly masked that not the slightest notion of their strength could be obtained. The wily marshals of France, therefore, had no alternative but to retire to their camp, and there attempt by subtler means than a reconnoissance to see into the mind of a wilier general than themselves.

Lord Wellington saw no occasion to make battle, or to offer it. He could gain no advantage by fighting the French, which would not be gained quite so well or much better, simply by his holding them at bay till they should lose pa-

tience and retire. Yet he felt compelled to be ever ready to accept battle where he stood, if they should think proper to assail him. All the Portuguese frontier fortresses in his rear, from Elvas down to the smallest, were in such deplorable poverty of both provisions and muniments, that all of them together could not resist the French longer than two or three days; while, if abandoned to them, or captured by them, they would afford ample facilities for an instant rush upon Lisbon. The Portuguese regency were in terrible alarm,—ready and anxious, at the moment, to do anything in their power, or to attempt things far beyond their power, for putting these fortresses into proper defensible condition; but they had been so slow to catch this alarm, and previously so improvident or neglectful of everything which ought to have been done, that now the fortresses must either be covered at any risk by Lord Wellington's army, or fall to a certainty into the hands of the French. His Lordship, therefore, kept strong working parties employed day and night restoring the fortifications of the fortresses,—taking into them convoys of stores, guns, ammunition, and provisions from the British magazines at Abrantes,—clearing away the hospitals and the heavy baggage in his rear,—and strengthening and enlarging the defensive earthworks of his battle position. "His imperturbable firmness at this crisis," remarks Napier, "was wonderful, and the more admirable, because Mr. Perceval's policy, prevailing in the cabinet, had left him without a halfpenny in the military chest, and almost without a hope of support in his own country. Yet his daring was not a wild cast of the net of fortune; it was supported by great circumspection, and a penetration and activity that let no advantages escape. He had thrown a wide glance over the Peninsula, knew his true situation, and had pointed out to the Spaniards how to push their war to advantage, while the French were thus concentrated in Estremadura." In fact, Lord Wellington, at the very approach of his triumph over Massena, was suffering severe embarrassment from one of the many political errors of the British government, which so grievously obstructed the whole current of the war against Buonaparte,—an embarrassment which continued to the present moment unrelieved, and was likely to convert any military reverse which he might experience into the direst political disaster; so that for this reason also, quite as imperiously as for the reason of the bad state of the frontier fortresses, he felt bound to hold fast at all hazards his position on the Caya.

Soult and Marmont, on the other hand, were in circumstances to render battle eminently desirable. Their superior force gave them a grand opportunity for revenging the disasters of Massena. The flat country between the Caya and the Gebora was specially favourable for the efforts of their powerful cavalry. The effects of any repulse or even defeat which they could sustain, with that cavalry to cover them and Badajoz in their rear, could not be great; while the effects of a victory might drive Wellington headlong to Lisbon, and electrify the

whole Peninsula. Both of the marshals, too, had the highest motives of personal ambition to attempt perfunctorily some great achievement. Yet they saw quite as much cause for discretion as for valour; for they did not all at once discover the departure of Blake's corps, and after they did discover it, they felt a very wholesome respect both for Lord Wellington's strategy and for his army's prowess. "Napoleon's estimation of the weight of moral over physical force in war," remarks Napier, "was here finely exemplified. Both the French armies were conscious of recent defeats. Busaco, Sabugal, Fuentes, and the horrid field of Albuera, were fresh in their memory; the fierce blood there spilled, still reeked in their nostrils; and if Cæsar, after a partial check at Dyrrachium, held it unsafe to fight a pitched battle with recently defeated soldiers, however experienced or brave, Soult may well be excused, seeing that he knew there were divisions on the Caya, as good in all points, and more experienced, than those he had fought with on the banks of the Albuera. The stern nature of the British soldier had been often before proved by him; and he could now draw no hope from the unskilfulness of the general."

Lord Wellington, as usual, was quick to see into the mind of his antagonists; and therefore he soon ceased to feel much solicitude about the hazardousness of his own situation, and began to feel mainly anxious that the Spaniards would avail themselves of the concentration of so many of the French forces on the Guadiana, to strengthen the patriotic cause in other parts of the kingdom. "I am risking an action," wrote he to Lord Liverpool on the 25th, "at a moment in which it is desirable I should not fight. But notwithstanding that the French have collected all their troops here, and have left literally nothing in other parts of Spain, and are so much stronger than we, they appear as little inclined to risk an action as we ought to be." And on the 27th, he said, "They are already beginning to experience in some degree the effects of drawing together in Estremadura their whole force. General Bonet has evacuated the Asturias. Don Julian Sanchez has possession of the open country in Old Castile, and has recently intercepted a valuable convoy of money and provisions, on the road from Salamanca to Ciudad Rodrigo; and I learn from Valladolid, that a very valuable convoy has been intercepted by Mina, consisting of the king's baggage and property, near Vittoria, the whole escort having been put to the sword. It is to be wished that the Spaniards would take more extensive advantage of the concentration of the enemy's forces, and thus oblige them by loss of their convoys, the danger of their small garrisons and the civil departments, and adherents residing in the large towns, to keep their armies separate, and expose some to our attacks."

Soult and Marmont remained about a month at Badajoz and its vicinity. On the 7th of July, they moved a large body of cavalry and about two battalions of infantry upon Albuquerque, apparently with the view of cutting off

the allied cavalry stationed there; but they totally failed in that object, and withdrew their troops next day. This bootless affair and the reconnoissance of the 22d of June were the only operations which they attempted against Lord Wellington's position on the Caya. Their whole time was consumed in vast labours to procure subsistence to their armies. But at length food for their men became scarce,—forage for their horses could no longer be obtained, except at an enormous distance,—rapid increase of insurrection loudly demanded their presence in other parts of Spain; and they felt obliged, all empty of the glory they had come to seek in joint warfare against Wellington, to separate from each other, and depart from the Guadiana. Soult first went off to Andalusia, but left Drouet's corps to keep hold of the southern part of Estremadura. Drouet's corps next marched southward to take post at Zafra. Marmont's army then went northward to Salamanca, leaving by the way one division to occupy Truxillo, another division to occupy Plasencia, and detachments to hold the passes of Bejar and Banos.

Here surely was a juncture of French weakness. Why did not Lord Wellington rush on and strike? Could he not have assailed Drouet and Marmont after Soult's departure? Or, the Portuguese frontier fortresses being then restored to good defensible condition, could he not have followed Soult, chased him through Andalusia, and raised the blockade of Cadiz? Or at least, after Drouet's and Marmont's departure, could he not have very easily renewed the siege of Badajoz? As to assailing Drouet and Marmont, his total force was not superior to theirs, his cavalry force was inferior, and his probable loss, jointly from casualties in the field, and from great exertion in hot weather, amid a miasmatic atmosphere, would, even in the event of decided victory, be greater than could be compensated by any advantages that would be gained. As to following Soult, he would be followed in turn by Drouet and Marmont, and would simply commit himself against the whole force which had obliged him to take up his position on the Caya, strengthened by the addition of the blockading troops at Cadiz. And as to the renewing of the siege of Badajoz, this Lord Wellington officially pronounced on the 18th of July to be, at that season of the year, "quite impossible." "The loss of men," said he, "from the heat of the weather and the unwholesomeness of the climate in Estremadura, if the troops should be obliged to perform any labour during the ensuing six weeks or two months, would exceed what might be expected in a general action." Besides, the garrison of Badajoz, now well-provisioned and all the fortifications repaired, could with perfect ease resist the utmost efforts which could be made against it, till Soult and Marmont, through their communicating posts respectively at Zafra and Truxillo, should make another concentration of their force to relieve it.

Lord Wellington, therefore, felt obliged for the present to renounce all enterprise in the south. But he felt far otherwise respecting the north.

Ciudad Rodrigo, which was in most respects quite as important as Badajoz, and in some respects more so, seemed to be in a great degree at his mercy. He had strong and various reasons for thinking that it was, though they proved to be mistaken. He therefore made powerful, prompt, secret preparations for assailing it. A strong battering-train, with all other needful appliances for a vigorous siege, was ordered up to Almeida; the main body of the army was moved northward, first to Portalegre, and next to Fuente Guinaldo; and a corps of about 14,000 men, under General Hill, was left in Estremadura to watch the French divisions at Zafra and Truxillo.

Reinforcements of the enemy were, in the meantime, pouring in from France. No fewer than 50,000 additional French soldiers, all veterans, and upwards of 8,000 of them cavalry, entered Spain between the middle of July and the end of September. Four divisions of them crossed the Ebro, and joined Marmont; while another large portion marched through Biscay to reinforce what was called the army of the north. That army formed a separate command under General Dorsenne; and, though smaller than the army of Marmont, was larger than that of Soult, and similarly constituted to both,—being designed to act against Asturias and Galicia, just as Marmont's was against Portugal, and Soult's against Andalusia and Estremadura. Yet Dorsenne's as well as Soult's was instructed to co-operate with Marmont's, at any moment when an opportunity might offer to strike a blow at the British. Thus had Lord Wellington become the grand mark for nearly all the moveable French force in the Peninsula.

He himself, however, did not suppose the immediate concentration of strength against him to be nearly so great as it really was. Hence arose serious miscalculations in his scheme for assailing Ciudad Rodrigo. "From all the information I had received," said he, speaking of the time of his breaking up from the Caya, "the strength of the northern army was less than that of the south, and the army of Portugal, (Marmont's,) which was destined to oppose us in whatever point we should direct our operations, was not likely to be so strongly supported in the north as in the south. In this supposition I was mistaken. The army of the north, even before the reinforcements arrived, was stronger than that in the south. But it must be observed that there is nothing so difficult as to obtain information of the enemy's numbers in Spain. There is but little communication between one town and another; and although the most minute account of numbers which have passed through one town can always be obtained, no information can be obtained of what is passing in the next. To this add, that the disposition of the Spaniards naturally leads them to exaggerate the strength and success of themselves and their friends, and to despise that of the enemy; and it will not be matter of surprise that we should so often have been misinformed regarding the enemy's numbers.

"The first intention was to remain in the cantonments of one of the divisions,

which ~~was~~ been taken up as soon as Marmont had retired, till the train and stores should have been brought up from Oporto, to make the attack upon Ciudad Rodrigo. The march of the troops would consequently not have taken place till the beginning of September. The movement was made in the end of July and beginning of August for the following reasons:—In the end of July it was discovered that, notwithstanding Marshal Bessieres, the predecessor of Dorsenne in command in the north, “had evacuated the Asturias and Astorga when Marmont moved into Estremadura in the beginning of July, and had thereby increased the disposable force under his command, Don Julian Sanchez had been so successful in the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo, that up to that moment the enemy had not been able to keep open any communication with the place, or to supply it at all with provisions. A return of the supplies in the place when it was left by Marmont in the beginning of June, had likewise been intercepted, from which it appeared that the provisions would be exhausted by the 20th of August. It was therefore determined to send the army across the Tago immediately, and to blockade Ciudad Rodrigo, if it should not have been supplied; and if it should, to canton the army in Lower Beira, till the train and stores should have arrived.

“We did not receive intelligence that the place had been supplied till we went so far forward as to disclose our design against the place. But there were two other reasons for taking up cantonments for the summer in Castile rather than in Lower Beira: one was that in Castile we could procure supplies of provisions, which we much wanted, and we could procure none in Beira; the other was that, by threatening Ciudad Rodrigo, we were likely to relieve Galicia and General Abadia's army,” the Spanish army formerly under the command of Santocildas, and originally under that of the Marquis de la Romana, “from the attack with which both were threatened by the army of the north. We accordingly made the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo in the first week in August, and continued it from that time forward. The train for the siege would have arrived at Almeida in the first week of September. But before that period, accounts were received of the arrival in Spain of the enemy's reinforcements. It was also discovered by an intercepted return of the army of the north, that they were much stronger than they had been supposed in July, when the plan was determined upon to make the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. Under these circumstances, and as Almeida was not in a state to give security to the heavy train and its stores, it was determined not to bring the equipment forward, and to confine our efforts to the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo.”

CHAPTER III.

LORD WELLINGTON'S IMPROVED RELATION TO THE PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT—HIS DISINTERESTEDNESS—HIS COUNTER-POSITION TO MARMONT AND DORSENNE—HIS BLOCKADE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO—THE COMBATS OF EL BODON AND ALDEA DE PONTE—RETROGRESSION OF THE FRENCH.

LORD WELLINGTON, up to the time of his removal to Fuente Guinaldo, continued unreconciled to the predominant faction in the Portuguese regency. They were still the nominal rulers of the kingdom, but possessed very little real power. He acted quite independently of them, held no longer any direct correspondence with them, and obliged them, if not to support or execute, at least to endure whatever measures he himself deemed best for the prosecution of the war. They now rather feared him than hated him; and though still inclined to seize any tempting opportunity for showing dissent or resistance, they were in general tamely submissive,—and at times almost servilely compliant. Their last act against him occurred immediately after his removal to Fuente Guinaldo, and was peculiarly bold, consisting in the arrest and imprisonment of a British subject, of the name of Borel, without the assigning of any sufficient cause, without notice to any British authority, contrary to the stipulations of the treaty with Britain, and to the principles of the alliance.

Lord Wellington's rejoinder to this act burst like a crash of thunder upon the hapless perpetrators. "I request," said he to the British ambassador at Lisbon, "that you will inform the Portuguese government, that if they do not either give some better reason or more satisfactory explanation than that already given for the arrest and imprisonment of this person, I shall consider it my duty to order all persons attached to the British army to place themselves in security till the orders of the Prince Regent of Great Britain and Ireland can be received. I am perfectly aware of the consequence of the measure which I shall adopt upon this occasion; of the want of confidence, and terror, which it will create at Lisbon, throughout Portugal, and even throughout the Peninsula. But if those under whose immediate direction this violation of all the decent forms of civility has been committed do not think it necessary to advert to these consequences, there is no reason why I should. I beg to be understood as not giving any opinion on the cause of the arrest of Mr. Borel. This gentleman, equally with others in the British service who have been arrested and imprisoned, either by the Portuguese government with notice to me, or by me in consequence of the desire of the Portuguese government, may have been guilty of crimes which

WELLINGTON'S PERSONAL AFFAIRS AT LISBON.

reserve punishment. But I complain of the insult, of the mode in which this measure has been carried into execution, to which, as the commanding officer of His Majesty's troops, I will not submit."

This may serve as a specimen of the dash and strength with which Lord Wellington neutralised the malversations of the Regency. Nor did he treat them and their partisans with a less shattering policy, or with less lofty contempt for their folly, combined with most chivalrous ideas of his public duty, in matters which directly affected his private interests. He knew as well how to rebuke their meanness to himself, as how to impale their baseness to his cause. Hence, about eight weeks before the affair of Mr. Borel, he wrote as follows to Mr. Stuart, in reply to an offer of that gentleman to discharge some scandalous claims upon him relative to the feast at the knighting of Beresford:—"I believe there was some mismanagement on the part of the gentlemen who ordered the preparations for the feast at Mafra; but I was intolerably cheated, as will appear when I state that I found the meat, fowls, wine, &c., and the Commissary-General carried the things to Mafra for me, and yet the feast, in addition to these, cost me £1,200. I referred the bills to the police. I do not know what their decision was; but as they were certainly exorbitant beyond measure, I determined to defer the payment till it should be perfectly convenient to me. I do not know whether it is yet so, not having had time to look into my accounts, but I should imagine not; as the situation which I fill is not ~~only not a sinecure~~, but not remarkably well paid. I cannot, however, think it ~~any~~ hardship to oblige people to wait for their money, who have asked three times at least more than they ought; and at all events, I cannot allow you to incur an inconvenience which I cannot at present incur myself. I can certainly pay some of the money, and I shall make Sodré begin the settlement immediately.—I desired Mackenzie to remove my wine from Bändeira's, because Bändeira, after having invited me and all my family to consider his house as our own, and to go there when we pleased without billet, had a breeze with Campbell the other day, because he went to live there without a billet, and was nearly coming to blows on the street. I was very glad to have so good an opportunity of divorcing myself from Bändeira. I desired that a house might be taken for me, in order in some degree to mortify the Government and the principal people of Lisbon, and if possible to make them feel a little respecting their conduct about billets. I am slaving like a negro for them; I have saved the people in Lisbon, particularly, from the enemy, and I take nothing from them; while they continually torment me with their frivolous complaints on subjects on which they ought to have no feeling.—I shall not make use of the palace of Beniposta, or of anything else belonging to the Prince, nor will I lie under an obligation to any Portuguese for my private convenience. I shall pay rent for the house, which I want only to hold my wine, and to receive the officers of my family when they go to Lisbon. I shall

not be sorry if the Government and principal people of Lisbon know the reason why I take this house, namely, that I will not lay myself under an obligation to any of them."

Only a few days after the affair of Mr. Boral, however, all this unpleasantness with the Portuguese government came to an end. Lord Wellington was suddenly acknowledged, by the chief parties who had thwarted him, to have been perfectly right, thoroughly honourable, grandly praiseworthy in all that he had done. Principal Souza was thrown prostrate at his feet,—to be retained in place, indeed, but entirely shorn of power; the other adverse members of the Regency, together with their chief followers, made haste to profess a hearty submission; and the Crown Prince of Portugal fully vindicated our hero's dictatorship, exculpating him from all blame, pronouncing him worthy of all honour, and issuing certain new orders for facilitating the full play of his authority. Lord Wellington was now on high ground,—personally triumphant, and publicly set up by the rulers of Portugal to be a ruler over them; yet, amid the fragrant flatteries of the juncture, found not a place for the indulgence of any personal feeling. He had not an atom of the coarseness which can make any needless exaction from a fallen antagonist; so that he anticipated the submission of the Regency, by prompt frank communications, fitted to set them fully at their ease. Nor had he any of the sordid selfishness which can think of personal gratulation at a moment of vast benefit to millions of mankind; so that he exulted in the termination of all political resistance to him in Portugal, and in the prospect of vigorous concurrence everywhere in his plans, not at all as these might affect himself, but solely in their reference to the success of the public cause. Hence did he say to Mr. Stuart,—“I have received a most handsome letter from the Prince, upon which I have addressed the Governors of the kingdom. We shall now start afresh, and we must endeavour to carry the business on as well as we can. The recent orders of the Prince certainly give us great advantages, which we have never till now possessed.”

Nor did the Prince merely exalt him in his office; he also gave him substantial personal tokens of his favour, conferring on him the title of Conde de Vimeiro, and the grand cross of the order of the Tower and Sword, and a pension equal to about £5,000 sterling a-year. Lord Wellington likewise continued to be entitled, in virtue of his office of Marshal-General of Portugal, to the pay of about £7,000 a-year. But not one fraction of either of these revenues, not one fraction from any source whatever in either Portugal or Spain, would His Lordship accept; assigning as the reason of his disinterestedness, that self-denial ought everywhere to be practised, at so great a crisis, for the sake of the public cause,—that all the money which could be obtained was necessary for the urgent demands of the military chest,—that he “had considered it his duty to urge the local government almost with importunity to increase the contribution

prevents of the state to the utmost, by every measure in their power, as well of increased taxation as of reform of abuses in the collection and management of the revenue, and of economy in the grant of salaries, and in every branch of the expenditure, as the only measures by which the expenses of the war could be provided for by the necessary sums of specie." Such noble disinterestedness, from such lofty motives, was higher honour than any he could derive from titles, truer power than any he could receive from man, and gave him, soon and deservedly, almost as much influence over the ruling minds of the Peninsula, as accrued from the fame of his victories.

About the same time also, or a few weeks earlier, he was raised to the rank of full General in the British service. About this time likewise he received large accessions of strength to his army. Reinforcements from home raised the number of his British troops to 56,000; and the refilling of the ranks, by the reclaiming of deserters and the obtaining of fresh recruits, under the resumption of Beresford's administration, restored the numbers of the regular Portuguese troops to 24,000. Yet sickness for some months was fearfully prevalent; so many as 22,000 men lay disabled at the juncture of the movement into Beira; so that, the 14,000 who were left with General Hill being also deducted, not more than 12,000 marched to Fuente Guinaldo. But there was among these a high spirit of bravery, discipline, and concord which, even in spite of much dismal tendency to dissipation, rendered them morally much stronger than the same numbers would have been in any previous period of the war. The Portuguese, in particular, were eminently improved,—exhibiting a superiority to the best of the Spanish soldiers, very honouring to themselves, more honouring still to Beresford and Wellington, and strikingly illustrating what broad changes may be speedily made on the spirit of an entire people by the judicious steady training of a few. "The people of Portugal," wrote our hero to Lord Liverpool, respecting the prospect of further enrolments of the Portuguese, "agree remarkably well with the British soldiers. I have never known an instance of the most trifling disagreement among the soldiers or officers of the two nations. The Portuguese soldiers eat the same food, and as military men adopt the same habits as our soldiers, including, in some instances, their disposition to intoxication; and therefore, I should think it a preferable mode of introducing them into the British service, to place them indiscriminately in the same companies with recruits raised in His Majesty's dominions. Each individual would then be more likely to conduct himself on every occasion, and in all circumstances, as a British soldier. However, there is no reason to believe that the Portuguese soldiers, if collected in separate companies, would behave otherwise than well in any situation; and if that mode of incorporating them be preferred, I see no objection to it."

The French at this time too, in spite of all their reinforcements, in spite of

of great successes against the Spaniards in Murcia and Valencia, had become less formidable than before. Buonaparte, indeed, was as energetic as ever, as grand a master in all the arts of victory, as rich in all military resources, and as fiercely anxious to "drive the leopard into the sea." His brother, the intruded King of Spain, also, was again at Madrid, surrounded by a central force which, though not large, had the same separate character of an army as Soult's or Dorsenne's or Marmont's. Buonaparte, however, by a strange fatality, though still inspiring his Peninsular armies with the hope of speedily appearing in person at their head, to make a grand extinguishing dash at Wellington, was already entangling himself in those strong northern meshes of ambition which dragged him next year through the horrors of the Russian snows. Joseph, too, who had been such a puppet at Talavera, could now do nothing but give employment to troops in the defending of his person. The marshals likewise had lost much of the prestige of their fame,—relatively disgraced by the overthrows of Junot and Massena,—not personally honoured, but the reverse, by the chequered events of their own recent career,—and now far better understood than before by the argus-headed leader of the allied host. "Soult had been found able and vast in his plans, but too cautious in their execution; Marmont, with considerable vigour, had already shown some rashness, in the manner he had pushed Regnier's division forward, after passing the Tagus; and it was, therefore, easy to conceive that no very strict concert would be maintained in their combined operations." The very system of the French armies, too—the bold, bad system of stolen sustenance on which they had hitherto relied for their activity—was undergoing revolution. "We have certainly," wrote Lord Wellington on the 27th of August, at Fuente Guinaldo,—“We have certainly altered the nature of the war in Spain. It has become, to a certain degree, offensive on our part. The enemy are obliged to concentrate large corps to defend their own acquisitions; they are obliged to collect magazines, to support their armies; Marmont says he can do nothing without magazines, which is quite a new era in the modern French military system; and I think it probable, from all that I hear, that they are either already reduced, or they must soon come, to the resources of France for the payment of those expenses which must be defrayed in money.”

Marmont, after retiring from the Guadiana to Salamanca, did not long remain there. A new project of operations, sent in by Buonaparte, required him to take post on the Tagus, with Madrid for his base, in such position as to command ready communication with both Dorsenne in the north and Soult in the south. He therefore moved his main body to the town and neighbourhood of Talavera, to hold there the grand south-western key to Madrid; he placed a division at Plasencia, with advanced posts in the passes of Bejar and Bana, to maintain communication with Dorsenne; and he repaired the bridge of Almaraz,

beside two forts at the ends of it, built a still greater fort on the Col de Mirabeta, and continued his division at Truxillo, all to maintain communication with Soult. He was thus in full strength, at any favourable moment, to rush right onward down the Tagus against the centre of Portugal, with all the resources of Madrid at his back, and with the armies of Dorsenne and Soult on his flanks, either to make separate simultaneous movements of their own against respectively the northeast and the southeast of Portugal, or to move convergently into a common attack with him on the centre; while, if no suitable opportunity for any such grand offensive strategy should offer, he stood equally well equipped for prompt, vigorous, defensive movement either upward to Madrid, downward to Badajoz, southward to Andalusia, or northward to the Tormes or to Ciudad Rodrigo. Dorsenne, in the meantime, assumed entire responsibility in the north, garrisoning Salamanca, covering Ciudad Rodrigo, menacing Beira,—yet doing all ~~the more~~ feebly, or with such a deceitful show of indifference, as to employ his ~~main~~ force in overrunning Galicia, and in compelling Abadia's army there to seek refuge in the strong defile of Villa Franca.

Lord Wellington, under these circumstances, had he been other than a consummate strategist, might have been tempted either to assume the defensive on the line of the Tagus, or to make a sudden dash of the offensive upon Salamanca. But he regarded Hill's corps, in its capacity of an army of observation, as ample security against all surprise in the centre or the south, at the same time taking care to hold such lines of communication with it as would enable him, with perfect ease and in good leisure, to withdraw it, support it, or combine with it in any manner which might be necessary to repel danger. And as to marching upon Salamanca—though it would have produced a surpassingly better flourish than any of the sudden aggressive marches of the rash vapouring generals of Spain—though it might have captured the city of convents and colleges, startled Madrid, and given a strong momentary impulse to the patriotic cause throughout Castile and Leon—yet it could not have produced any permanent advantage, might even have provoked some serious reverse, and therefore, as an enterprise, would have been far more perilous than prudent; for Ciudad Rodrigo, with its strong French garrison, would have been in the rear,—the armies of Dorsenne and Marmont could have speedily concentrated in front or struck simultaneously in flank,—and Lord Wellington might have been obliged, not only to make a total relinquishment of everything he had gained, but either to fight at disadvantage far distant from his bases, or to run a retreat of so rapid a kind as to appear ignominious. His Lordship judged, too, that he could reap every possible benefit of an offensive movement, without incurring any of its material risks, simply by menacing Ciudad Rodrigo; for though he should not be able to besiege that fortress, yet by merely blockading it, he would oblige Dorsenne and Marmont to bring up their whole force in concentration, ~~for~~

relief, and so compel them to abandon all their other operations and objects. They could not possibly provision its garrison in any way but by means of distant convoys; they could not, by any one convoy, pour into it sufficient provision to serve for longer than a few weeks; and, when he should sit down before it, they would have no alternative but either to let it be starved into a surrender, or to employ their whole force in conveying into it each future supply of provisions. "He resolved to blockade the place," remarks Napier, "and wait for some opportunity to strike a sudden blow, either against the fortress, or against the enemy's troops; for it was the foundation of his hopes that, as the French could not long remain in masses for want of provisions, and that he could check those masses on the frontier of Portugal, so he could always force them to concentrate, or suffer the loss of some important post."

Lord Wellington, during his earliest operations against Ciudad Rodrigo, maintained his head-quarters at Fuente Guinaldo, to command the high country round the sources of the Coa and the Agueda, his fifth division at Perales, to watch the advanced posts of Marmont, and his first division, then under General Graham, at Penamacor, to form a connecting link with the corps of Hill. This position overawed the communication between Dorsenne and Marmont, and was otherwise tantamount to a blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo; and at the same time it enabled Lord Wellington both to carry forward preparations for the besieging of that fortress by repairing the works of Almeida, and to adopt defensive measures against any sudden push of the enemy, by casting up field-works at his present head-quarters and toward Sabugal. On the 27th of August, after he had been upwards of a fortnight in this position, he wrote to Lord Liverpool,—"I am almost certain that I shall not be able to attack Ciudad Rodrigo, and I think it is doubtful whether I shall be able to maintain the blockade of that place. However, I shall not give up my intention until I am certain that the enemy are too strong for me in an action in the field. The place, although weak in itself, and though the ground on which it stands is badly occupied, (the French have improved it in some degree,) is in the best chosen position of any frontier fortress that I have ever seen. It is impossible to do anything against it, either in the way of siege or blockade, excepting by crossing the Agueda; and of all the ravines that I have ever seen this is the most difficult to cross, excepting close to the fort; and in winter it cannot be crossed at all, excepting at the bridges, of which the only practicable one for carriages is under the guns of the fort. We must fight the battle therefore to maintain the blockade, with our backs to this river, over which we should have to retire in case of check; and this would be an awkward position, in which I ought not to involve the army, unless the numbers are so nearly equal as to render success probable. You will observe that these circumstances all favoured the French when they attacked the place from Spain. However, there is one thing they did not

we cannot maintain this blockade, the enemy must bring 50,000 men to oblige us to raise it, and they can undertake nothing else this year, for they must still continue to watch this place, and we shall so far save the cause. In the meantime if they offer me a favourable opportunity of bringing any of them to action, I shall do it."

Lord Wellington soon ascertained, by means of an intercepted letter, that the enemy intended to introduce large supplies of provisions to Ciudad Rodrigo simultaneously from Plasencia and from Salamanca. He could not doubt now, even though he had not been tolerably certain before, that Marmont and Dorsenne were about to advance into junction with every man whom they could command; and, though feeling himself much too feeble to march out against them, or to make any attempt to prevent them from introducing the provisions, he saw urgent cause to show no fear of them, to make no retreat from them, but even to draw his army into the near vicinity of the fortress, with the view of compelling them to display all their force to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and to employ it all in relieving the garrison. "This," says he, "was an object; because the people of the country, as usual, believed and reported that the enemy were not so strong as we knew them to be; and if they had not seen the enemy's strength, they would have entertained a very unfavourable opinion of the British army, which it was desirable to avoid."

The new position still rested on Fuente Guinaldo as its pivot of operations, but spread onward thence like a fan to the vicinity of Ciudad Rodrigo, and communicated backward to a check on Marmont's line of march, and to a connecting link with the corps of Hill. The fourth division remained at Fuente Guinaldo. The third division, together with three squadrons of cavalry, formed the centre of the front, and was posted on the heights of El Bodon and Pastorio, within three miles of Ciudad Rodrigo, overlooking all the adjacent plains. The light division, together with some squadrons of cavalry, formed the right wing of the front, and was posted beyond the Agueda, behind a small tributary of that river, at a place which commanded a view of the only roads by which the enemy could approach. The sixth division, together with a brigade of cavalry, formed the left wing of the front, and was posted at Espeja, on the lower Azava. A Spanish corps, under the command of Don Carlos d'Espana, formed a prolongation of that wing, lying along the lower Agueda for observation. The Portuguese brigade of Pack, and two brigades of heavy cavalry, were posted, the former at Campillo and the latter on the upper Azava, to connect the left and the centre. The seventh division and the first division were posted, the former at Alamedillo and the latter at Nava d'Aver, to act as a reserve to the left wing, and to avert the perils of a long, hurried, flank retreat which it might possibly need to make to Fuente Guinaldo. The fifth division was posted at St. Payo, a short distance north of the pass of Perales, to prevent any force of the

enemy from advancing by way of that pass, with the effect of falling on the rear of the right wing. All Hill's corps, also, moved considerably to the north of their previous disposition, to be in greater readiness for any grand act of close co-operation with the main body of the allied army; while one of his brigades marched so far as to Penamacor, to serve there as a connecting link.

This chain of positions has been generally regarded as one of the worst which Lord Wellington ever made. It looks to an unmilitary eye to have been remarkably scattered and intricate; it is pronounced, by some good military critics, to have been very weak from its too great extent, very penetrable from the isolation of its parts, and essentially vicious from the relations of its extremities to its base, and it certainly, in the event, compelled Lord Wellington to draw for a longer period upon the extemporaneous inventions of his genius, and to depend more largely for success upon the mere accidents of "good fortune," than perhaps any other position which he ever occupied. Even the centre of its front, as being on a different side of the Agueda from the right wing, as being so far distant from both that wing and the left one, as being only three miles distant from Ciudad Rodrigo, whence the strongest possible push could easily be made against it, as being practically much nearer the base at Fuente Guinaldo than the wings were, and as being indefensible within itself by a small force against a large one, seems to have been exceedingly critical. "The Agueda, although fordable in many places during fine weather," remarks Napier, "was liable to sudden freshes, and was on both sides lined with high ridges. The heights, occupied by the troops, on the left bank were about three miles wide, ending rather abruptly above Pastores and El Bodon, and they were flanked by the great plains and woods which extend from Ciudad to the bed of the Coa. The position of El Bodon itself, which was held by the centre of the army, was therefore not tenable against an enemy commanding these plains; and as the wings were distant, their lines of retreat were liable to be cut, if the centre should be briskly pushed back beyond Guinaldo."

Marmont and Dorsenne brought up their respective convoys with even a greater force than had been anticipated. One division of Marmont, indeed, was left behind at Plasencia, under General Foy; but this, after being strengthened by some troops from the army of King Joseph, was marched up the mountains, toward the pass of Perales, in the hope of doing better service than if it had continued with the main body. One division of Dorsenne also was left in Galicia, to observe the movements of Abadia, and to prevent him from rendering assistance, by diversion or otherwise, to Wellington; but, on the other hand, two divisions had just been added to Dorsenne,—withdrawn on the nonce from opposing the energetic guerilla Mina in Navarre, even though the certain effect would be to give vast increase to that guerilla's power. Grand was the tribute paid to Lord Wellington's generalship by the collection of so great a force, in

partitions into Ciudad Rodrigo in the presence of his army. The margin of the force, irrespective of the corps under General Peyronet, was less than sixty thousand, provided with upwards of an hundred pieces of artillery, and six thousand of them cavalry; while the total number under Lord Wellington, as we formerly noted, was not more than forty thousand, and not equally well equipped. The divisions of Drouot's corps likewise made movements northward from Zafra corresponding to the northward movements of Hill, so as to seem ready to hold him firmly by the skirts, in order to prevent his rendering any aid to Wellington.

On the 21st of September, Marmont and Dorsenne met at Tamames; and on the 24th, they brought forward their convoys, with the whole of their martial force, across the plain to Ciudad Rodrigo. The vast masses of sparkling soldiery, covering the entire country as far as the eye could reach, and "accompanied by a countless number of waggons, cars, and loaded mules," presented to observers at the centre and right wing of the allied position a most imposing spectacle. "Their progress," says Lord Londonderry, "was slow and apparently cautious; but towards evening the convoys began to enter the place, under cover of about fifteen squadrons of cavalry, which passed the Agueda, and a large column of infantry, which halted upon the plain. Still no symptoms were manifested of a design to cross the river in force, or to attempt anything farther than the object which was thus attained; for the advanced cavalry withdrew at dusk, and all bivouacked that night near the town. In the morning of the 25th, however, as soon as objects became discernible, one corps of cavalry, amounting to at least five and twenty squadrons, supported by a whole division of infantry, appeared in motion along the great road, which, leading from Ciudad Rodrigo to Guinaldo, leaves El Bodon on the left; whilst another, less numerous perhaps, but like the former, strongly supported by infantry, marched direct upon Espeja. They both moved with admirable steadiness and great regularity; and as the sun happened to be out, and the morning clear and beautiful, their appearance was altogether warlike and imposing."

The head of the column which marched upon Espeja drove in the outposts of the allied right wing, crossed the Azava, and made a spirited show of valour. But it was charged and driven back by part of the allied cavalry; and though attempting to rally and return, was assailed in flank by some of the allied infantry in a wood, and compelled to give way. The whole column therefore retreated; and the entire allied right wing, together with its outposts, resumed its original position.

The other and stronger column, which moved upon the allied centre, was commanded by the fiery skilful Montholon, had higher advantages, and showed fiercer fight. Wellington was at El Bodon in person to oppose it, else the consequences might have been disastrous. The allied force there not only

very small as compared to the oncoming foe, but also so small in regard to the heights it occupied that its brigades and regiments required to stand very far asunder. "To the left, and in advance of El Bodon," says Sherer, "Lord Wellington posted the 5th and 77th regiments,—two weak battalions mustering between them about 700 bayonets. The height on which they were drawn up commanded the road from Ciudad Rodrigo to Guinaldo by which the enemy were advancing. Upon the crown of it, in front of the two battalions, was a brigade of Portuguese artillery, supported by a few troops of the 1st German hussars, and the 11th light dragoons. There was a ravine in front of this Portuguese battery within point blank distance. The ground, both on the heights and on the face of the ascent, was nevertheless perfectly practicable for horse, though it was rough and rocky. Confident in their numbers, their courage, and their kindled zeal, Montbrun led forward his cavalry in hot and eager mood, and came upon the position long before the French infantry could reach it. He immediately sent ten squadrons against the guns. They spurred across the ravine, and pressing fiercely up, under a heavy and destructive fire of grape and canister poured upon them to the last moment by the Portuguese gunners under Arentschild, they took the battery, and cut down the Portuguese at their guns. But these victorious squadrons were now to see a new thing. A weak battalion of infantry came steadily up against them in line, firing as they advanced; and when close charged bayonets, retook the guns, and drove them fairly off, pursuing them with a volley as they fled. The British regiment thus distinguished was the 5th, under Major Ridge; and the honour of the 77th regiment, commanded by Colonel Bromhead, will be for ever associated with that of the 5th, and with the memory of that remarkable day. For these two corps, taking with them the guns, retired across the open plain, in the presence of all the French cavalry, supported by horse artillery. Montbrun rode furiously upon them; but vain were the haughty efforts, though again and again repeated. In silent and steady square, the British soldiers received and repulsed these fierce charges; the gallant horsemen of France falling on three sides of their square, at the very bayonet's point. As each repulse was given, the march was resumed, and they retired with perfect regularity. Having effected their junction with the 83d British, and the 9th and 21st Portuguese, the retreat was continued under the command of General Colville, in the finest order; the Portuguese, especially the 21st, distinguishing themselves greatly. The great mass of the French dragoons still covered the plain, and accompanied their movements, every moment menacing an attack. But the gallantry and steadiness of the allies enabled them to effect their object with little loss, save from the French artillery."

Lord Wellington, while studying the whole field of operations, issued orders to the right wing and to the left, and otherwise exercising his command.

comprehensively his general command, was personally at the head of this spirited retreat of the left portion of his centre; and after officially describing it in his despatch, he says,—“We then continued to retreat, and joined the remainder of the third division also formed in squares, on their march to Fuente Guinaldo, and the whole retired together in the utmost order, and the enemy never made another attempt to charge any of them, but was satisfied with firing upon them with their artillery, and with following them.”

His Lordship, at one juncture of the operations of this day, was near being made prisoner, in consequence of a perplexing resemblance between the British hussars and the French cavalry. Writing in allusion to this, about two months afterward, to the military secretary of the Commander-in-chief, he said,—“I hear that measures are in contemplation to alter the clothing, caps, &c. of the army. There is no subject of which I understand so little; and, abstractly speaking, I think it indifferent how a soldier is clothed, provided it is in a uniform manner, and that he is forced to keep himself clean and smart, as a soldier ought to be. But there is one thing I deprecate, and that is any imitation of the French in any manner. It is impossible to form an idea of the inconvenience and injury which result from having anything like them, either on horseback or on foot. Lutyens and his picquet were taken in June because the 3d hussars had the same caps as the French *chasseurs à cheval* and some of their hussars; and I was near being taken on the 25th September from the same cause. At a distance, or in an action, colours are nothing; the profile and shape of the man's cap, and his general appearance, are what guide us; and why should we make our people look like the French? A cocked-tailed horse is a good mark for a dragoon, if you can get a side view of him; but there is no such mark as the English helmet, and, as far as I can judge, it is the best cover a dragoon can have for his head. I mention this, because in all probability you may have something to say to these alterations; and I only beg that we may be as different as possible from the French in everything. The narrow top-caps of our infantry, as opposed to their broad top-caps, are a great advantage to those who are to look at long lines of posts opposed to each other.”

Lord Wellington, during the retreat from El Bodon, designed to concentrate his army at Aldea de Ponte, which is situated at a meeting of roads about ten miles southwest of Fuente Guinaldo; and, with that view, sent orders to his right wing to join him at Fuente Guinaldo, which lay in its direct route to Aldea de Ponte, and to his left wing to fall back on the first division at Nava d'Aver, and to proceed thence along with that division direct to Aldea de Ponte. But Craufurd, who was in command of the right wing, was very long in receiving the orders, and when he did receive them was under broad mistakes respecting the movements of the enemy; so that he made a series of detours and counter-marches, which prevented him from reaching Fuente Guinaldo till three o'clock

in the afternoon of the following day. Lord Wellington, on finding on the evening of the 25th, and again on the morning of the 26th, that Craufurd's corps had not arrived, determined at all hazards to abide there till it did arrive. He would not, and could not, leave so large a body behind, and so brave an one, within the power of the enemy. Yet his position was most perilous. The ground was a lofty ridge, about three miles in length, rising boldly from the plain, washed at one end by the Agueda, and terminating at the other in abrupt declivities. The front of it was naturally not strong, and the left flank could very easily be turned. The entrenchments which our hero's usual foresight had constructed upon it comprised only a few breastworks and two weak field redoubts, open in rear and without palisades. The only troops present on it were those of the fourth division, those of Pack's Portuguese brigade, those of the two brigades of heavy cavalry from the upper Azava, and those of the centre-front who had retreated from El Bodon,—altogether amounting to about 11,400 infantry and about 2,600 cavalry. The left of the army, when concentrated at Nava d'Aver, was ten miles distant; the right, on the night of the 25th, was sixteen miles distant; and the fifth division, at St. Payo in the mountains, was twelve miles distant. Fuente Guinaldo, too, was the grand point against which the enemy continued to push; for not only did all the force take post before it who had followed from El Bodon, but fresh accessions continued to arrive throughout the night of the 25th and the day of the 26th till they comprised the greater part of all Marmont's and Dorsenne's army.

The allied troops at Fuente Guinaldo were all aware of their danger; yet, under their high habits of bravery and discipline, they had no difficulty in assuming an appearance of confidence and defiance; so that, on the night of the 25th, they lighted their fires and lay down in their bivouacs as regularly and quietly as if no enemy had been near. "Long before dawn, however," says Lord Londonderry, "all were astir and in their places; and the different regiments looked anxiously for the moment which should behold the commencement of a game as desperate as any which they had yet been called upon to play. But, instead of indulging our troops as they expected, Marmont contented himself with making an exhibition of his force, and causing it to execute a variety of manoeuvres in our presence; and it must be confessed that a spectacle more striking has rarely been seen. The large body of cavalry which followed us to our position, and had bivouacked during the night in the woods adjoining, were first drawn up in compact array, as if waiting for the signal to push on. By and by nine battalions of infantry, attended by a proportionate quantity of artillery, made their appearance, and formed into columns, lines, echelons, and squares. Towards noon, twelve battalions of the imperial guard came upon the ground in one solid mass; and as each soldier was decked out with feathers and shoulder-knobs of a bloody hue, their appearance was certainly imposing in an

THE AFFAIR OF FUENTE GUINALDO.

ordinary degree. The solid column, however, soon deployed into columns of battalions,—a movement which was executed with a degree of quickness and accuracy quite admirable; and then, after having performed several other evolutions with equal precision, the guards piled their arms, and prepared to bivouac. Next came another division of infantry in rear of the guards, and then a fresh column of cavalry, till it was computed that the enemy had collected on this single spot a force of not less than 25,000 men. Nor did the muster cease to go on, as long as day-light lasted. To the very latest moment, we could observe men, horses, guns, carriages, tumbrils, and ammunition-waggons, flocking into the encampment; as if it were the design of the French general to bring his whole disposable force to bear against the position of Fuente Guinaldo."

At the commencement of this extraordinary scene, early on the morning of the 26th, the allied force of 14,000 men stood firmly forth in order of battle, as if they had been the mere front of the immediately supporting mass of all Lord Wellington's army. But as soon as Marmont seemed less inclined to attack them, than to intimidate them, by displaying in their presence his splendid skill in handling great masses of soldiers, they piled their arms, and, together with their illustrious chief, sat coolly and quietly on the ground, looking upon the spectacle before them like ordinary observers beholding a pageant. A distinguished Spanish general, deep in Lord Wellington's private friendship, said then to him,—"Why, here you are with a couple of weak divisions in front of the whole French army, and you seem quite at your ease; why, it is enough to put any man in a fever." "I have done, according to the very best of my judgment, all that can be done," replied His Lordship; "therefore I care not either for the enemy in front, or for anything which they may say at home." He saw, in fact, that Marmont was completely deceived by the small quiet stratagem of his own bold battle array; and he laughed to think how the vapour of that stratagem was inducing the French marshal to make such an elaborate, pompous, quixotic display of his military strength. Marmont indeed formed not the slightest suspicion of Wellington's situation, but believed it to be really as strong as it affected to be, or stronger, and therefore sent off a powerful detachment in the afternoon to move remotely round, by the valley of the upper Azava and the heights of Castillejos, to the rear of Fuente Guinaldo; and when he afterwards learned how entirely Wellington had been at his mercy, and by what a simple stratagem he had escaped, he exclaimed, in allusion to the fabled star of Napoleon, "And Wellington's star, it also is bright!"

In the night of the 26th, Lord Wellington, by a skilful concentric movement from respectively Fuente Guinaldo, Nava d'Aver, and St. Payo, brought his whole force into combined position,—the centre at Alfayates, the wings at respectively Aldea Velha and Bismulla, and the advanced posts respectively in front of Aldea de Ponte and towards Forcalhos. The strong French column

which had been sent on by detour toward the rear of Fuente Guinaldo gave vigorous pursuit. "From this column," says Lord Wellington, "they detached a division of infantry and fourteen squadrons of cavalry to follow our retreat by Albergueria, and another body of the same strength followed us by Forcalhos. The former attacked the picquets of the cavalry at Aldea de Ponte, and drove them in, and they pushed on nearly as far as Alfayates. I then made General Pakenham attack them with his brigade of the fourth division, supported by Lieutenant-General the Hon. L. Cole and the fourth division, and by Sir Stapleton Cotton's cavalry; and the enemy were driven through Aldea de Ponte, back upon Albergueria, and the picquets of the cavalry resumed their station. But the enemy, having been reinforced by the troops which marched from Forcalhos, again advanced about sunset, and drove in the picquets of the cavalry from Aldea de Ponte, and took possession of the village. Lieutenant-General Cole again attacked them with a part of General Pakenham's brigade, and drove them through the village; but night having come on, and as General Pakenham was not certain what was passing on his flanks, or of the numbers of the enemy, and he knew that the army were to fall back still further, he evacuated the village, which the enemy occupied, and held during the night."

Early on the morning of the 28th, the allied army retired about three miles from their position of the previous day, and were formed in battle order on the heights behind Seito, with their right resting on the Serra de Meras, and their left at Rendo on the Coa. This new position was enclosed in the same strong, deep, loop of the Coa as the position of Massena previous to the combat of Sabugal, but with its front the opposite way, and therefore had a very powerful natural defence round the whole circuit of its flanks and its rear. Marmont did not think for a moment of assailing it,—the less so as he had brought with him only a slender stock of provisions, and could obtain none in that country; so that he immediately withdrew from Aldea de Ponte, to return with all convenient speed to his former quarters in the valley of the Tagus. Dorsenne, of course, returned at the same time to Salamanca, but posted a strong division at Alba de Tormes to maintain communication with Marmont. Thus did these generals with their army of sixty thousand men, at the expense of abandoning other enterprises, consume nearly a month in throwing a supply of victuals into Ciudad Rodrigo. "Nothing had been gained in the field, time was lost, and the English general's plans were forwarded."

"When Marmont brought his convoy into Ciudad," remarks Napier, "it would appear he had no intention of fighting; but, tempted by the false position of the allies, and angry at the repulse of his cavalry on the Lower Guadiana, he turned his scouting troops into columns of attack. And yet he permitted his artillery to throw dust in his eyes for thirty-six hours at Guinaldo; and at Aldea de Ponte his attack was a useless waste of men, because there was no intention of fighting."

LOSSES AT EL BODON AND ALDEA.

offered, and he did not intend a great battle. The loss incurred in the different combats was not great. About three hundred men and officers fell on the part of the allies, and on that of the French rather more, because of the fire of the squares and artillery at El Bodon. But the movements during the three days were full of interest and instruction, and diversified also by brilliant examples of heroism."

CHAPTER IV.

HILL'S SURPRISE OF GIRARD AT ARROYO MOLINOS—HIS ELEVATION TO KNIGHTHOOD—HIS RE-ADVANCE AGAINST DROUET—OPERATIONS IN ANDALUSIA AND VALENCIA—LORD WELLINGTON'S RE-BLOCKADE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO—HIS CANTONMENTS ON THE COA—HIS SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO—NEW HONOURS CONFERRED UPON HIM.

THE return of Marmont's army to the valley of the Tagus occasioned the French divisions of Estremadura, and also the allied corps under general Hill, to resume their former position. Hill's duty now was to stand cautiously on the defensive, covering the Alemtejo against any sudden thrust which might be made by either Marmont or Drouet; but his cantonments, being situated around Portalegre and toward Campo Mayor, commanded all the western parts of Estremadura, between the Guadiana and the Tagus. Castanos, whose small army had been reduced to a pitiful skeleton, felt anxious to fill it again from the friendly district around Cáceres, and therefore took advantage of Hill's protection to occupy that town, with the view of seeking recruits and reorganizing his battalions. Soult, on hearing of this, ordered General Girard, belonging to Drouet's corps at Zafra, to proceed across the Guadiana at Mérida, with a moveable column of four thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry, to scour all the country around Cáceres, "to drive away all levies he might hear of, to seize upon all supplies, and to intimidate the peasants." Girard went vigorously to work, ran headlong against Castanos' brigades, insulted every body of men he met, and established a crushing military tyranny over Cáceres and all the surrounding towns and villages. Hill did not feel at liberty to march against him without obtaining special permission from Lord Wellington; but he eagerly sought that permission, and very readily obtained it.

A small body of Spanish horse under the Conde de Penne Villemur, and a body of Spanish foot under General Morillo, continued to offer resistance to Girard, only retiring before him toward Portalegre, but not suffering materially from his hostility. Hill left Portalegre on the 22d of October, moved into co-operation with the Spaniards on the 25th, and arrived at Malpartida, about four miles from Cáceres, at daybreak on the 26th. "On arriving at Malpartida," says he, "I found that the enemy had left that place, retiring towards Cáceres, followed by a small party of the 2d hussars, who skirmished with his rear-guard. I was shortly afterwards informed that the whole of the enemy's force had left Cáceres; but the want of certainty as to the direction he had taken, and

The extreme badness of the weather, induced me to halt the Portuguese and Spanish troops at Malpartida for that night. The Spaniards moved on to Cacera. Having received certain information that the enemy had marched on Torremochá, I put the troops at Malpartida in motion on the morning of the 27th, and advanced by the road leading to Merida, through Aldea del Cano and Casas de Don Antonio, being a shorter route than that followed by the enemy, and which afforded a hope of being able to intercept and bring him to action; and I was here joined by the Spaniards from Cacera. On the march I received information that the enemy had only left Torremocha that morning, and that he had again halted his main body at Arroyo Molinos, leaving a rear-guard at Albala, which was a satisfactory proof that he was ignorant of the movements of the troops under my command. I therefore made a forced march to Alcuescar that evening, where the troops were so placed as to be out of sight of the enemy, and no fires were allowed to be made. On my arrival at Alcuescar, which is within a league of Arroyo Molinos, everything tended to confirm me in the opinion that the enemy was still only in total ignorance of my near approach, but extremely off his guard; and I determined upon attempting to surprise, or at least to bring him into action, before he should march in the morning; and the necessary dispositions were made for that purpose.

"The town of Arroyo Molinos," he continues, "is situated at the foot of one extremity of the Sierra de Montanches, the mountain running from it to the rear in the form of a crescent, almost everywhere inaccessible, the two points being about two miles asunder. The Truxillo road runs round that to the eastward. The road leading from the town to Merida runs at right angles with that from Alcuescar, and the road to Medellin passes between those to Truxillo and Merida, the grounds over which the troops had to manœuvre being a plain thinly scattered with oak and cork trees. My object of course was to place a body of troops so as to cut off the retreat of the enemy by these roads. The troops moved from their bivouac near Alcuescar about 2 o'clock in the morning of the 28th, in one column, right in front, direct on Arroyo Molinos, until within half a mile of that town, where under cover of a low ridge the column closed, and divided into three columns. Major-General Howard's brigade, and three six-pounders under Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, supported by Brigadier-General Morillo's infantry, the left; Colonel Wilson's brigade, the Portuguese infantry under Colonel Ashworth, two six-pounders and a howitzer, the right, under Major-General Howard; and the cavalry, the centre. As the day dawned a violent storm of rain and thick mist came on, under cover of which the columns advanced in the direction and in the order which had been pointed out to them. The left column under Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart marched direct upon the town; the 71st, one company of the 60th, and 92d regiments, at quarter distance, and the 50th in close column, somewhat in the rear with the guns as a

reserve. The right column under Major-General Howard, having the 39th regiment as a reserve, broke off to the right so as to turn the enemy's left, and having gained about the distance of a cannon-shot to that flank, it marched in a circular direction upon the further point of the crescent, on the mountain above mentioned. The cavalry under Lieutenant-General Sir W. Erskine moved between the two columns of infantry, ready to act in front or move round either of them as occasion might require.

"The advance of our column was unperceived by the enemy until it approached very near, at which moment he was filing out of the town upon the Merida road; the rear of his column, some of his cavalry, and part of his baggage being still in it. One brigade of his infantry had marched for Medellin an hour before daylight. The 71st and 92d regiments charged into the town with cheers, and drove the enemy everywhere at the point of the bayonet, having a few men cut down by the enemy's cavalry. The enemy's infantry, which had got out of town, had, by the time these regiments arrived at the extremity of it, formed into two squares with the cavalry on their left. The whole were posted between the Merida and Medellin roads, fronting Alcuescar, the right square being formed within half musket-shot of the town, the garden walls of which were promptly lined by the 71st light infantry; while the 92d regiment filed out and formed line on their right, perpendicular to the enemy's right flank, which was much annoyed by the well-directed fire of the 71st. In the meantime, one wing of the 50th regiment occupied the town and secured the prisoners, and the other wing along with the three six-pounders skirted the outside of it; the artillery, as soon as within range, firing with great effect upon the squares. Whilst the enemy was thus occupied on his right, Major-General Howard's column continued moving round his left; and our cavalry advancing and crossing the head of the column, cut off the enemy's cavalry from his infantry, charging it repeatedly and putting to the rout. The 13th light dragoons, at the same time, took possession of the enemy's artillery.

"The enemy was now in full retreat; but Major-General Howard's column having gained the point to which it was directed, and the left column gaining fast upon him, he had no resource but to surrender, or to disperse and ascend the mountain. He preferred the latter, and ascending near the eastern extremity of the crescent, and which might have been deemed inaccessible, was followed closely by the 28th and 34th regiments, whilst the 39th regiment and Colonel Ashworth's brigade of Portuguese infantry followed round the foot of the mountain by the Truxillo road, to take him again in flank. At the same time Brigadier-General Murillo's infantry ascended at some distance to the left with the same view. As may be imagined, the enemy's troops were by this time in the utmost panic. His cavalry were flying in every direction, the infantry threw away their arms, and the only effort of either was to escape. The troops under

Major-General Howard's immediate command, as well as those he had sent round the point of the mountain, pursued them over the rocks, making prisoners at every step, until his own men became so exhausted and few in number, that it was necessary for him to halt and secure the prisoners, and leave the further pursuit to the Spanish infantry, under Brigadier-General Murillo, who, from the direction in which they had ascended, had now become the most advanced."

We have given this narrative in General Hill's own words, in order that it may serve as a good specimen of the rhetorical style and the auto-historical expression of the only one of Lord Wellington's lieutenants who ever rose to the head of the whole British army during His Lordship's lifetime, and who at the same time was distinguished more than the great bulk of military officers by those infinitely richest of all personal excellencies which spring from the direct influence of Christianity. The narrative is thus instructive by its manner, as well as interesting in its matter. The vivacity of it, in particular, is very striking, both as compared with the dryness of Lord Wellington's narratives, and as contrasted to the calm, quiet gravity of General Hill's habitual character. He carried that gravity with him throughout the march upon Arroyo Molinos, into the town, and on to the presence of the enemy; but then, in a moment, he changed his mood, stood up in his stirrups, and shouted vivaciously like a school-boy; and that mood of whirling interest he seems to have retained when he penned the narrative. He clearly had conviction that to scatter or capture or destroy the French was to do service to mankind; and therefore, in rushing upon a body of them by surprise, he felt in the same way as certain warriors did, on a similar occasion in the olden time, who shouted at the onslaught, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

The surprise was one of the sharpest and most disastrous ever anywhere inflicted on the French. Hill's troops went into it with high spirit, submitting cheerfully to the privations of their forced march under tempestuous weather, and then, in the act of bursting upon the enemy, rending the air with cheers, while the bands of the regiments struck up the tune, "Hey Johnny Cope, are ye waukin' yet?" All the native population also displayed a remarkable interest in the occurrence. "I am happy to add," says Hill, "that the greatest harmony subsisted amongst the allied troops during our late operations; and that nothing could exceed the good will and friendly disposition of the inhabitants of the district through which we passed. I mention it as a singular instance of fidelity and patriotism, that although the inhabitants of Alcuescar in general, as also those of Arroyo Molinos, knew of the arrival of the allied troops in the vicinity of the former place, on the night of the 27th, not a man could be seduced from his duty, and the enemy remained in total ignorance of our near approach. On the other hand, I was correctly informed of everything going on in Arroyo Molinos during the night."

One of Girard's brigades having left Arroyo Molinos before the allied force arrived, the number of French soldiers present at the surprise was about 2,500 foot and 600 horse. Only about 600 of these finally escaped to Drouet's camp; nearly 1,500 were made prisoners; and most of the remainder were slain. The prisoners were all prime experienced soldiers,—some of the best whom Buonaparte had then in Spain; and among them were the Prince of AreMBERG, General Brun, three lieutenant-colonels, and thirty captains and inferior officers. The trophies comprised all the French artillery, baggage, and commissariat, many of the arms, accoutrements, and insignia of the battalions, and the whole of a contribution in money which had just been levied. A body also was sent off to Merida toward the close of the fight, consisting of a Portuguese brigade and Penne Villamur's cavalry, and found in that city some important French stores. The total loss of the allies in killed and wounded, during the entire affair of Arroyo Molinos, was not more than seventy.

Lord Wellington, with his usual warmth of heart, felt enthusiastic delight in General Hill's success. He detailed it and vaunted it in letters and ~~other~~ ^{at} the table, as though it had been far worthier of fame than the grandest of his own achievements. He wrote a letter to Hill "thanking" him for his "zeal and ability," and expressing the "greatest satisfaction with his report of the patience, perseverance, gallantry, and discipline" of his officers and troops. He also wrote specially to the Secretary of State, saying, among other things, "It would be particularly agreeable to me if some mark of the favour of His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, were conferred upon General Hill. His services have been always meritorious, and very distinguished in this country; and he is beloved by the whole army. He has shown the greatest ability in all the movements which he has made; and nobody could have been more successful than he has been in his late operation. In recommending him, as I do most anxiously, I really feel that there is no officer to whom an act of grace and favour would be received by the army with more satisfaction than General Hill." The result was that General Hill received the knighthood of the Bath,—that he stood confessed as the favourite general of the army, second only to Wellington himself,—and that thenceforth, as in the affair of Arroyo Molinos itself, he ever, by excellent character and by grand exploits, vindicated most amply the sagacity which induced Wellington to put him so early and uniformly into a position of the highest trust.

The French felt so stung by the affair of Arroyo Molinos that they instantly roused themselves, both under the command of Soult and under the command of Marmont, to make some grand movement to revenge it. But partly from demands upon them in other directions, partly from disaffection and mutiny among some large bodies of their troops, they could not attempt anything till December. Drouet, however, with a view to rush upon Hill, began then to

HIS RE-ADVANCE AGAINST DROUET.

concentrate his force, consisting of 14,000 infantry and 3,000 cavalry, at Almendralejos, with an advanced guard at Merida. Hill, who had returned from Arroyo Molinos, to his old cantonments around Portalegre, rose on the 27th of December to anticipate Drouet's movement, and made forced marches in the hope of surprising him. Drouet was scarcely more on the alert, scarcely abler to avoid Hill's lynx-eyed leap, than Girard had been; and had circumstances been similar, he might have met a similar fate. "By the intelligence which I received from various quarters," says Hill, "I was led to entertain the most sanguine hopes that I should have been able to surprise the enemy." But bad roads, severe weather, the difficulty of bringing up supplies, and the enemy's perfect knowledge of the country prevented the energetic British general from doing more than coming repeatedly in view of Drouet's skirts, shooting down at long range a few of his fleeing soldiers, and chasing off his whole corps like a herd of hunted deer. Drouet did not make one attempt to stand, but hurriedly abandoned his field-stores and his entrenchments both at Merida and at Almendralejos, and pointed his precipitate march at once toward his old strong quarters at Zafra.

Hill could not make pursuit, without incurring unwarrantable disaster from the severity of the weather and from the remoteness of his supplies; but he determined to put his troops into cantonments in and around Almendralejos, to await there a more favourable opportunity of acting. Lord Wellington, however, who was then preparing to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo, reported to Lord Liverpool,—"I have desired General Hill to return to Portalegre, and to place his corps between that town and Castello Branco. My reason for giving him these orders is, that I think it not improbable that the enemy, finding that they will not have time to concert an operation between the armies of the north and of Portugal, and knowing that neither of those armies separately can venture to attempt the relief of Ciudad Rodrigo, will try to alarm me for the safety of my communication with General Hill, and with Lisbon, by movements in the valley of Plasencia, by Lower Beira. General Hill's movement towards the Tagus will check all these plans; and, whatever may happen, it will be a great convenience that he should be nearer this army during the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo."

The French, during all the time of being checked and harassed by Hill, in Extremadura, were scarcely less checked and harassed by other generals in Andalusia. General Cooke, who had succeeded General Graham in the command at Cadiz, continued to render completely abortive their prolonged, elaborate, blockading operations against that pre-eminent fortress. General Ballasteros, who had been detached by General Blake to act separately at the time of the latter's retiring from the Guadiana, and who had gone on increasing his force by recruits till it amounted to about eight thousand, took up a formidable position under cover of Gibraltar and the mountains of Ronda, and organized a series

of tormenting flying operations upon the rear of Soult's army at Cadiz and Seville. Colonel Skerret with a British force of 1,200, and General Copons with a Spanish force of 900, went from Cadiz to Tariffa, to occupy that place as a fortress, with the view of supporting Ballasteros, or of operating in the same style as he; and, in spite of Tariffa being really no fortress, but only surrounded by a weak wall, and connected by bridge with an island whence a garrison could retreat for embarkation, they soon contrived, by means of great exertion, to render the place pretty firmly tenable.

Ballasteros, at the time of Skerret's and Copon's arrival at Tariffa, was taking shelter under the works of Gibraltar, from a pursuing force of eight thousand men, sent against him by Soult, under the command of Godinot. His pursuers, on hearing of the new arrival, retired first to attempt an assault upon Tariffa, and next to retreat to Seville. Ballasteros now in turn became the pursuer; and he performed that office so well as not only to drive Godinot right on to Soult's head-quarters, but to inflict considerable mischief upon him by the way. Ballasteros also was so emboldened by his success over Godinot that he projected, and successfully executed, the surprise of a body of two thousand men posted at Bornos under General Semèle. Godinot, on the other hand, was so mortified, so maddened, so literally driven crazy, that as soon as he reached Seville he shot himself. A corps of ten thousand men, with eighteen pieces of artillery, was afterwards sent by Soult to besiege Tariffa; but, after operating against the place during seventeen days, attempting to carry it by storm, and suffering very heavy loss, they felt utterly baffled, and were recalled to Seville.

Still another series of operations, deeply affecting Lord Wellington, but with very opposite results, was in the meanwhile going on in Valencia. Blake, toward the end of July, after he had relinquished co-operation with the allied army under Wellington, sailed from Cadiz to reinforce and command the Spanish army of Murcia. That army, on his joining it, mustered twenty thousand men. Soult, with a strong force, followed him by land, intending both to destroy his power in Murcia, and to disable him from moving northward to the defence of Valencia. He brought him to action, on the 9th of August, at Lorca, and so severely defeated him there, that not more than nine thousand of his men remained together or could afterwards be collected at Lobrilla. Soult, however, felt obliged by various causes, among others by the reported push of Lord Wellington against Ciudad Rodrigo, to return immediately to Seville, and thereby to renounce all the advantages of his victory. Blake made vigorous use of his departure, raised fresh levies, obtained succours from Cadiz, marched his army of Murcia into junction with the army of Valencia, and was soon at the head of at least thirty thousand men, many of them the finest soldiers in the service of Spain, and the whole collectively by far the strongest native army which had offered resistance to the French eagles since the terrific overthrow at Ocaña.

Had Blake known how to manœuvre it, how to keep the field with it, how to combine caution with enterprise in the command of it, he might have worked diversions in favour of Lord Wellington so opportune and powerful as to expedite the latter's total triumph in the Peninsula by a period of nearly two twelvemonths. But he had no such knowledge.

Suchet, whose command in the north-east of Spain had been a series of bold butchery successes, who had recently vanquished Tarragona, whose career had been less checked by opposition and more accelerated by aid than that of any other of the French marshals, advanced southward, with twenty-five thousand men, in September,—captured Oropesa, besieged Murviedro, and menaced the city of Valencia. Blake, in common prudence, needed only to cover the last of these, in such a practice of Fabian policy as would have obliged Suchet to retire; but he foolishly moved up to raise the siege of Murviedro, and precipitated his army into a general action, in which he lost about six thousand men, while the French did not lose more than eight hundred. Lord Wellington, referring to this affair, says,—“I believe there is no man who knows the state of affairs in the province of Valencia, and has read Suchet's account of his action with Blake on the 25th of October, who does not believe that, if Blake had not fought that action, Valencia would have been safe. Are the English ministers and generals responsible for the blunders of Blake?” Nor was this the worst of Blake's blunders. For after having shut himself up in the city of Valencia, with the whole of his remaining army, in circumstances far more favourable for a prolonged resistance than the heroes of the several towns of Catalonia who had given about two years' fierce employment to the French legions, he weakly allowed himself, in the beginning of January 1812, to capitulate with 18,000 soldiers, 23 general officers, and between 300 and 400 guns. “Blake, an honest and heroic patriot,” remarks Sherer, “was eminently unfortunate throughout the whole course of this melancholy war; and this was the gloomy close of his disastrous military career. Suchet, the talented, brave, and severe servant of a warlike tyrant, here crowned the brilliant successes of a life of campaigns, was rewarded by a dukedom, and had his rich portion among the gardens of Valencia.”

Lord Wellington, at the close of a memorandum of operations in 1811, written on the 28th of December, remarks—with special reference, no doubt, to the affairs of Barrosa, Badajoz, and Valencia,—“It will be seen from this memorandum that, if the Spaniards had behaved with common prudence, or if their conduct had been even tolerably good, the result of Massena's campaign in Portugal must have been the relief of the south of the Peninsula. We had to contend with the consequences of the faults of some, the treachery of others, and the folly and vanity of all. But although our success has not been what it might and ought, we have at least lost no ground; and with a handful of British

troops fit for service, we have kept the enemy in check in all quarters since the month of March." At the moment of his penning these words, indeed, the winds of the war seemed to have shifted. Ballasteros was in full breeze; the Spanish troops in Cadiz were enlivened; Blake appeared to be becoming strong again, even to the degree of seeming likely to make good the defence of Valencia; Marmont had sent off a large portion of his army up the Tagus, as if it were wanted more on the east side of Spain than on the west; and the army of Dorsenne lay dispersed, in a variety of operations, from Asturias to Burgos, and from the Tormes to the sea. "These circumstances," added Lord Wellington, "have induced us to make preparations for the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. By these we shall bring Marmont back, and probably oblige the army of the north to reassemble."—But we must return to the point in our main narrative whence we broke off at the end of the preceding chapter, in order to show the intermediate links, around His Lordship's head-quarters, between that point and the present.

Immediately after the retreat of Marmont and Dorsenne from the western frontier of Castile, Lord Wellington broke up from his position in front of Alfayates, sent forward his light division and his fourth division to resume the observation of Ciudad Rodrigo, and placed the rest of his army in cantonments along the left bank of the Coa. He so far defeated the object for which Marmont and Dorsenne had advanced to Ciudad Rodrigo that, on their passing that place, on their return from Aldea Ponte, they were obliged to take from it, for the immediate sustenance of their starving armies, as much of the provisions which they had just put into it as would have sustained its garrison for about two months. He therefore had every inducement to blockade it as before, in order to prevent it from being revictualled. Julian Sanchez, with his corps of light well-practised guerillas, rendered important service in the blockade. He lay in wait, patiently and vigilantly upwards of a fortnight, to catch an opportunity of carrying off a herd of oxen, which the garrison turned out every morning to pasture beyond the works of the fortress; and at length, on the 15th of October, while Regnaud, the governor, was incautiously riding out, with only a weak escort, a short distance from the gates, Sanchez suddenly seized both the oxen and the governor, the former to the number of about two hundred, and conveyed the whole to Lord Wellington's camp. "In a native of any country except France," remarks Lord Londonderry, "such an unlucky coincidence would have produced a degree of gloom not to be shaken off; but by General Regnaud his misfortunes were borne with the utmost philosophy and good humour. He became a frequent guest at Lord Wellington's table; and we found him an extremely entertaining as well as intelligent companion."

Toward the end of October, a large convoy was reported to be collecting at Salamanca for Ciudad Rodrigo. Lord Wellington, believing that all Dorsenne's

And a division of Marmont's army would be employed with it, made arrangements to cross the Agueda and give battle. But when the convoy approached, which it did on the first of November, the Agueda was in flood from heavy rains, and could not be passed; so that the general in command of the convoy had opportunity unmolested to pour in the provisions, and also to leave a new governor. The supply of provisions, however, was small; and in a few days, the army reappeared in the distance with another convoy. The Agueda had now fallen; the allies poured across to the plains; the French suddenly wheeled round, and retired; and the guerilla corps of Julian Sanchez and Carlos d'Espana gave sharp pursuit, hung pertinaciously on their skirts, and captured some of their provisions and of their military chest.

Immediately after going into their cantonments, Lord Wellington's army became dreadfully unhealthy. The weather was a perpetual shower-bath; the accommodations were miserable; exercise in the open air and recreation under cover were alike a drug; tendencies to disease, of every variety, were rapidly excited; provisions began to fail; and, in a short period, not fewer than sixteen thousand men were in hospital. Early in November, too, just after the repulse of the second French convoy, the supplies both of food for man and of forage for beast so fearfully fell off that Lord Wellington, as the only alternative for averting starvation, felt obliged, in defiance of all military rules, to scatter his army far asunder in the presence of the enemy, sending many of his brigades, especially the cavalry, so far away as to the Mondego and the Douro. For a time, therefore, he could but remotely maintain the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo, and was compelled to give his main attention to the mere nursing and feeding of his troops. In December, however, many of his sick recovered, some of his chief obstructions to activity were obviated, the vigilance of the enemy toward him was passing into slumber; and then, on the 18th of that month, he wrote as follows to Lord Liverpool:—

"It has been quite impossible for us to do anything else than blockade Ciudad Rodrigo as we have since September. First, the army have not till lately been in a state of health to make any forward movement, even for a limited object. Secondly, if the troops had been in health, we have always been so cramped for the want of provisions, and the Spaniards are so unwilling to furnish any, excepting for ready money payments, notwithstanding that they know that the French will take for nothing all that they can find, that it has been with difficulty I have been able to keep the troops in the situation in which they now are, and above half the army are behind. Being obliged, then, to keep the troops stationary, and at certain distances from their magazines, I preferred to remain on this frontier to returning to Estremadura, after the month of September. The country on this frontier is the most healthy during the season which has elapsed. By continuing on this frontier, I have protected Andalusia's

arrangements, as the enemy did not and could not know that, even if they had not been on the Tormes, I should have experienced great difficulty in getting to Salamanca; nor did they know how sickly our troops were till they learned it from the English newspapers. Lastly, by continuing on this frontier, I was enabled to re-establish Almeida as a military post, and to perform other works and make other arrangements, which will facilitate and render less expensive our communications in the commencement of the year."

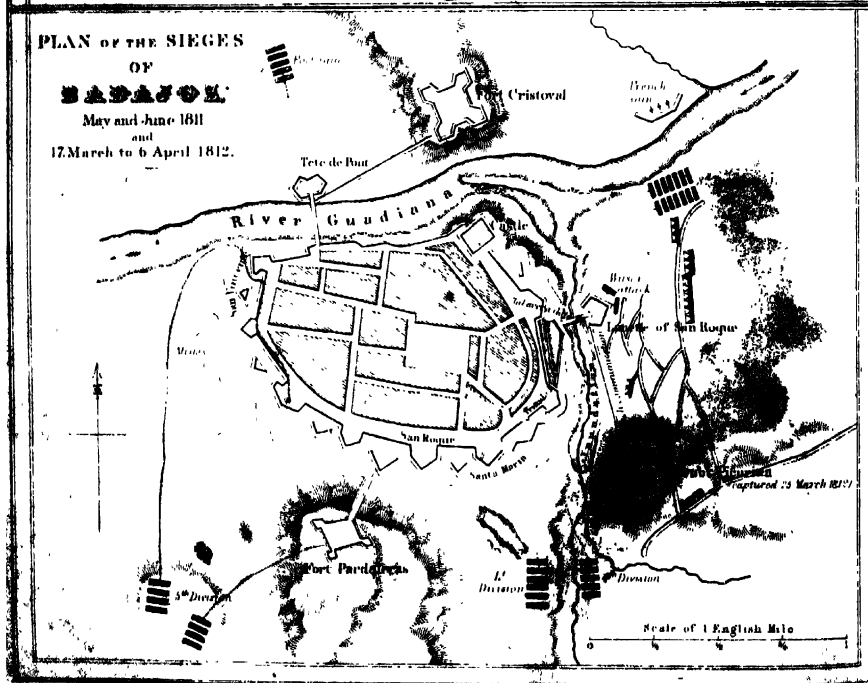
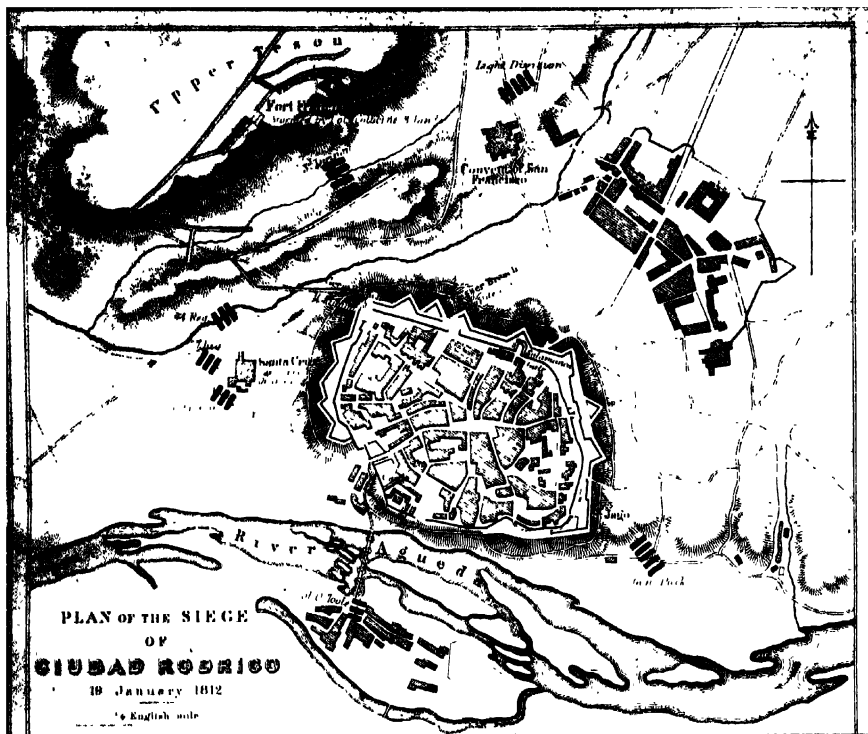
During the whole time of his cantonments on the Coa, also, Lord Wellington was enabled to carry vigorously on toward completion his scheme of preparations for besieging Ciudad Rodrigo, and for making that fortress a base of operations through the centre of Spain onward to Madrid and the Pyrenees. The scheme, as we formerly noticed, was framed and set in motion before he broke up from the Caya. A fine train of iron battering guns and mortars, amounting to sixty-eight pieces, which had arrived at Lisbon from Britain, together with corresponding ammunition and engineers' stores, he caused to be shipped in large vessels in the Tagus,—to be sent off ostentatiously, under busy reports that they were destined to Cadiz,—to be transhipped at sea into small craft, which should take them to Oporto,—to be removed thence into boats, for conveyance up the Douro to Lamego,—to be landed at Lamego, and dragged thence overland, the ordnance by about eight hundred bullocks, and the stores on about eleven hundred country carts, to the vicinity of Celorico. Vast as was this transit, it seemed not in the least likely to attract the notice of the enemy, both because it was in no risk of being divulged by any of the Portuguese who were cognisant of it, and because it might readily be mistaken for a part of the still vaster thoroughfare which was constantly going on, for the conveyance of the army's enormous supplies of provisions, by the same route to the same destination.

The reconstructing of the fortress of Almeida, while desirable as a preliminary to an assault upon Ciudad Rodrigo, yet was no less desirable as a mere defensive measure for the protection of Portugal; and therefore went steadily on without provoking any special attention of the enemy. Certain important preparations, also, were quietly effected within the walls of Almeida,—particularly the formation of all the parts of a strong moveable bridge, to be laid down at the most convenient point upon the Agueda, with platform four hundred feet in length, and trestles eighteen in number, to be placed twenty-two feet asunder. "Lord Wellington also effected the formation of a commissariat waggon-train with several hundred waggons constructed for the purpose, in order to supersede the rude carts of Portuguese construction which had been hitherto used as a means of transport to the army, but which would have often proved quite inefficient without the assistance of a large body of Spanish mules and muleteers, which followed all the movements of the divisions of the British army. By the directions of the engineer officers, the river Douro had been rendered navigable

as far as the confluence of the Agueda,—that is to say, forty miles higher than before had ever before ascended it. All this was done with so little outward bustle and show, that Marmont does not seem to have anticipated any attack upon Ciudad Rodrigo, at least for the remainder of the winter."

About the middle of November, when the refortification of Almeida was far advanced, and after the second attempt to revictual Ciudad Rodrigo had been repelled, Lord Wellington began to move up his battering train and his stores, gradually and silently, from the Mondego to Almeida. The enemy saw nothing and heard little of this movement; and even in-so far as they did hear of it, they paid no attention to it, supposing it to be only the furnishing of the requisite armaments for the new works. And on the 18th of December, in the letter from which we have already quoted, Lord Wellington said,—“As Almeida is becoming a place of security, I have brought up there our battering train; and, in order to prevent the enemy from turning towards Valencia, I have directed materials for a siege to be prepared, and I propose to lay down our bridge upon the Agueda. I am also making every effort to get up the stores of our train to Almeida; and if I can succeed, I shall be in a situation to attack Ciudad Rodrigo on any day I please, without risk or inconvenience; and if the weather should permit, I will attack the place before its stock of provisions be consumed.”

Lord Wellington's intentions, at this juncture, were materially aided by the circumstances of the French. Not only were the French unsuspicious of his proceedings; not only was Buonaparte's attention turned now immensely more toward Russia than toward the Peninsula; not only was Dorsenne's army scattered far and wide throughout the region between the Tormes and the sea; not only was Marmont's army moving eastward up the Tagus, more concerned about Valencia than about Ciudad Rodrigo; but there came forth an imperial decree for making changes upon the French corps in Spain, so sudden and sweeping as very materially to reduce their aggregate power against Lord Wellington, both as to his general plans in the war, and as to his particular design upon Ciudad Rodrigo. Inefficient soldiers, to the number of some twenty thousand, who had become unserviceable from maiming or exhaustion, were picked out and sent home to France. The very best soldiers, to the number of about forty thousand, comprising the imperial guards, the *légion étrangère*, and some others, were drafted off for service in Russia. The army of the north and Catalonia was reduced to four divisions, under the new command of the army of the Ebro, and was put under the command of Reille; the army at Lerida. The army of the south was reorganized in the same manner, of the old corps, in six divisions of infantry and three divisions of cavalry, under nine co-ordinating generals, Drouet ranking as one of the latter, and Victor returning to France. The army of the north suffered very great reduction by the drafts for Russia, and by the transfer of two of its divisions to the army of Portugal;



and it was ordered to occupy the districts around Santander, San Sebastian, Burgos, and Pampeluna, and to communicate on the left with the army of the Ebro. The army of Portugal, strengthened by the two divisions from the army of the north, was put in charge, not only as before with seizing every possible opportunity of striking at Portugal, but also with holding or overrunning all the north of Spain westward of Santander and Burgos, and southward to the Tagus; and it was ordered to abandon its former positions, and to distribute itself through Castile, Leon, and the Asturias, with head-quarters at either Salamanca or Valladolid. These great changes were taking place at the very moment of Lord Wellington's preparing to assail Ciudad Rodrigo; and they were not completed, the army of the north and the army of Portugal did not reach their respective new head-quarters, till after the assault began.

During the last two weeks of December, Lord Wellington's preparation of fascines and gabions, at the advanced posts of his army, went busily forward. On the first day of January, he commenced laying down his trestle-bridge, at Marialva, near the mouth of the Azava, about six miles below Ciudad Rodrigo. He purposed to invest the fortress on the 6th of January, but was obliged to postpone two days longer, in consequence of the tardiness of the carters, and the inclemency of the weather. Only thirty-eight of his battering guns could be brought down from Almeida; and only by extraordinary exertion, and with extraordinary patience, could the requisite stores be brought down. The carters were indolent and irascible, and found a ready excuse for their slow movements in the severity of the weather. Snow began to fall heavily on the 1st of January, and continued to fall till it lay deep; and then, on the 5th of January, it was followed variously by high winds, driving sleets, and drenching rains. One brigade of infantry, in the course of marching only twenty-four miles to the vicinity of the Agueda, dropped so many as nearly four hundred of its men on the way, most of whom either perished on the spot, or died soon afterward in hospital.

On the 6th of January, Lord Wellington moved his head-quarters to Gallegos; and, on the next day, attended only by the chief officer of engineers, and by a few staff-officers, he forded the Agueda about two miles above Ciudad Rodrigo, and proceeded to reconnoitre the fortress. The defences, in a general view, were found to be exactly as we have described them, in our former volume, when narrating the siege by Massena; but they had both been well repaired, and considerably extended. The French, since the time of their obtaining possession, had fortified two convents at the two sides of the suburbs,—which are situated eastward of the city, at the distance of three hundred yards from it,—in the hope that these, together with a previous encompassing Spanish entrenchment, would prevent the suburbs from being taken by a coup de main. They likewise had placed an infantry post in the convent of Santa Cruz, which is situated just

besides the glacis, at the north-west angle of the city. They also constructed on the upper Teson an enclosed and palisadoed redoubt, called Fort Francisco; this was supported by two guns and a howitzer, placed on the flat roof of the convent at the north side of the suburbs, distant about four hundred yards. A large proportion of the artillery of the fortress, particularly mortars and howitzers placed behind the rampart of the fausse-braie, was in battery to fire upon the approach from the Teson.

"The difficulty of contending with a rocky soil, and the fear of delay in gaining possession of the suburbs," says Jones, "rendered an attack from the north most advisable, notwithstanding the superior fire of that front, and the opposition the redoubt would offer; particularly as it was known from the attack of Massona that the walls of the place might be breached on that side at a distance from the glacis, whereas on the eastern and southern sides it appeared doubtful from the fall of the ground if enough of the walls was seen to breach them, without the tedious and difficult operation of erecting batteries on the glacis; and on the north side a small ravine at the foot of the glacis, and its consequent steepness, would conceal the workmen from the view of the place during the operation of mining, &c., to blow in the counterscarp, and which circumstance had great weight in forming the plan of an attack, where not a single officer had ever seen the operation performed.—Project of attack;—The first night to storm the redoubt on the great Teson, and establish a lodgment near it, with a communication from the rear. The second night, to extend the lodgment to the right to form a parallel, and in front of it to commence batteries for thirty-three pieces of ordnance to ruin the defences; as soon as these batteries should be finished, to work forward under protection of their fire, to the lesser Teson, and there erect a battery to breach the main and fausse-braie walls; during the time of this operation, to sap up the glacis, and blow in the counterscarp. To avoid the loss attendant upon the forcing such retrenchments as the enemy should make behind the main breach, it was determined to attempt to make another opening, when near the conclusion of the attack, by unexpectedly bringing a heavy fire on a small projecting tower seen to its base over the fausse-braie, and represented to be excessively weak and bad, and requiring but little battering to bring it down. A battery for seven guns to be prepared for that purpose, and the guns to be taken from the first batteries, when it should be deemed the proper moment. The enemy to be driven from the convent of St. Francisco by the fire of the left battery on the upper Teson; and ~~the enemy~~ was concluded would cause the abandonment of the suburbs."

The light, the first, the third, and the fourth divisions, together with Pakenham's Portuguese brigade, serving partly with the light divisions and partly with the first division, were destined to the duties of the attack. There was neither cover nor fuel for them on the right bank of the river; they were still to hold

their quarters on the left bank: and in order that they might suffer as little as possible from the weather, they were to perform the duties in rotation, each division remaining before the fortress twenty-four hours. The troops could cross the Agueda at any one of several fords either above or below the city; and on proceeding to the ground, each battalion of a division was to leave its cantonments before sunrise, to march separately by the shortest route, to take with them a day's provision cooked, and to be followed by two days' supplies and no other baggage. Comprehensive orders were issued also respecting the routine of the relief, the arrangement of the working-parties, the management of the artillery, and the care of the wounded,—all evincing profound study to combine the utmost possible efficiency of labour with the least possible expenditure of health or life.

On the 8th of January, a train of 269 cars, laden with engineers' stores, left Gallegos at sunrise, crossed the Agueda by the trestle-bridge at Marialva, reached the vicinity of Ciudad Rodrigo toward evening, and was parked there in a concealed situation. On the same day, about noon, the light division, with part of Pack's brigade, crossed the Agueda three miles above the fortress, and marched by a detour to the ground beyond the upper Teson. In the evening, shortly after dark, Colonel Colborne, with a detachment of 700 men, stormed the redoubt of San Francisco. "This he did with so much fury that the assailants appeared to be at one and the same time in the ditch, mounting the parapets, fighting on the top of the rampart, and forcing the gorge of the redoubt, where the explosion of one of the French shells had burst the gate open." The redoubt was very speedily taken, and most of its garrison of about 60 men made prisoners, with the loss of six men killed and 17 wounded on the part of the captors. Working parties immediately afterwards broke ground on the right of the redoubt; and so successful were they that against day-light, in defiance of a furious fire from the fortress and from the armed convents, the first parallel 600 yards in length was sunk three feet deep and four feet wide.

During the following four days and nights, working parties, sometimes of 1,000 men, sometimes of 1,200, carried vigorously forward the construction of the batteries, the approaches, and the magazines. The garrison threw a great many shells, maintained a strong steady fire of round shot, and became increasingly accurate in their aim and disastrous in their practice, till at length a terrible havoc began to be done upon both the besiegers and their work. Two shells in every three fell right among the workmen: many of them exploded in deep or intricate or crowded parts of the ditch before the men could possibly escape; some of them also were fired in salvos, with long fuses, and, falling into the parapets, blew away in an instant the work of hours. The severity of both the cold and the labour, too, became so great that the same men could not work the whole night through, but required to be divided into alternating parties. The

progress of the siege, therefore, was much slower, and the amount of loss in it much greater, than had been anticipated.

On the 12th, Lord Wellington received intelligence that Marmont was marching his advanced divisions on the Tagus, and had gone in person on the 5th from Talavera toward Valladolid. His Lordship thence concluded that Marmont had heard of his movement against Ciudad Rodrigo, and was already marching in full force for the relief of the fortress, and would probably be able to arrive there before the whole course of operation, as designed in the plan of the siege, could be performed. His Lordship therefore resolved to form a breach from his first batteries, and, if hard pressed for time, to storm the fortress without blowing in the counterscarp, "in other words, to overstep the rules of science, and sacrifice life rather than time, for such was the capricious nature of the Agueda that in one night a flood might enable a small French force to relieve the place." Measures, at the same time, were adopted to avert any stroke of strategy which might be attempted by Marmont. The small Spanish corps of Sanchez and D'Espana were sent on toward the Tormes to check the movement of any advanced-guard; the distant divisions of Lord Wellington's army were all brought forward to the vicinity of the Coa, to be in readiness to cross the Agueda and give battle; and the corps of Hill, as we formerly noticed, was ordered up from Estremadura to Portalegre, with an advanced division across the Tagus, with the double view of being in position to check any side push which Marmont might possibly make against the centre of Portugal, and of standing ready to make a rapid junction with Lord Wellington in the north.

On the night of the 13th, the approaches to the second parallel, and the length of it to contain a guard of support, were commenced by the flying sap. The garrison, by means of light balls, discovered the workmen, and kept up an incessant fire upon them, yet took bad aim, and did little execution. Toward the morning, the besiegers brought twenty-eight guns into the batteries. During the night, also, a detachment, under General Graham, surprised and carried the convent of Santa Cruz, captured most of the strong body of infantry who were holding it, and converted it into a post for protecting the whole right flank of the besieging operations.

In the forenoon of the 14th, at the moment of the relief of the divisions, the garrison made a sortie with about 500 men. "A bad custom had prevailed that as soon as the division to be relieved saw the relieving division advancing, the guards and workmen were withdrawn from the trenches to meet it, by which means the works were left unguarded for some time, during each relief, and which the enemy could observe from the steeple of the cathedral, where there was always an officer on the lookout. The enemy succeeded in upsetting most of the gabions placed the preceding night in advance of the first parallel. Some

of them even penetrated into the right of the parallel, and a party would have pushed into the batteries, and probably have spiked the guns, had it not been for the steady conduct of a few workmen collected into a body by an officer of engineers. On the approach of General Graham, with a party of the first division, they retired into the town."

At dusk on the same day, the besieging batteries began to play,—twenty-five guns upon the main fortress, and two upon the fortified convent of San Francisco. The enemy replied with all the pieces of artillery which they could bring to bear; and the scenery and sounds of the hostile fire were terribly sublime. "The evening," says Lord Londonderry, "chanced to be remarkably beautiful and still; there was not a cloud in the sky, nor a breath of wind astir; when suddenly the roar of artillery broke in upon its calmness, and volumes of smoke rose slowly from our batteries. These, floating gently towards the town, soon enveloped the lower parts of the hill, and even the ramparts and bastions, in a dense veil; whilst the towers and summits, lifting their heads over the haze, showed like fairy buildings, or those unsubstantial castles which are sometimes seen in the clouds on a summer's day. The flashes from our guns, answered as they promptly were from the artillery of the place, the roar of their thunder reverberating among the remote mountains of the Sierra de Francisco,—these, with the rattle of balls against the masonry, and the occasional crash as portions of the wall gave way, proved altogether a scene which, to be rightly understood, must be experienced."

The two guns directed against the convent of San Francisco were designed to drive away the detachment of the enemy from that place; but they soon appeared to produce little or no effect; and as the convent at once commanded the suburbs, looked into the rear of the besiegers' second parallel, and annoyed the whole left flank of the besieging operations, a resolution was taken, early in the night of the 14th, to capture it by escalade. Accordingly, the 40th regiment, under the command of General Colville, moved instantly against it, ran promptly up its walls, drove away headlong all its defendants, and speedily got possession, not only of that convent, but of everything in and around the suburbs.

During the 15th, the fire of the breaching batteries broke down so much of the fortress' ramparts, and so considerably shook the main scarp and fausse-brain walls, as to give fair hope of very speedily effecting a practicable breach. In the evening of that day, a new battery was marked out, more in advance, for seven 24-pounders, to effect another breach at the turret to the left of the first breach. During the four following days, both besiegers and besieged made the most strenuous exertions, in the highest style of bravery, to carry their respective purposes, amid such incidents as are common to all great sieges, with results favourable now to the one party and now to the other, but with such special energy on the side of the besiegers, such crashing courage, such untiring labours,

such indomitable will, as irresistibly to precipitate a crisis. On the 19th, the first breach appeared to be about an hundred feet wide in front, and the second breach about thirty feet. Lord Wellington, after closely reconnoitering them, concluded that they were practicable; and then, directing the fire of his breaching batteries to be turned against the guns upon the ramparts, and assigning the grand duty of storming the fortress to the light and third divisions, whose turns of duty fell on that day, he sat down upon the reverse of an advanced approach, and there, undisturbed by the roar of the artillery, he penned the following cool, clear, comprehensive order of assault:—

“The attack upon Ciudad Rodrigo must be made this evening at seven o'clock. The light infantry company of the 83d regiment will join Lieutenant-Colonel O'Toole at sunset. Lieutenant-Colonel O'Toole with the 2d caçadores, and the light company of the 83d regiment, will, ten minutes before seven, cross the Agueda by the bridge, and make an attack upon the outwork in front of the castle. The object of this attack is to drive the artillery-men from two guns in that outwork, which bear upon the entrance into the ditch, at the junction of the counterscarp with the main wall of the place. If Lieutenant-Colonel O'Toole can get into the outwork, it would be desirable to destroy these guns. Major Sturgeon will show Lieutenant-Colonel O'Toole his point of attack. Six ladders, twelve feet long each, will be sent from the engineer park to the old French guard-room, at the mill on the Agueda, for the use of this detachment. The 5th regiment will attack the entrance of the ditch at the point above referred to. Major Sturgeon will likewise show them the point of attack. They must issue from the right of the convent of Santa Cruz. They must have twelve axes to cut down the gate by which the ditch is entered, at the junction of the counterscarp with the body of the place. The 5th regiment are likewise to have twelve scaling ladders, 25 feet long, and immediately on entering the ditch, are to scale the fausse-braie wall, and are to proceed along the fausse-braie, in order to clear it of the enemy's posts on their left, towards the principal breach. The 77th regiment are to be in reserve on the right of the convent of Santa Cruz, to support the first party, which will have entered the ditch. The ditch must besides be entered on the right of the breach by two columns, to be formed on the left of the convent of Santa Cruz, each to consist of five companies of the 94th regiment. Each column must have three ladders 12 feet long, by which they are to descend into the ditch, and they are to have ten axes to cut down any palisades which may be placed in the ditch to impede the communication along it. The detachment of the 94th regiment, when descended into the ditch, is to turn to its left to the main breach. The 5th regiment will issue from the convent of Santa Cruz ten minutes before seven.

“At the same time a party of 180 sappers, carrying bags containing hay, will move out of the second parallel, covered by a fire of the 83d regiment, formed

in the second parallel upon the works of the place, which bags are to be thrown into the ditch, so as to enable the troops to descend the counter-scarp to the attack of the breach. They are to be followed immediately by the storming party of the great breach, which is to consist of the troops of Major-General M'Kinnon's brigade. Major-General M'Kinnon's brigade is to be formed in the first parallel, and in the communications between the first and second parallel, ready to move up to the breach immediately in rear of the supports with bags. The storming party of the great breach must be provided with six scaling ladders, 12 feet long each, and with ten axes. The ditch must likewise be entered by a column on the left of the great breach, consisting of three companies of the 95th regiment, which are to issue from the right of the convent of St. Francisco. This column will be provided with three ladders, 12 feet long, with which they are to descend into the ditch, at a point which will be pointed out to them by Lieutenant Wright. On descending into the ditch, they are to turn to their right, and to proceed towards the main breach. They are to have ten axes to enable them to cut down the obstacles which may have been erected to impede the communication along the ditch on the left of the breach.

"Another column, consisting of Major-General Vandeleur's brigade, will issue out from the left of the convent of St. Francisco, and are to attack the breach to the left of the main breach. This column must have twelve ladders, each 12 feet long, with which they are to descend into the ditch, at a point which will be shown them by Captain Ellicombe. On arriving in the ditch, they are to turn to their left, to storm the breach in the *fausse-braye*, on the left of the small ravelin, and thence to the breach in the tower of the body of the place. As soon as this body will have reached the top of the breach in the *fausse-braye* wall, a detachment of five companies are to be sent to the right, to cover the attack of Major-General M'Kinnon's brigade by the principal breach; and as soon as they have reached the top of the tower, they are to turn to their right, and communicate with the rampart of the main breach. As soon as this communication can be established, endeavour should be made to open the gate of Salamanca. The Portuguese brigade in the third division will be formed in the communication to the first parallel, and behind the hill of St. Francisco (great Teson,) and will move up to the entrance of the second parallel, ready to support Major-General M'Kinnon's brigade. Colonel Barnard's brigade will be formed behind the convent of St. Francisco, ready to support Major-General Vandeleur's brigade. All these columns will have detached parties appointed to keep up a fire on the defences during the above. The scaling ladders, axes, and bags, must not have their arms; those who use them must not fire. Brigadier-General Pack, with his brigade, will remain upon the outwork of the gate of St. Jago, and upon the works, &c.

THE BURNING SIGHT OF CROMA, IRELAND.

The different regiments and brigades to receive ladders are to send parties to the engineer's depot to receive them, three men for each ladder."

These orders were issued early in the day, so that all the officers affected by them might have ample time to understand the duties which they had respectively to perform. Never were military orders more cordially received, or more energetically, courageously, and punctually executed. The difficulties of the work to be done were vast, the complications intricate, the perils excessive; yet all were boldly faced, and bravely overcome. The limited extent of the preliminary engineering operations, particularly in not blowing in the counterscarp, made an extraordinary demand upon both the exertions and the audacity of the stormers. The wide circuit of the work of the storm, with the two breaches on the north side of the fortress, the castle on the west side, and the gate of St. Jago on the south side, required the nicest management in order to secure simultaneousness of action. And the very ample means of resistance possessed by the garrison, not only with the power of retrenching and mining, but with the whole force of their artillery to bear upon the assailants, gave the darkest possible hue to the prospective terrors of the storm, and added to them the utmost terrors of a battle-field. All these evils, however, in the estimation of the brave soldiers who were to make the assault, both officers and men, tended only to rouse the blood, and shed glory on the enterprize.

The storming party of the third division comprised 500 volunteers under the command of Major Manners, with a forlorn hope under Lieutenant Mackie; the storming party of the light division comprised 300 volunteers under the command of Major Napier, with a forlorn hope of 25 men under Lieutenant Gurwood; and all these, as well as the reserve masses behind them, and the assailing columns on the west and the south, spent the hours of the afternoon in an impatience for action, an eagerness for the hour of seven, which could be equalled only by the still statuey steadiness of their discipline, and by their iron-hearted determination to conquer. "The evening," says Lord Londonderry, "was calm and tranquil, and, the moon, in her first quarter, shed over the scene a feeble light which, without disclosing the shape or form of particular objects, rendered their rude outline distinctly visible. There stood the fortress, a confused mass of masonry, with its breaches like shadows cast upon the wall; whilst not a gun was fired from it, and all within was as still and motionless as if it were already a ruin, or that its inhabitants were buried in sleep. On our side, again, the trenches crowded with armed men, among whom not so much as a whisper might be heard, presented no unapt resemblance to a dark thunder-cloud, or to a volcano in that state of tremendous quiet which usually precedes its most violent eruptions."

The whole line of assailants commenced to move simultaneously at the appointed hour. All understood the plan of the assault,—that the party against

the great breach were the main body, that the party against the castle and the other parts in the west were designed to cover the main body's right flank, that the party against the lesser breach were designed to cover the main body's left flank, and that the party against the outwork of St. Jago and the other parts in the south were designed to effect a diversion; and they all moved forward as one man, with one heart, toward one end; so that, though as complicated as clock-work, they were also as regular. They moved for a little with no other sound than the unavoidable echo of their tramp; but at length a sudden shout burst from the extreme right, ran instantly along the whole line, and was immediately answered by a terrific crash of artillery from every available part of the ramparts. The enemy were all alert to receive them, and had made diligent, diversified, vigorous use of their resources of defence. The great breach had been thickly strewn with shells and grenades, and carefully mined; a deep retrenchment had been cut behind it, to insulate the broken rampart, the lesser breach, which was exceedingly steep and very narrow, was almost blocked by a 24-pounder gun turned sideways; and the whole garrison with all their means of destruction unimpaired, stood resolutely to arms. But on went the assailants, and drove all before them.

The sappers with their bags of hay, going before the main body, hurled the bags down the counterscarp into the ditch, thereby diminishing its depth from $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet to 8 feet, and then fixed the ladders upon the bags. The storming party and reserves of General M'Kinnon's brigade immediately jumped upon the bags, ran up the ladders, and began to ascend the breach. The collection of shells there was hurriedly exploded to arrest them, but was exploded too soon; so that the explosion rather exhilarated than injured them. They rushed up to a sharp struggle at the bayonet's point with the defenders; they were joined, in the very midst of that struggle, by the 5th regiment, who had successfully escalated and come along from the right; and, in a few minutes, they set foot on the summit, and were masters of the rampart. But the retrenchment was still before them, the enemy was defending it with a hot fire of musketry, the retrenchment was strong and the fire fierce; so that had not support come up from the left to strike the defenders there in flank, some military critics say that this gallant body of assailants would have been compelled to retire. The requisite support, however, came both speedily and mightily; for the stormers of the lesser breach, having met comparatively little obstruction, had been victorious, and were already moving in compact column along the rampart toward the great breach. The defenders at the retrenchment, finding their original position unyieldingly resolute, and getting note that this new body of assailants was at hand, suddenly abandoned their post, set fire to a quantity of gunpowder in the retrenchment, fled precipitately into the town, and gave up everything. General Pack's false attack at the gate of St. Jago, in the meanwhile, had been

converted into a true attack, and a successful one; all the assailants on the side also were successful; and very soon afterwards Blake and Gurwood received the sword of the governor, while the whole body of the victors ran down and captured the whole body of the vanquished.

Then followed scenes of appalling contrast to the wondrous order of the assault,—illustrating how feeble was Wellington's power as a moral reformer, even at a crisis of his grandest power as a general,—and causing no small part of the best of Britain's population to depreciate or forget the bravery of British soldiers amidst curdling horror at their immorality. The troops, with few exceptions, threw off all the restraints of discipline, and abandoned themselves to crime. "All," says Maxwell, "plundered what they could, and in turn were robbed by their own companions. Brawls and bloodshed resulted; and the same men who, shoulder to shoulder, had won their way over the 'imminently deadly breach,' fought with demoniac ferocity for some disputed article of plunder." "The town," says Napier, "was fired in three or four places; the soldiers menaced their officers and shot each other; many were killed in the market-place; intoxication soon increased the tumult; disorder everywhere prevailed; and at last, the fury rising to an absolute madness, a fire was wilfully lighted in the middle of the great magazine, when the town and all in it would have been blown to atoms, but for the energetic courage of some officers and a few soldiers who still preserved their senses." On the second day, however, even the most riotous, with a few exceptions, returned to their duty.

The siege of Ciudad Rodrigo has generally and justly been regarded as one of Lord Wellington's greatest achievements. Both the rapidity and the style of it were remarkable. Even he himself did not calculate on being able to effect it in less than twenty-four days; yet, in spite of encountering more obstacles than he anticipated, he became master of the place on the eleventh day; and his success, too, was reached through a scorn of rules, or by his soaring above them. "We proceeded at Ciudad Rodrigo," says he, "on quite a new principle in sieges. The whole object of our fire was to lay open the town. We had not one mortar, nor a howitzer, excepting to prevent the enemy from clearing the breaches, and for that purpose we had only two; and we fired upon the flanks and defences only when we wished to get the better of them, with a view to protect those who were to storm. This shows the kind of place we had to attack, and how important it is to cover the works of a place well by a glacis. The French, however, who are supposed to know everything, could not take this place in less than forty days after it was completely invested, or than twenty days after breaking ground."

The loss of the French at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo comprised 800 soldiers killed, about 1,000 soldiers taken prisoners, a vast quantity of stores and ammunition, and upwards of 150 pieces of artillery, including the battering-train

of Marmont's army. The loss of the allies comprised 9 officers killed, 70 officers wounded, 168 soldiers killed, 548 soldiers wounded, and 7 soldiers missing. But on the following day, also, when the prisoners and their escort were marching out by the breach, a number of both were blown into the air by an accidental explosion.

One of the British wounded was General Vandeleur,—who, however, was able to continue in the field. Two others of the wounded were Colonel Colborne of the 52d regiment, and Major Napier who led the storming party of the light division. One of the killed was Captain Dobbs, who had done high deeds on various occasions, particularly at the combat of Sabugal, and who “possessed qualifications which would have done honour to a much higher rank than that in which he died.” Another of the killed was a captain of the 43d, respecting whose death it was said, “Three generals and nearly seventy other officers fell, but the soldiers fresh from the strife talked only of Hardyman.”

One of the generals who fell, was the brave, the fiery, the indomitable Craufurd. He was struck down while leading on his division to the storm. His character has been so apparent in several of the great events of our narrative that we need not attempt to depict it. He had entered the army at an early age,—had served in two Indian campaigns under Lord Cornwallis,—had been in the expedition against Buenos Ayres,—and had acted a conspicuous part in the Peninsular campaign of Sir John Moore. He was one of the most brilliant of Wellington's generals, and has even been compared, by some of his warmest admirers, to Wellington himself. He was buried on the spot where he fell, at the foot of the lesser breach, amid the most solemn pomp of funeral ceremony, attended by the commander-in-chief and all the officers of the besieging army. Lord Wellington, in an official letter to the Secretary of State, said,—“Although the conduct of Major-General Craufurd on the occasion on which his wounds were received, and the circumstances which occurred, have excited the admiration of every officer in the army, I cannot report his death without expressing my sorrow and regret that His Majesty has been deprived of the services, and I of the assistance, of an officer of tried talents and experience, who was an ornament to his profession, and was calculated to render the most important services to his country.”

Another of the killed, not less regretted than Craufurd, and as great a hero, though a man of different mould, was General Mackinnon. He had entered the army at the age of fifteen,—had served in Ireland as brigade-major under General Nugent,—had served also at the Helder, in Egypt, and at Corunna. He was present at Sir Arthur Wellesley's passage of the Douro, he was killed under him at Talavera, received thanks upon the field for his conduct at Busaco, was engaged in some of the sharp affairs with the French, and during Massena's retreat from Santarem, and led the last charge, terminating in

victory, at Fuentes d'Onoro. He perished in the explosion at the retrenchment behind the main breach of Ciudad Rodrigo, just at the moment of securing triumph; and he was carried to Espeja by the officers of the Coldstream guards, where he solemnly interred. His character displayed a bright bland contrast to that which so generally prevailed among the coarse butcherly heroes of France. He was one of those men whom the dreadful discipline of war renders only more considerate for others, more regardless of themselves, more alive to the sentiments and duty of humanity." He had the rare lot, too, of being beloved alike by enemies and friends, on the hearth and in the camp. Buonaparte, when a military student, visited in his father's family, then sojourning in France; and so lasting an esteem did he contract for Mackinnon that, in spite of Mackinnon's fighting against him, in spite of the vortex of events, and in spite of the brutal selfishness of his own character, he heard the news of Mackinnon's death with more emotion than he usually evinced on hearing of the death of his nearest friends. Southey says,—“The unwholesome heat in the vicinity of Badajoz,” in the autumn of 1809, “induced some recurrence of a disease with which Mackinnon had been attacked in Egypt, and he returned for a few weeks to England, there to recruit his health. In 1804 he had married a daughter of Sir John Call. She planted in his garden a laurel for every action in which her husband was engaged; and when in his last visit she took him into the walk where they were flourishing, he said to her that she would one day have to plant a cypress at the end. Perhaps this country has never sustained so great a loss since the death of Sir Philip Sydney.”

The effects of the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo were very great. All the advantages which had ever resulted from Massena's operations were now extinguished. The strong power on the Agueda which the French had shaken against Portugal was now in the hands of the allies, to be shaken against France. The pretensions of Marmont, as the successor of Massena, to correct his work, and amend his work, were gone. His army, too, was at once starved, crippled, and crippled; for while imagining himself to be perfectly secure in Ciudad Rodrigo, being entirely at its ease on the outlook for only exterior success, he suddenly learned that the very key of that country, together with all the vast muniments there, was in the possession of the allies. The effect, even for not including the actual dispersion of the army, or the capture of great numbers of its men, was essentially the same as that of a general surprise, and immediately preceded as it was by Lord Wellington's course of seeming carelessness which had lulled Marmont to slumber, and by his long diversified series of strategy which had so thoroughly baffled all the schemes against Portugal, and not fail to convince the French that there were depths in his subtlety, and in his cunningness, and in his strength in his upright policy well fitted to meet their crooked courage quail. Nor was the effect much less upon the French.

ponents in Britain. "An enterprise so secretly prepared for, so suddenly commenced, and so brilliantly concluded, not only astonished the French marshals in Spain, but all those Frenchified politicians at home to whom it was a constant and a mean delight to disparage the fame of Wellington, and the glory of the British arms."

Our hero's success at Ciudad Rodrigo, both on its own account, and in its connexions with the preceding train of events, was highly appreciated by all the opponents of Buonaparte, particularly by the authorities of Russia, Portugal, Spain, and Britain. The Russians took encouragement from it to adopt firmly and pertinaciously the Fabian policy, as a sure though probably slow means of discomfiting Buonaparte's invasion of Russia. The Prince Regent of Portugal advanced Lord Wellington to the dignity of Marquis of Torres Vedras. The Cortes of Spain, receiving the news of his success with exultation, and displaying an unanimous enthusiasm to do him honour, raised him to the rank of a Spanish grandee of the first class, with the title of Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo. And the Prince Regent of Britain advanced him in the British peerage by the title of Earl of Wellington; while the British parliament first gave him thanks for the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, and afterwards voted him a pension of £2,000 a-year to support the dignity of his new title.

CHAPTER V.

MARMONT'S STULTIFICATION AT THE FALL OF CIUDAD RODRIGO—LORD WELLINGTON'S CARE FOR THAT PLACE—HIS PROJECTS AGAINST BADAJOZ—HIS MOVEMENT TO VVVAS—THE THIRD BRITISH SIEGE OF BADAJOZ—MOVEMENTS OF MARMONT AND SOULT DURING THE SIEGE—THE CAPTURE OF BADAJOZ—SEQUENTS OF THE CAPTURE.

MARMONT, notwithstanding his own early arrival at the Tormes, and the movement of his army thither, did not know till the 15th of January that Ciudad Rodrigo was actually besieged. He felt no doubt, however, that he had sufficient time and ample means to relieve the place. He wrote on the 16th to Berthier, narrating his circumstances, describing his prospects, and telling him to expect accounts of some grand speedy triumph over Wellington. He used his utmost vigour to concentrate rapidly at Salamanca all his own army, together with a division of Dorsenne's, amounting in the aggregate to about forty-five thousand men; but he was not ready to give them the route toward Ciudad Rodrigo till the 25th; and he learned next day that the fortress had fallen. The news utterly confounded him. "There is something so incomprehensible in this," wrote he to Berthier, "that I allow myself no observation." Many of his chief emissaries, too, on whom he depended for intelligence respecting the movements of the allies, had been shut up in Ciudad Rodrigo, and had been detected and put to death on the capture of the place; so that he was cut off from all information, all means of even forming a tolerable conjecture, as to what Lord Wellington might next intend. He therefore did not feel free to advance; but, on the contrary, saw cause to retire instantly, with the main part of all his forces, to Valladolid. Nor could he long retain them there, but felt obliged, in a few days, by the miserable state of his commissariat, to disperse them far and wide, from the Esla to the Tagus, from Astorga to Toledo. Thus, in this memorable juncture, in consequence mainly of the dexterous style of the British hero's management, did the French marshal do nothing, except to harass his troops by many severe winter marches, nor could do anything except to wait passively the transpiry of some event or news which might enlighten his thorough ignorance respecting the British hero's designs.

Lord Wellington's first care, after restoring order in Ciudad Rodrigo, was to repair the breaches of the fortress, to contrive measures for improving its defences, and to make arrangements for the speediest possible replenishing of its stores. On the 28th of January, before the repair of the breaches was complete,

and while the allied army lay on the left bank of the Agueda, a sudden flood swelled the river, swept away the trestle bridge at Marialva, submerged the stone bridge at Ciudad Rodrigo to the depth of two feet, and utterly cut off all communication between the army and the fortress. Had Marmont, instead of halting and turning back, advanced right on from Salamanca, he would have arrived exactly at the juncture of the city's isolation, and could with perfect facility have retaken it at a stroke. But in a few days more, by means of the labour of at once British, Portuguese, and Spanish troops, all the old defences were in sufficient condition to be held firmly by a garrison, and some important new ones, planned by the British engineers, with the concurrence of Castanos and the Spanish engineers, were in progress. These new defences were out-works,—chiefly improvements in the fortifications of the convents in the suburb of San Francisco, a redoubt to the south of that suburb, and a series of strong works, amounting to a complete exterior fort, on the upper Teson. The total cost of the repairs and the new erections was about £4,500; and this, though he was in immense difficulty for the means of paying his troops, and felt compelled to resort to very extraordinary contrivances for maintaining his credit, Lord Wellington magnanimously paid out of his own military chest.

But during all the operations at Ciudad Rodrigo, there were grand preparations going on for re-besieging Badajoz. Lord Wellington, while meditating on the Coa his attack on Ciudad Rodrigo, clearly saw that, if that attack should be successful, in the middle of winter, when the enemy were stultified and at a distance, and when his own means of subsistence should be vastly ampler and more facile than the enemy's, it might readily be made a prelude to his sweeping the whole frontier, or at least to his marching against Badajoz with better muniments and in higher hope than on the occasion of any of the previous sieges. He, accordingly, looked all along as steadily to Badajoz as to Ciudad Rodrigo; and, when officially announcing his designs against the former, on the 29th of January, to Lord Liverpool, he said,—“I now propose to attack Badajoz as soon as I can. I have ordered all the preparatory arrangements to be made, and I hope that everything will be in readiness to enable me to invest the place by the second week in March. We shall have great advantages in making the attack so early, if the weather will allow of it. First, all the torrents in this part of the country are then full, so that we may assemble nearly our whole army on the Guadiana, without risk to anything valuable here. Secondly, it will be convenient to assemble our army at an early period in Estremadura, for the sake of the green forage, which comes in earlier to the south than here. Thirdly, we shall have advantages, in point of subsistence, over the enemy at that season, which we should not have at a later period. Fourthly, their operations will necessarily be confined by the swelling of the rivers in that part as well as here. The bad weather, which we must expect, or other circumstances,

may, however, prevent us from carrying our plan into execution; but I can only assure you that I will not abandon it lightly; and I have taken measures to have the best equipments for this enterprise."

The preparations for the contemplated siege were commenced in December, and were quickened and multiplied immediately after the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo. Twenty-four pontoons, to form a bridge across the Guadiana, were taken up the Tagus from Lisbon to Abrantes, and dragged thence overland to Elvas. A vast quantity of stores and tools was sent in large vessels from Lisbon out to sea, and after being transferred there into small craft, was conveyed up the river Caldao to Alcacer do Sul, and transported thence on country carts across the Alemtejo. A company of military artificers was brought from Cadiz, by way of Ayamonte, to carry on local preparations at Elvas, under the immediate direction of a superintending engineer. Sixteen pieces of the battering train which had been taken to Almeida were dragged, by way of Villa Velha, to the Alemtejo. Thirty-six other pieces were conveyed, with immense labour, and under every possible precaution for the maintenance of secrecy, first up the Tagus to Abrantes, and next overland to Elvas. And finally materials were amassed and put in hands at Elvas for 1,800 gabions, 3,300 fascines, and 2,000 fascine picquets. The difficulties in the way of these preparations, from scarcity of money, from the indolence of the Portuguese, from the inclemency of the weather, from the paucity of the means of transport, from the breadth of the sphere of action, and from the clashing interests, diversified character, and multitudinous masses of the agents employed, were prodigious. Only the superlative energy of Lord Wellington, seconded by the corresponding energy of his chief officers, could possibly have overcome them.

Nor was he able, without unusual difficulty, even to remove his troops to the Guadiana. New clothing and equipments were required for them; and though these had been brought in boats up the Douro, the Mondego, and the Tagus, yet they could not be brought thence to the camp **for want of carts and draught-bullocks**; so that many of the regiments, **both British and Portuguese**, were obliged to go for them to the landing-places of the rivers. The march of the army, therefore, was very scattered, very circuitous, much prolonged, and exceedingly unmilitary. Lord Wellington, however, looked well to its circumstances, and took care that it involved **no material appreciable danger**. Marmont was so totally ignorant of every part of the movement, and at the same time so enfeebled by the wide dispersion of his own army, that he could do no harm. A new commissariat arrangement, also, supplied the troops well throughout the march, preventing all unnecessary delay, and sending them forward in health and comfort to their destination.

Nor was our hero without **serious difficulty** respecting even Ciudad Rodrigo. He had to superintend it, watch over it, and provide for it, in all its interests,

up to the last moment, as though it had been his only care. The Spaniards, indeed, Castanos as general, D'Espana as covering commander, Vives as governor, and Calvert as engineer, were ready to take charge of it; but they either would not or could not do anything except at his cost and under his direction. Hence, when the moment arrived for his departing in person to the Guadiana, the new works at Ciudad Rodrigo being still incomplete, and no Spanish resources being available for victualling its garrison, he explained to Vives on the spot the most efficient methods of maintaining it against an assault, gave him sufficient money for the completing of the new works, gave him also provisions for about six weeks remaining from the field stores of the allied army, and empowered him likewise to obtain, through the troops of D'Espana, a very large quantity of rice and biscuit then stored in the British magazine of St. Joao da Pesqueira. Yet, as we shall afterwards see, these extraordinary exertions of Lord Wellington for a native fortress, which the Spaniards ought to have taken off his hands at once and *simpliciter* when he captured it for them, did not prove conclusive.

Only Alten's brigade of cavalry, D'Espana's and Sanchez's corps of Spaniards, and the northern and central corps of the Portuguese militia, were left to resist any attempt which might be made by Marmont to annoy the frontier or re-enter Portugal. But with the aid of the garrisons and guns of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, with the aid also of the tall rivers and the wintry weather, especially as Marmont had lost his battering-train at the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, these were deemed sufficient. Lord Wellington left Ciudad Rodrigo on the 5th of March, and arrived at Elvas on the 11th. He expected to find every thing ready for the instant investment of Badajoz; he had carried out arrangements and performed labours vast and comprehensive enough, even in despite of the enormous obstructions in his way, to secure the completion of all preparations; he calculated also that not a moment was to be lost, not only for sake of expediting the siege before a relieving army could be collected, but also for sake of getting the batteries in play previous to the fall of the approaching heavy equinoctial rains. Yet he found that some of his stores, and some of his troops, had not arrived; he found likewise that the stores could not be brought forward without an amount of contrivance and management and effort with the civil agents utterly beyond the power of the most zealous members of his staff; and therefore, immediately after arriving at Elvas, in order to prevent the abortion of all his plans, he sprang into one of those tremendous rounds of personal energetic labour which he himself so truly designated "slaving like a negro." "The responsibility even in small matters," remarks Napier, "became too great for subordinate officers; and the English general was forced to arrange the most trifling details of the service himself. Thus the iron strength of his body and mind was strained, until all men wondered how they held; and in truth he did fall sick, but recovered after a few days. The critical nature of the war may be

here judged of; for no man could have taken his place at such a moment,—no man, however daring or skilful, would have voluntarily plunged into difficulties which were like to drive Wellington from the contest.”

On the 15th of March, the pontoon bridge was laid over the Guadiana, about four miles from Elvas, and a flying bridge, consisting of two large Spanish boats, was also established. On the next day, a brigade of Hamilton's Portuguese invested Badajoz on the right bank of the river, and the light, the third, and the fourth divisions invested it on the left bank. These troops amounted to about fifteen thousand men, and were under the command of Sir William Beresford, who had again joined the army; while the three divisions were under the command of respectively Colonel Barnard, General Picton, and General Colville. Only about ten thousand French soldiers were observing Estremadura,—one half of them at Villa Franca and the other half near Medellin; but as Soult had about twenty-five thousand more in Andalusia, and as Marmont with his large augmented army, seemed at the moment to have little to do except to resist Lord Wellington, it was generally expected in the allied camp that they would concentrate their forces, and make a joint advance for the relief of Badajoz, in the same manner as in the preceding year. The portions of the allied army immediately wanted at Badajoz, therefore, were all so posted as to watch any advance which might be made by Soult or Marmont, and to be ready to concentrate for covering the siege and offering battle. The fifth division was still on its march from Beira; a body of heavy German cavalry was stationed at Estremoz; General Hill's corps advanced from Albuquerque to Almendralejos; and a strong corps under General Graham, comprising two brigades of cavalry and the first, sixth, and seventh divisions of infantry, crossed the Guadiana, and moved toward Llerena. The whole allied force, British and Portuguese, thus available for the siege, amounted to about fifty-one thousand soldiers,—five thousand of whom were horsemen. A Spanish force of about four thousand, under the command of Morillo and Penne Villemur, co-operated by continuing to the Lower Guadiana, with the view of watching the advance of Soult in order to turn his rear, and make a rush upon Seville.

The garrison of Badajoz, at the time of the investment, was nearly five thousand strong. Philippon continued to be governor; and both he and his soldiers drew high courage from the recollection of their former successes. Two convoys of provisions had reached them on the 10th and 16th of the preceding month; so that they were well provided. The soldiers had also swept the country, all round, to a considerable distance, carrying off cattle from even the near vicinity of Elvas and Campo Mayor. They had likewise sowed with grain or planted with vegetables, for their own use, all the gardens within the town which had been abandoned by the inhabitants, and all the lands immediately outside of the walls, as far as they could be commanded by the guns. The citizens had been

compelled either to keep themselves provided with food for three months, or to leave the city; and many of the multitudes who had fled on occasion of the former sieges had never returned. The garrison, as to at once numbers, resources, and freedom from drawbacks, was thus remarkably strong.

The fortifications also, since the time of the preceding siege, had been greatly improved. An interior retrenchment had been made in the castle, and many additional guns had been mounted on the castle's ramparts. The rear of Fort Christoval had been better secured; the glacis and the counterscarp of that outwork had been raised; a covered communication between it and the *tete de pont* was nearly completed; and a formidable redoubt had been constructed on the ground which had been occupied by the breaching battery in the former siege. Three ravelins had been commenced on the south side of the town; and one of these had been finished, while the others were sufficiently far forward to be serviceable. Many parts of the great ditch, too, had been rendered impassable by the digging of a cunette, and by filling it with water. The faces of the fortress looking to the west had been countermined. The gorge of the *Pardaleras* had been well enclosed; and the rear of that outwork had been connected with the main fortress by intermediate works, and put under the protection of very powerful batteries. The redoubt on the *Picurina* hill, on the east side of the town, and the power of inundation from the *Rivillas* rivulet along the same side, had been rendered in the fullest degree available. The arch of the bridge behind the lunette of *San Roque*, also, had been built up so as to form an impassable pond spreading two hundred yards in front of the walls.

Lord Wellington, only a few hours after his arrival at *Elvas*, ascertained these improvements, partly by report and partly by personal reconnoissance. He saw at once that the labour and hazard in taking the place would be prodigious. He had neither time nor means to proceed against it according to rule, but would feel obliged to adopt every contrivance and practise every stratagem for superseding the work of miners and abridging that of engineers, substituting dexterity for art, enterprise for labour, and dashing bravery for steady perseverance, as he had done at *Ciudad Rodrigo*; yet *Badajoz* was much stronger than *Ciudad*,—much stronger originally, and very much stronger now. Our hero, however, felt nothing daunted, and not a moment perplexed. "The enemy," wrote he on the 13th of March, "have improved the works of *Badajoz* very considerably, and they have in the place a very sufficient garrison; but I hope that I shall be able to obtain possession of it." The new defences of the fortress, the great increase of its resources, and the grand defiance which it seemed to give to his inadequate means of assailing it, only constituted one of the many sets of mighty provocations which roused his energies and kept his genius on the wing. His soldiers, too, panted for the enterprise even more eagerly than he could lead them on, and proved themselves again, as they had so often done before, as sol-

lowers of so magnanimous a leader. Jones, pointing to the enormous obstructions which they had to surmount, but speaking of them after the enterprise was over, says, "The soldiers of the line acting as sappers were too inexpert, and without the aid of miners could not have overcome such obstacles; but it is justly due to those brave men to mention that, where it did not rest on skill or experience, the qualities they possessed, qualities above everything valuable in sappers, daring courage and great esprit de corps, led them to persevere when ordinary soldiers would have been appalled."

Lord Wellington could not now, as in the former siege, attack the castle or Fort Christoval. Nor could he attack any part of the south side of the town. He might have tried the west side, and actually entertained thought of trying it; but he speedily ascertained, in consultation with his chief officer of engineers, that the minimum amount of labour there essential to success would be much greater than he had means to achieve. The east side alone, at a part opposite Picurina, seemed hopefully assailable. "The only feasible project that presented itself," says Jones, "was to take advantage of a defect in the fortifications, and from a distance batter down the bastion of Trinidad, which from the counter-guard in its front not having been finished, was liable thereto, and to trust to the valour of the troops to overcome the intermediate difficulties, which in a properly conducted siege are always removed by art and labour. The project of attack was founded upon the circumstance of the escarp of the right face of La Trinidad bastion being seen sufficiently low down from the hill, on which stands the Picurina redoubt, to admit of its being breached from batteries erected on that hill. It was therefore proposed to establish a parallel embracing the Picurina with its left, and to extend it to the right, so as to form a first parallel against the place, and therein to establish enfilading batteries against all the faces and flanks bearing on the Picurina hill; also to make batteries on the left of it, to break down the palisades and rear-defences of Fort Picurina. The evening after the opening of the enfilading batteries, to storm Fort Picurina, make a lodgment in it, and connect it with the first parallel; then to throw up breaching batteries in the most eligible situations on the Picurina hill, to breach the right face of the bastion Trinidad; and as the attack would not admit of the opposite flank being silenced by enfilade fire, it was proposed to breach it also at the same time with the face. And as, from the distance of the batteries, several days would be required to render those breaches practicable, in which time they might be retrenched, it was further proposed, as soon as the great breaches were made, to turn all the guns upon the curtain between them," which was known to be of weak masonry, "and make a third breach in it, which would, from the situation, turn the defences of the other two; the obstacle of the inundation to be avoided, by forming the columns for the assault behind the hills to the south and west of it; the covered way and ditch to be entered as at Rodrigo."

In the night of the 17th, a working party of eighteen hundred men, under protection of a covering party of two thousand men, cut a communication of 4,000 feet in length to a point within 160 yards of the Picurina, and opened thence a parallel of 600 yards in length. They worked under an incessant tempest of wind and rain, which neither damped their exertions nor seriously impeded their progress, but only drowned the noise of their pickaxes, and aided the darkness of the night in concealing their persons from the observation of the enemy; so that they were not discovered till daylight, and then both the communication and the parallel were generally 3 feet deep and $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide. During the 18th, the work went forward under heavy showers from the clouds, a sharp fire of musketry from the Picurina, and a considerable cannonade from the ramparts of the main fortress; yet, in spite of all, it made steady progress. In the night of the 18th, the parallel was prolonged to about twice its former extent, two batteries were traced out, and the previous works were improved; and on the other hand, a defence of sand bags was laid along the covered way of the Picurina to enable the musketeers to fire from behind them, with close aim, at the men in the trenches.

At one o'clock on the 19th, a party of fifteen hundred of the enemy's infantry filed silently out of the town by the Talavera gate, forined unobserved in the communication between the lunette of San Roque and the Picurina redoubt, and moved thence so adroitly against the besiegers as to be in the parallel before the workmen could stand to their arms. At the same moment, forty of the enemy's cavalry, by means of a clever stratagem, got round the right flank of the parallel unchallenged, and rode thence at a gallop to the engineer's depots, which were situated about a thousand yards in rear of the trenches. The infantry drove both the workmen and the guard in great disorder from the parallel; they also filled in a small part of the work, overthrew a few gabions, and took permanent possession of about 200 entrenching tools, for which Philippon had promised a high reward; but, by a prompt rallying and a fierce charge of the workmen and the guard, they were speedily driven away, and chased toward the fortress. The cavalry made great confusion among the unarmed men in the depots; but were soon scared by the appearance of an armed force moving against them; so that they retired without doing any material damage. In this affair, the French lost upwards of three hundred men, in killed and wounded; while the allies lost only about one hundred and fifty. Colonel Fletcher, however, Lord Wellington's chief officer of engineers, was among the wounded; in such a way, too, that he could not afterwards give any personal superintendence during the siege. But so great was Lord Wellington's confidence in him, and so remarkable his readiness rather to take extra duties on himself than to lose the services of a first-class officer, that he continued to carry on the engineering work of the siege according to his direction, going every morning to his tent,

accompanied by a subordinate superintending engineer, with the plan of the progress made since the previous morning, and receiving his opinion as to the proper course of operations to be followed for the day.

In the night of the 19th, the first parallel was opened in its whole extent, which was upwards of 1,800 yards; but neither on that night nor on the following day could much other progress be made, in consequence of the trenches being full of rain water, which could not possibly be drained away. In the night of the 20th, the enemy made a slight sally, but were promptly driven back by the guard of the trenches. During that night also three counter-batteries were commenced. But these were placed in rear of the parallel, partly because the ground in front was too soft for the guns to be moved across it, and partly because the enemy might have been able, by a sudden rush from the lunette of San Roque, to gain possession of the parallel for a length of time sufficient to spike the guns. In the morning of the 21st, the enemy attempted to rake the parallel with two field-pieces on the right bank of the Guadiana; and in the succeeding night, notwithstanding that the whole of it was a night of excessively heavy rain, they so improved their means of annoyance there as to open, at day-break of the 22d, a very destructive fire, which they continued throughout the day. Lord Wellington had no means of stopping this mischief, or preventing an extension of it, except to invest the fortress fully on the north side, around San Christoval and the *tete-de-pont*; and that he did by immediately ordering down from Campo Mayor his fifth division, which had just arrived from Beira.

On the 22d, a sudden flood came down the Guadiana, broke up the pontoon bridge, sank eleven of the pontoons, and tore away the tackle of the flying bridge. As both the provisions of the army and the guns for the attack were still on the right bank of the river, a strong doubt now arose whether the siege could be carried on. But the river soon subsided, the saved pontoons were available as row-boats, another flying-bridge was speedily formed, and the indomitable energy of the troops, together with the inventiveness of the commander-in-chief and his staff, overcame all the difficulties of transport. On the 22d also, the trenches, in spite of being then flooded with fascines and sand-bags, were so deeply drowned under heavy rain that the workmen could do next to nothing. On the next day likewise, after a brief clearing, they became again full; and in the following night "the water stood everywhere around in pools, the earth lost its consistency and would not retain any form, the revetements of the batteries fell, and no solid foundation could be obtained upon which to lay the platforms. The guns could not travel across the fields into the batteries, and no advance was made." The troops, however, were steadfastly hearty and perfectly unflagging; for, "being full of confidence in the firmness of their leader," they only felt incited by the extraordinary pressure of their task to make the sturdiest possible displays of their manhood.

"We laboured on," says the author of the *Divorce*; "the weather changed; the 24th was fine. The French attempted to check our efforts to place guns in battery and establish magazines by an increased storm of artillery. Our men fell in dozens; the engineers who directed the works and exposed themselves with reckless devotion, were momentarily shot down; shells dropped frequently into the trenches; powder casks were repeatedly exploded while being conveyed to the magazines. Under all these discouraging circumstances, the works were completed; and on the dawning of the 25th, two batteries were unmasked, and opened with a tremendous fire on the outwork of Picurina at the short distance of 140 paces," while four other batteries were so directed as to enfilade or destroy the defences of the fort on the side attacked. "Of course the town and fort turned every gun within range upon ours; but so terrible and effective was the point-blank service of our two-and-thirties that at evening a breach was declared practicable, and Lord Wellington determined, when it became dark, to carry Picurina by storm."

The fort, however, was stronger than it looked to the eye, stronger than Lord Wellington thought it, stronger in both its permanent structure and its extemporaneous defences; and it could not, at that time, be possibly carried except by the most determined bravery. "The fronts," says Napier, "were well covered by the glacis; the flanks were deep; and the rampart, fourteen feet perpendicular from the bottom of the ditch, was guarded with thick slanting pales above; and from thence to the top there were sixteen feet of an earthen alope. A few palings, indeed, had been knocked off at the covered way, and the parapet was slightly damaged on that side; but this injury was repaired with sand-bags, and the ditch was profound, narrow at the bottom, and flanked by four splinter-proof casemates." The gorge also was closed by not less than three rows of palisades, defended by musketry, and a place of arms for the garrison, musket-proof, and loopholed throughout. The enemy likewise had formed galleries of communication with the lunette of San Roque; they had brought a reverse fire to flank the ditch; and they formed fougasses under the three angles of the glacis, and arranged loaded shells and barrels of combustibles upon the parapet, to be rolled over upon the assailants at the moment of assault. The garrison comprised 250 men, with seven pieces of artillery, under the command of Colonel Gaspardier; and every man was provided with two muskets.

General Kempt, with 500 men of the third division, was intrusted with the assault. One detachment of 200 men was ordered to move round the south side of the fort, and force the gorge; another detachment of 200 men was ordered to march upon the communication with San Roque, to post one half of its strength there as a blockade upon the communication, and to advance with the other half to the support of the attack upon the gorge; and the reserve of 100 men was formed in the foremost battery, in readiness to aid that attack by

The night was fine; the arrangements were well made; and at midnight, signal was given. The first detachments reached the gorge without being covered; but, in attempting to run down and force over the batteries, they could make little impression, and found themselves under a severe mark for the garrison's shattering musketry. The second half of the second detachment did not long push on as an additional breadth to an untenable mark, but, searching round the side of the fort for a favourable place to rear their ladders, ran bravely up to the top of the parapet, and plunged into a sharp fight, against heavy odds, with very doubtful prospect. But at the crisis of peril, the reserve detachment was hurled headlong by Kempt against the front of the fort; and, though suffering fearful havoc on the foremost of its men, from the bayonets of the foe, it made good its footing, fought forward to its fellows, and was speedily victorious. Very few of the garrison escaped. The colonel, three other officers, and 86 men were taken prisoners; and all the rest were either killed by the fire of the assailants, or drowned in the inundation of the Rivillas. The loss of the assailants also was great, amounting to 54 killed and 265 wounded. The fight was one of the sharpest ever fought in the course of the war,—so rapid in the onset and so engrossing throughout, that the garrison either had not recollection or could not find time to roll over the combustibles which they had arranged upon the ramparts.

About the time of the capture, the alarm-bell of the town was rung, many rockets were thrown up, and a random fire of musketry and cannon was opened from every part of the works, evidently under the apprehension of a general coup-de-main. A battalion soon afterward sallied from San Roque, with a view either to recover Picurina or to protect the retreat of the garrison; but it was instantly driven back by the first half of the second detachment, which had taken post at the communication. A heavy fire was now opened upon San Roque from the trenches; an increase of fire replied from the town; and the two played away, in mutual defiance, and with tremendous spirit, till long past midnight. Picurina, in the meanwhile, was secured by lodgment; yet was so crushed next morning by an overwhelming fire from the town that the lodgment became a ruin, and every soldier in it withdrew. But during the night of the 26th, another lodgment was completed by the troops on the flanks of the place, the second parallel through Picurina, and the front of it was opened in its whole extent, and three strong breaching batteries were placed out,—one to breach the right face of the bastion La Trinidad, another to breach the left flank of the bastion Santa Maria, defending the principal breach to be made in La Trinidad, and the third to enfilade the ditch in front of the principal breach, to prevent the enemy from raising obstacles to the approach of the assaulting party.

[9] The events of the next ten days were a series of the highest and

tary, and on the part of both Wellington and Philippon, and of the boldest bravery and the most indefatigable exertion on the part of both the besiegers and the besieged. The chief of them were the facilitating of communication between the first parallel and the new breaching batteries; the erection of masonry, by the besieged, to raise the counterguard of the Trinidad bastion, and to strengthen all the parts menaced by the besieging batteries; the conducting of a series of arduous works, by the besiegers, northward from Picurina, to destroy the lunette of San Roque, to blow up the dam of the inundation, and thus to open a ready approach to the castle; the effecting of contrivances by the besieged to defeat these works, involving a severe struggle through several days, which fluctuated slowly and with serious loss toward the success of the besiegers; a sortie on the night of the 29th, upon the troops of General Hamilton's division, who instantly repelled it without the loss of a man; the opening of the besiegers' fire, in grand style, on the 31st, from 26 pieces of cannon, against the bastions of La Trinidad and Santa Maria; the forming of a retrenchment by the garrison to isolate the whole of the battered portion of the walls, together with the converting of the houses immediately behind it into a third line of defence; and the constructing of works both by the besieged and the besiegers, with reference to the castle, the former to link the fire of that place into connexion with the defence of the battered bastions, and the latter, not only to prevent any such connexion, but to obtain command of the approach to the castle as an auxiliary to the general assault.

Lord Wellington felt obliged, by news of the movements of Marmont and Soult, to make every possible acceleration of the siege. The two French marshals, though both of them surprised to hear of the attack on Badajos, and also ill-prepared to adopt sufficient measures against it, yet vied with one another in earnest promptitude to do every thing in their power to defeat it. They did not well understand each other indeed, and likewise lost mutual communication; yet each resolved to employ his whole force in the manner which he deemed most efficient, and with a zeal as earnest as if he were totally unsupported by the other. The portion of Soult's army in Estremadura strove hard to hold the district of La Serena, as a line of communication with Marmont through Medellin and Truxillo; and when driven thence by Graham and Hill, they lay among the defiles of the Morena, on the roads toward Cordova, ready to form the vanguard of the expected advance of Soult. Marmont concentrated his army at Salamanca, and marched thence down the Tormes on the 21st of March, seemingly with the view of attempting to capture Ciudad Rodrigo or Almeida, or both by a coup de main, and of penetrating thence into the centre of Portugal, so as to menace or perpetrate an amount of evil which should either drag off the allied army from the siege of Badajos, or constitute an overwhelming weight to the loss of that fortress. Lord Wellington, on receiving

wards see, had learned cause to mistrust the zeal of the governor and engineers of Ciudad Rodrigo; he likewise had misgivings respecting the strength of the defences of Almeida; so that he instantly saw a necessity for releasing himself with all possible speed from Badajoz, in order that he might march northward to drive Marmont away. Soult was hindered, by operations of Ballasteros on the one hand and by the menaces of Morillo on the other, from leaving the Isle of Leon till the 23d of March, or Seville till the 30th; but he brought with him only the 10th division, with the exception of 4,000 men, and was at Llerena on the 5th of April.

Lord Wellington, on receiving news of Soult's advance, sent the fifth division across the Guadiana as a reserve to the covering army, ordered Hill and Graham to fall back toward Albuera, and made arrangements, if Soult should reach the river before Badajoz fell, to leave only two divisions in the trenches, and to lead all the rest of his army into pitched battle. But on the 5th, the breaches were declared practicable. Lord Wellington then recalled the fifth division to take part in the assault, and made a close personal reconnaissance with the view of minutely framing his plan. He doubted, however, whether the breaches were really practicable, and therefore postponed the assault another day, in order to execute the part of his original project which respected the opening of a third breach in the curtain between the bastions of La Trinidad and Santa Maria. That breach, to a perfectly sufficient extent, as wide and deep as either of the other two, was made on the 6th, in the marvellously short period of two hours. Lord Wellington then ordered the assault to be made that night, immediately after dusk; but afterward saw cause to change the hour to ten o'clock.

His plan for the assault was singularly comprehensive, and not a little extraordinary. He could not afford to be beaten, could not afford to lose another day, was not willing to want the services of any of his eighteen thousand beleaguering soldiers, who vied with one another in eagerness to attempt prodigies against Badajoz; and therefore he determined to finish as he had begun, and as he had gone on, by acting above all rule, and relying for success on bursts of bravery. He accordingly made broad elaborate arrangements for suddenly overcoming all the known great obstacles to the storming of the breaches, and at the same time made arrangements no less ample for simultaneously shaking all other parts of the fortress. He converted his whole investing force into a force of assault, disposing them all round for a chain of stormings, escalades, false attacks, and other demonstrations, in the hope, as Napier has expressed it, "that the strength of the enemy would shrivel within that fiery girdle."

The memorandum containing his plan is one of the most remarkable documents in all Gurwood's collection of his despatches. It looks like the broad flash of an instantaneous discharge of most massive thought. He had no time to ex-

cogitate it, no previous store of ideas to throw into it, no means of making it other than a most rapid extemporaneous effusion, poured out, amidst din and uproar, with a flying pen; and he even made additions to it and interspersed explanations, suggested by circumstances which arose after the postponement of the attack from dusk till ten o'clock. Yet it is very long, perfectly lucid, instinct with energy, and as full of all possible details, respecting at once place, movement, and contingency, as if it had been the work of a twelvemonth. We regret, however, that we cannot take room to copy it, as we did the corresponding document in the case of Ciudad Rodrigo, not only because it is so long, but because it was largely fractured by the terrific rudeness of the shock of the assault, and was left to rule merely the commencements or main currents of the events.

Only the outline of the plan needs be stated. The light division and the fourth division were to march against the breaches, both by nearly the same route, close to the upper end of the inundation, till they entered the ditch, and then to diverge from each other, the light division to assault the bastion of Santa Maria, and the fourth division to assault the curtain and the bastion of La Trinidad. They were preceded by advanced bodies of five hundred men each, with forlorn hope, and with ladders, axes, and sacks of hay; and were divided into storming parties and firing parties, the former to cross the ditch, and the latter to keep the crest of the glacis. A fire from howitzers in the first parallel was to play upon batteries which the enemy had constructed at the south-east angle of the castle to enfilade the breach of La Trinidad. A body of four hundred men, in two columns, under the commanding officer in the trenches, were to storm the lunette of San Roque. The third division, provided with all the long ladders in the engineer's park, and attended by carpenters with axes, and by miners with crowbars, were to cross the river Rivillas below the broken bridge, and to scale the castle walls, in the rear of the newly-erected exterior batteries. The Portuguese brigade on the right bank of the Guadiana was to make a false attack on the *tete-de-pont* and on Fort Christoval. One brigade of the fifth division, provided with suitable appliances, though to a very insufficient extent, was to escalade either the bastion of San Vicente, at the north-western extremity of the town, adjacent to the Guadiana, or the curtain between that bastion and the bridge. And the other brigade of the fifth division was to make a false attack on the outwork of Pardaleras.

The grand strength of the plan, it will be seen, was directed against the breaches; and thither also, as matter of course, the grand hope of the besiegers looked for success. But the obstructions there were at once more numerous, more various, and more powerful than Lord Wellington was aware of, and so situated with reference to one another, or to the line of assault, as to be likely to destroy all the military formation of the assailants, by throwing their regular masses into the confusion of a mob. A cunette, filled with water five feet deep

from the Rivillas, extended in front of the greater part of the breached bastions, sufficiently near the counterscarp to form a ready snare for the stormers, where at least the foremost were likely to jump in and be drowned. An unfinished ravelin also stood directly in front of the breach in the curtain, and obliquely in front of the other two breaches, of such a form on the side toward the counterscarp as to be easily mistakeable in the dark for the actual ascent of the breaches, but terminating on the other side in a deep perpendicular descent, and separated there from the foot of the bastions only by a narrow strip of ditch, excavated into holes, and filled with water. The extemporaneous defences of the garrison, too, at which we formerly glanced, were a terrific product of diligence, power, ruthlessness, and ingenuity, and might have been worthy of a war of fiends. Strong parties had laboured night and day to clear away the rubbish of the battered walls, to destroy the ramps of the covered way, to create infernal machines in front of the battered bastions, and to make powerful retrenchments behind the breaches. The fallen parapets were replaced with fascines, sand-bags, and wool-packs; the space immediately behind them, along the whole front, was filled with many thousands of shells, hand-grenades, bags of gunpowder, casks of combustibles, and other deadly missiles and explosives; and a large space in front of the breaches, at the foot of the counterscarp, was planted with sixty 14-inch shells, in a circular form, about four yards apart from one another, covered with earth to the depth of about four inches, and connected with a train of powder-tubes placed between tiles in the manner of mine-tubes. All the artillery-stores were put into requisition; all sorts of available materials were employed, in some manner or other, for purposes of defence; even a large boat was lowered into the ditch, and filled with soldiers, to flank one of the breaches; and on the very evening of the assault, during the brief period of repose which followed the cessation of the fire of the breaching-batteries at dusk, a covering of crows' feet and harrows was laid athwart the ascent of the breaches, and a chevaux-de-frise of sword-blades, fixed into logs of wood and made fast with chains of iron, was placed along the summit.

A grand discharge of fire-works from the town, a few minutes before the departure of the storming-parties, suddenly threw a brilliant light upon the phalanx of the ready foe, arrayed along the breaches, waiting for the assault. But they immediately received the word of command; and, amid the deep gloom which followed, they moved as steadily forward as if they had remained totally undiscovered. "At that moment," says the author of the *Victories of the British Armies*, "the deep bell of the cathedral of St. John struck ten; an unusual silence reigned around; and, except the distant footsteps of the storming-parties, as they fell upon the turf with military precision, not a movement was audible. A terrible suspense, a horrible stillness, a compression of the breathing, the dull and ill-defined outline of the

town, the knowledge that similar and simultaneous movements were making on other points, the certainty that two or three minutes would probably involve the forlorn hope in ruin or make it a beacon-light to conquest,—all these made the heart throb quicker, and long for the bursting of the storm, when victory should crown daring with success, or hope and life should end together. On went the storming parties; and one solitary musket was discharged beside the breach, but none answered it. The fourth division moved forward, closing rapidly up in columns at quarter distance. The ditch was gained; the ladders were lowered; dashed the forlorn hope, with the storming party close behind them. The divisions were now on the brink of the sheer descent, when a gun boomed from the parapet. The earth trembled; a mine was fired; an explosion and a fearful hissing from light-fusees succeeded; and, like the rising of a curtain on the stage, in the hellish glare that suddenly burst out around the breach, the French lining the ramparts in crowds, and the British descending the ditch, were placed as distinctly visible to each other as if the hour were noontide.

The forlorn hope and the foremost men of the storming party were almost all blown to pieces by the explosion. The masses behind them also staggered for a moment, but only for a moment, and then all sprang forward with maddened impulse, some rushing headlong down the ladders, and many vaulting into the ditch at a leap in reckless disregard of the depth of the descent. "There was no check," says an actor in the scene. "The soldiers flew down the ladders, and the cheering from both sides was loud and full of confidence. Furious blows were actually exchanged amongst the troops in their eagerness to get forward; while the grape-shot and musketry tore open their ranks." The fourth division pressed furiously up the unfinished ruinous ravelin, mistaking it for the breach; and on reaching the summit, they stood exposed, without an inch of cover, to the close deadly aim of the garrison's musketry, and to all the other fire of their whole front. They hesitated what to do, yet lost not an atom of their bravery, but began, without orders, to return the enemy's fire. The head of the light division, at this crisis, having been led a little too far to the right, joined the fourth division, and added prodigiously to the confusion. The two divisions speedily lost all formation, fell thoroughly asunder as a tactical machine, and rolled into each other, indiscriminately onward, in the manner of a mob. Yet they retained one mind, one aim, one zealous impetuosity to strike for Badajoz and vanquish the foe; and in spite of the terrific descent before them, the narrowness of the ditch at its foot, and the ruggedness of the descent beyond, together with the tempest of missiles which was everywhere roaring around them, down they went, across and up, with the hearts of heroes.

But no mortals, in such circumstances, could possibly surmount those dreadful breaches. The cunette at the foot, the crows' feet and harrows on the ascent, and the *chevaux-de-frise* at the summit would have been formidable in

circumstances; and when aided by the darkness of the night, by the courage of the assailants, by the demon-valour of the defenders, and by the continuous, tremendous, unparalleled hurricane of fire, they rendered the breaches impregnable. "Probably never since the discovery of gunpowder," says Jones, "were men more seriously exposed to its action. Shells, hand-grenades, bags of powder, and all kinds of burning composition, under an incessant roll of musketry, were hurled into the ditch without intermission, for upwards of two hours, giving to its whole surface an appearance of vomiting fire, and creating occasional flashes of light more vivid than the day, followed by a momentary utter darkness."

"Hundreds of the assailants of the breaches," says the narrator in *Le Monde*, who though a fictitious character describes only the real events, "were thrown back; and hundreds promptly succeeded them. Almost unharmed themselves, the French dealt death around; and while they viewed from the parapet a thousand victims in the ditch, they called in derision to the British columns and invited them to come on. I, though unwounded, was hurled from the ditch and fell into the cunette, where, for a few minutes, I had some difficulty to escape suffocation. The guns of the bastions swept the place where I was lying, and the constant plash of grape upon the surface of the water was a sound anything but agreeable. The cheers had ceased; the huzzas of the enemy at our repulse had died away; and from the ramparts they amused themselves with picking off any one they pleased. Fire-balls occasionally lighted up the ditch, and showed a mass of wretched men lying in the mud and water, mobbed together, unable to offend, and at the mercy of the enemy, for retreat was impracticable. As the French continued hurling cart-wheels, planks, and portions of the masonry of the parapet, which our own battering guns had destroyed, it was pitiable to see the feeble efforts of the wounded, as they vainly strove to crawl from beneath the rampart, and avoid the murderous missiles that were momentarily showered down. Now and again the gurgling noise of some one drowning close beside, was heard in the interval of the firing; while the groaning of those from whom life was ebbing, the cursing of others in their agonies, joined to the demon laugh which was frequent from the breach above, gave the passing scene an infernal colouring that no time shall ever obliterate from the memory of him who witnessed it. Yet never was the indomitable courage of the British more signally displayed than during the continuance of this murderous attempt. With insurmountable obstacles before them, and death rained upon them from every side, even in handfuls the light and fourth divisions continued their desperate attempts; and many of the bravest, after struggling to the summit of the bastion, were shot down in their vain attempt to clear away which no living man could clamber over."

Lord Wellington, with his staff, after completing the preliminaries of the general assault, had taken post on the *Monte de San Christoval*, where

he could observe the indications of the onset of his troops, in the flashes of fire, round the whole circle of the city. He was, therefore, at much distance from the breaches while the appalling struggle there was going on, and could not very speedily obtain intelligence of its nature. His anxiety, on observing the explosions of the mines, the vomitings of fire, the stationariness of the conflict, the sure symptoms of dire disaster and of doubtful success, must have been immense. Not till about half-past eleven o'clock did any decisive intelligence reach him; and then it told him that the attack on the breaches had failed, that the majority of the officers had fallen, that nearly all the men were either down or straggling, and that nothing short of strong speedy succour could revive any hope of success. Never at any previous moment of his life was his stupendous manhood put so severely to the test. He felt touched, touched to the quick, on his most tender of all points, his concern for the life of his soldiers,—rousing him to think of many hundreds of them, perhaps two thousand of them or more, struck suddenly down in gore or death,—under defeat too, and at a crisis when the moral influence of defeat would be terrible. Nor could he then, as in a battle-field, hurl forth one of his thunderbolts of strategy to confound the foe, or strike up some novel, general, subtle manœuvre, like the wheel trick at Fuentes d'Onoro, to convert defeat into victory. He could not see the scene of conflict, could not change it, could not control it, further than by pouring more men into it, while he had few to pour. Yet he retained all his calmness and collectedness, became pale indeed, but without a flurry, and curtly issued an order for a brigade whom he had held in reserve to proceed forthwith to reinforce the assailants at the breaches.

But, in the meanwhile, success had elsewhere been achieved. The third division were in motion against the castle a few minutes before the light division and the fourth division moved against the breaches. The castle was in strong condition to receive them. The mere walls of it were so very high and so well flanked that no ordinary military calculation would have supposed them practicable by escalade. Only an extent of about 120 feet, too, could admit the application of even the longest ladder; and the parapets there were so thin that the garrison could with the utmost ease knock away any ladder which might be raised. Destructive missiles, also, in great number and variety, large stones, blocks of wood, and loaded shells, lay arranged along the crest, in readiness to be hurled down upon any persons who might attempt to raise ladders. The regular defences of the castle, likewise, had been increased to the uttermost. Philippon had even formed a plan to hold it out against the besiegers, together with Fort Christoval and the *tete-de-pont*, during several days after the breaches should be forced; and with that view, he had separately provisioned it, built up its gates, cleared away the houses from its vicinity, and erected batteries to defend it on the side next the town.

Yet in spite of all this strength, all this isolation, all this presumed superiority to the general fortress of Badajoz, the castle was as boldly assailed by Picton's brave brigades, simply by means of their ladders upon its lofty walls, as if it had previously been dissevered by a wide deep breach. The resistance given them was most fierce and stubborn. A fire from the whole front raked them over every inch of the ground from the Rivillas up the heights to the castle-foot; the missiles from the parapets crushed them by the dozen when they approached the walls, and the musketeers on the summit, for a long time, either threw back the ladders as fast as they were set, or shot or bayoneted every man who managed to climb up. But at length one ladder was kept fast, a few men gained footing upon its summit, other ladders were quickly placed beside it, other men swarmed up, held their ground, formed, and pushed on; and the garrison wavered, fell back, and fled. For there was this advantage in favour of the assault, an advantage without which success could not have been attained, that the garrison was small, Philippon having trusted too much to the intrinsic strength of the place, and being now too intently occupied with the conflict at the breaches to get timely notice of its danger, or to send a reinforcement. The victors, however, had no orders to attempt to push their conquest farther than the mere capture of the castle; so that they simply sent off an officer to announce their success to Lord Wellington, and then sat quietly down to await fresh orders. The party, too, who had moved against the lunette of San Roque, were in the same predicament, having achieved success very similarly to the assailants of the castle, and nearly at the same moment.

Lord Wellington, on learning these successes, sent orders to the third division to lie quietly in the castle till day-break,—to the party in San Roque to make certain preparations for suddenly drawing off all the water of the inundation,—and to the light and fourth divisions, or rather to the relics of these divisions, to retire from the breaches, take some hours of repose, and re-form their various battalions. His idea now was that the enemy, animated by victory, extraordinarily strong in defences, and but slightly diminished in numbers, would still make a very vigorous resistance; and he purposed to order a new assault on the breaches at sunrise, aided by a sally of two thousand men from the castle against the rear of the defenders. But, in the meantime, the light and fourth divisions, on the arrival of his order, that they should retire from the ditch, suffered fresh disaster. For some of the officers did not hear the order; none of the battalions were in a formed state to obey it regularly; many of the men who heard it rushed mobwise toward the ladders; others of them who heard it not, on observing the rush toward the ladders, were struck with panic; the officers who had not heard it strove to stop the rush, to turn the men back, and even in some instances to remove the ladders; and, amidst all this terrific hubbub, this swaying hither and thither of the maddened crowd, the fire from the ramparts was

incessant, a cry arose that the garrison were making a sally on the flanks, and the wails of the wounded, the shrieks of the horror-struck, the groans of the dying, the commingled utterance of thousands of agonies, went aloft in the air with a power of awfulness which made all hearts shudder.

* But at that moment an enterprise was going forward on the opposite side of the town which speedily altered the whole aspect of the scene. The false assaults on Fort Christoval, on the *tete-de-pont*, and on Pardaleras had commenced simultaneously with the assault on the breaches, and had so far distracted the attention of the enemy as to occasion the withdrawal of some of his force from the breached bastions. The main part of the fifth division, however, who had been appointed to assail the bastion of San Vincente, were hindered from commencing their operations till eleven o'clock, in consequence of the men who had been intrusted with their ladders having lost their way. The ladders, too, were not long enough, and only twelve in number; and even at eleven o'clock, they were not all brought forward. The achievement to be done, also, was perfectly stupendous. The garrison at that point was as watchfully alert as at any other, and were as well provided with all sorts of missiles as the defenders of the castle; while the palisades of the covered-way were entire, the counter-scarp wall was nearly 12 feet deep, a cunette was in the ditch 6½ feet broad, and the escarp of the bastion, at the only place where it could be escaladed, was 31½ feet high, defended by a flank with four guns in it at the ordinary distance. The assailing troops, too, were discovered by the garrison while yet on the glacis, and were there and thenceforth shattered by an incessant fire. Yet, in spite of all obstructions and all resistance, with scarcely any encouragement except their own bravery, and with certain death to very many of their number, they pushed steadily on to the escalade, and would take no denial.

They made good a footing on the bastions of San Vincente very much in the same way in which the third division struggled into possession of the walls of the castle. Their escalade cost them many a life, and was for a long time doubtful. But when only a handful at length stood firm on the summit, they conquered as if by magic, the enemy melting away like smoke, and their own comrades swarming up like bees. Very soon a reserve was formed at the bastion; and away went the main body to sweep along the ramparts, round the south side of the city, with the view of striking the rear of the defenders of the breaches. But in the very full career of triumph, after they had swept two other bastions, and while not a man attempted to make a stand against them, they were suddenly arrested by a phantasy. "It is astonishing, even in the spring-tide of success," remarks the author of the *Bivouac*, "how the most trivial circumstances will damp the courage of the bravest, and check the most desperate in their career. They were sweeping forward with the bayonet, the French were broken and dispersed, when, at this moment of brilliant success, a port-fire,

which a retreating gunner had flung upon the rampart, was discovered. A vague alarm seized the leading files; they fancied some mischief was intended, and imagined the success, which their own desperate gallantry had achieved, was but a ruse of the enemy to lure them to destruction. 'It is a mine, and they are springing it!' shouted a soldier. Instantly the leaders of the storming party turned. It was impossible for their officers to undeceive them. The French perceived the panic, rallied, and pursued; and friends and foes came rushing back upon a supporting regiment that was fortunately formed in reserve upon the ramparts. This momentary success of the besieged was dearly purchased; a volley was thrown closely in; a bayonet rush succeeded; and the French were scattered before the fresh assailants, never to form again."

When the news of the escalade of San Vincente reached Lord Wellington, he suddenly rolled back upon the city all its former assailants; so that, at the instant when the fifth division were compelling the great body of the garrison at the bastions of La Trinidad and Santa Maria to wheel round for the defence of their rear, the third division blew open the castle gates and marched upon their flank, and the light and fourth divisions returned to the breaches, tore away thence the terrible obstructions which had cost them such loss of strength, and moved down, all formed and firm, like an avalanche, upon their front. The whole garrison were instantaneously overwhelmed and scattered. Only a few hundreds of them remained under the orders of Philippon, following him in a swift race, along the bridge into Fort Christoval; and even these were so rapidly chased by Lord Fitzroy Somerset that they had barely time to get within the outwork, and were obliged to surrender after day-break. All the rest were dispersed through the town, and promptly made prisoners.

And now commenced a scene similar to that which followed the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, but worse,—a scene unutterably more infamous to the victorious legions than their highest acts of heroism could be famous,—a scene so stenchy with crime, so putrid with vileness, that no man of moral feeling can think of it for a moment without sickening disgust. "Few females in this beautiful town," says Maxwell, "were saved that night from insult. The noblest and the beggar, the nun and the wife and daughter of the artisan, youth and age, all were involved in general ruin. None were respected, and few consequently escaped. The madness of those desperate brigands, the soldiers, "was variously exhibited; some fired through doors and windows, others at the church-bells, many at the wretched inhabitants, as they fled into the streets to escape the bayonets of the savages who were demolishing their property within doors; while some wretches, as if blood had not flowed in sufficient torrents already, shot from the windows their own companions as they staggered on below. What chances had the miserable inhabitants of escaping death, when more than one officer perished by the bullets and bayonets of the very men whom, a few hours

before, he had led to the assault?" "All indeed were not alike," says Napier, "for hundreds risked and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence; but the madness generally prevailed, and as the worst men were leaders here, all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz." Even on the third day, the dreadful tumult, in defiance of incessant efforts to arrest it, and notwithstanding the brutal drunken exhaustion of many of its most active promoters, continued to go wildly on; and then it was suddenly quelled by a very simple measure of Lord Wellington, the same which he had successfully tried amid similar circumstances at Seringapatam, the threatening of an imminent death to the brave ruffians, who, though they cared nothing for the death, cared everything for the ignominy,—who, while ever ready, and then readier than ever, to smile at the sternest displays of all sorts of weapons of war, were apt to quail like cravens at the solemn dangling of a rope from a gallows. The provost-marshal, with his hideous implement and his posse of hangmen, supported by a fresh Portuguese brigade, simply made a tour through the streets; and immediately all the rioters slunk away to their duty.

The loss of the French in killed and wounded during the siege amounted to about 1,200. But the loss of the allies in killed alone was 1,035, in wounded 3,787, and in missing 63. The proportion of this loss in killed and wounded, on the night of the capture, was about 600 at the castle, about the same number at the bastion of San Vincente, and upwards of 2,000 at the breaches,—in all about 3,500; and the numbers who died that night on the spot where they fell comprised 60 officers and upwards of 700 men. Five of the British generals, Picton, Colville, Kempt, Harvey, and Bowes, were wounded,—the three last severely. "When the extent of the night's havoc was made known to Lord Wellington, the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers."

Everything about this most remarkable siege arrests the attention of both the general reader and the military critic; and nothing more so than the manner of the capture. "It is a singular circumstance, perhaps without its parallel in the events of sieges," remarks Jones, "that an army with a powerful artillery, after twenty days open trenches, and having made three good practicable breaches in the body of the place, should fail in the assault of them, at the same moment that two divisions of it were employed in different parts, and each succeeded in forcing an entry by escalade over the same walls." That escalade was so stupendous an achievement that probably no other troops in the world would have done it; yet, from a knowledge of the character of these troops, on the part both of

Philippon and of Wellington, the former thought that it might be attempted, and made as much provision against it as he could, while the latter believed that it was perfectly practicable, and therefore relied largely on it for success. Indeed, our hero's judgment as to the proper mode of the assault,—his doubtful dependence on the forcing of the breaches, even though he had seen no reason to suspect them to be impregnable,—and his drawing a cordon of fire round the whole town, and sending two entire divisions to scale its walls by ladder at opposite points, were all as remarkable as the escalade itself. So elaborate an arrangement, involving such a series of Herculean exploits, when no fewer than three breaches, all supposed to be ordinarily surmountable, were in front, would have either risen in the imagination or pleased the pride of almost any general; yet no arrangement but such an one could have succeeded;—for without the assault at the breaches could not have been made successful by any amount of reinforcement, neither would the escalade have succeeded unless that assault had engaged the attention of the great body of the garrison.

The escalade, too, was doubly successful,—the city, in effect, was twice won; and herein was a most striking point of both the performance and the plan. "The city was carried first by the third division in gaining possession of the castle, from which moment farther resistance was useless, as from the castle any number of men might be introduced into the town; and next by the fifth division, which was the immediate cause of carrying the place,—for although the third division's successful escalade of the castle placed the garrison at their mercy, yet as they remained there, without producing any immediate effect, the fifth division met the same opposition as if the castle had not been escaladed." Thus, though the third division had failed, the fifth division's success, aided by the return of the light and the fourth divisions to the breaches, would have procured the immediate fall of the fortress; and though the fifth division had failed, the third division's success, followed out in the way which Lord Wellington ordered, would have procured its fall at daybreak. An arrangement which could elicit such twofold winning by mere side-play, even while the main game proved a total failure, was a singular fruit of fertile contrivance at a profound crisis, when not only success was urgently needed for the sake of the whole moral influence of the war, but when it required to be instant, perfect, and conclusive.

But did not the arrangement occasion a very needless flow of blood? Was it not a wasteful, wanton, inevitable exposure of the troops to death? No doubt Lord Wellington resolved here, as he had done at Ciudad Rodrigo, and on a larger scale than there, to substitute bravery for art,—to substitute the special efforts of his soldiers, involving the special exposure of their persons, for those requisite appliances of a siege which he did not possess. But this was not a wanton arrangement, nor was it even an optional one; for he had no alternative

but either to do this, or to let Badajoz alone,—in other words, either to do this, or to be beaten in the war. Besides, if his plan of assault had been carried out as he expected it to be, it would have proved in no small degree as truly adapted to cut short the effusion of blood as to secure the capture of the fortress; for if the breaches had been ordinarily practicable, and if the ladder-carriers of the fifth division had not lost their way, all the three assaulting forces would have got within the walls at least as early as the third division did, and would have put an end at once to the work of slaughter; or even if only the trivial accident of the ladder-bearers had not happened, the fifth division would have achieved their escalade about an hour earlier than they did, with the effect of preventing one half or so of all the butchery at the breaches.

Critics, however, who look only at the outside of such intricate events as the siege of Badajoz, without thinking duly or at all of the thousand precurrent and interior contingencies, are marvellously sapient. They escape all errors, avoid all accidents, and leap at one bound to any desired conclusion. Hence have some writers alleged that, as the city was taken by escalade on the twentieth day of the siege, it might as well have been taken in the same way on the first,—nay that, as the process of battering only provoked the garrison to extend and multiply their defences, it could have been taken by escalade more easily on the first day than on the twentieth. Need we refute this folly? Who but a madman, really reckless of the lives of his soldiers, would have attempted a coup de main on such a place as Badajoz, bristling with guns, and vigilantly held by five thousand veterans? The besieging process of the twenty days was just as essential to the capture, and just as really produced it, as if the result had been evolved in the normal way by the storming of the breaches; for it reduced the numerical force of the garrison by the amount of twelve hundred men,—it reduced the moral courage of the rest by the amount probably of one half,—and finally, at the juncture of the assault, it occasioned the great bulk to be intensely occupied on the breached bastions, leaving only an handful to oppose the escalade.

Lord Wellington's own opinion of the siege is interesting. Writing on the 28th of May to General Murray, who was then in England, he says, "You will have appreciated the difficulty and importance of our late operations. The siege of Badajoz was a most serious undertaking, and the weather did not favour us. The troops were up to their middles in mud in the trenches; and in the midst of our difficulties, the Guadiana swelled and carried away our bridge, and rendered useless for a time our flying-bridge. However, we never stopped, and a fair day or two set all to rights. The assault was a terrible business, of which I foresaw the loss when I was ordering it. But we had brought matters to that state that we could do no more, and it was necessary to storm or raise the siege. I trust, however, that future armies will be equipped for sieges, with the people

necessary to place them on as they ought to be; and that our engineers will show how to put their batteries on the crest of the glacis, and to blow in the counterscarp, instead of placing them wherever the wall can be seen, leaving the poor officers and troops to get into and cross the ditch as they can." Thus did our hero see far more clearly than his acutest critics could do all the features of the siege; and he lost no time in making what he believed to be the best possible use of the awful carnage which accompanied it, by importuning the British government to provide their armies with suitable besieging appliances. The capture of the fortress, however, was appreciated by both the French and the British all the more for its very difficulties,—perhaps also all the more for its vast cost in blood. Buonaparte and his marshals were thunderstruck when they heard of it; and the British parliament voted formal thanks for it, in the same manner as for a great field victory.

CHAPTER VI.

MORE FOULIES OF THE SPANISH AUTHORITIES—RETREAT OF SOULT INTO ANDALUSIA—RETURN OF LORD WELLINGTON TO BEIMA—RETREAT OF MARMONT INTO CASTILE—ENTERPRIZE OF SIR ROWLAND HILL AGAINST ALMARAZ—CHANGE OF MINISTRY IN BRITAIN—ADVANCE OF LORD WELLINGTON INTO CASTILE—HIS RECEPTION AT SALAMANCA

ON the fourth day of the siege of Badajoz, only fifteen days after Lord Wellington left the Agueda, he received letters from Don Carlos d'España, stating that the works for completing the fortifications of Ciudad Rodrigo were not going forward,—that the supply of provisions within the place was not sufficient to sustain the garrison longer than twenty-three days,—and that, by so simple an operation as the establishing of one French division between the Agueda and the Coa, that great fortress, which swayed so mighty an influence over the fortunes of the war, and which had already cost the allies so much solicitude, treasure, and blood, would pass again into the possession of the enemy. Lord Wellington could not share fully the fears thus expressed; yet he felt equal astonishment and indignation at the facts.

"The report which you make of Ciudad Rodrigo," wrote he in reply, "distresses me much. I had hoped that when, by the labour of the British and Portuguese troops, and at the expense of the British government, I had, in concert with General Castanos, improved and repaired the works of Ciudad Rodrigo, so that at all events the place was secure from a coup de main, and had left money in order to complete the execution of what our troops had not time to complete, I should not have been told by Your Excellency, that for want of the assistance of 15 or 20 British soldiers, who were artificers, and whose services are required for other objects essential to the cause of Spain, the whole business is at a stand. Is it possible that Your Excellency can be in earnest? Is it possible that Castile cannot furnish 15 or 20 stone-cutters, masons and carpenters, for the repair of this important post? How have all the great works been performed which we see in the country? But Your Excellency's letter suggests this melancholy reflection, that everything, as well of a military as of a laborious nature, must be performed by British soldiers; and it becomes my duty to bring this fact distinctly under the view of the allied governments. I am decidedly of opinion that the enemy cannot attack Ciudad Rodrigo for the want of heavy artillery, and that they cannot get up the artillery which they require till the month of May at soonest. In that period, if I can keep my army collected, I can do

much for the cause; and to enable me to keep my army collected, I require only that the works planned and agreed upon should be continued, for which I have left the money, and that the provisions for which I have given the order upon St. Joao da Pesqueira on the 16th of February, should be thrown into the place.²² His Lordship then showed, by a chain of calculation, that even the provisions which he himself had made over to the garrison, if fully appropriated and fairly used, would serve for a much longer period than twenty-three days. ~~When~~ he concluded,—“In writing this letter to Your Excellency, I do not mean to make any reproach. I wish only to place upon record the facts as they have occurred, and to show to your country and to my country and the world that, if this important place should fall, or if I should be obliged to abandon plans important to Spain in order to go to its relief, the fault is not mine.”

On the 30th of March, also, His Lordship received most annoying communications respecting the Spanish authorities at Cadiz. These worthies, ever bent on their own aggrandizement, and ever blind as to the proper means of effecting it, had contrived the notable expedient of a Junta of generals to control the operations of the war, and that Junta, after a preliminary flourish of criticism upon the campaign of Ballasteros in Andalusia, had proceeded first to “manœuvre the army of Galicia without the slightest knowledge of local circumstances, or of the strength of the enemy, or of their own means and resources,” and next to send out feelers toward an overhauling of the conjoint councils of Castanos and Wellington. “I do not know of what use the Junta is,” rejoined our hero to the ambassador at Cadiz, “excepting to endeavour, by a side wind, to obtain the direction of the operations of this army, in which endeavour they may depend upon it they will not succeed. No power on earth shall induce me to take a step that I do not approve of; and the deliberations of the Junta must only afford fresh ground for dispute, and involve me in fresh discussions.”

These follies of the Spaniards, and others which we cannot take time to enumerate, had the effect, as usual, of embarrassing Lord Wellington's operations. Had the Spaniards acted wisely and vigorously, he would have been perfectly able, in spite of everything which Marmont might attempt in the north, to proceed from Badajoz with all his main force to the liberation of Andalusia. He originally intended to do this; and even after he began to see that he would need to return northward to drive Marmont away, he purposed first to seize the opportunity of Soult's advance into Estremadura to inflict on that marshal so severe a castigation as would send him back to Andalusia dispirited, enfeebled, and if possible disgraced. Soult himself, on finding that Marmont was not coming into junction with him, but especially on hearing that Badajoz had fallen, expected no less than a sharp pursuit, probably all the way to the gates of Seville. He did not hear of the fall of Badajoz till he arrived on the afternoon of the 6th at Villa Franca; and so afraid was he of being badly confronted and disastrously

pursued, that he commenced his retreat before daylight on the 9th toward the frontier of Andalusia. He was both astonished and enraged to find his expedition into Estremadura bootless; he had good reason also to expect that Ballasteros and Morillo would make earnest use of his absence to effect some smart reprisals upon him in Andalusia; and he practised the usual short-sighted vengeance of a French retreat, by strewing his track with desolation. Sir Stapleton Cotton, who was in command of the cavalry of Graham's covering army, came up with his rearguard near Usagre, and chased them hard for about four miles, with the effect of killing many men, and of capturing about 150 men and about 130 horses. But, in consequence of the urgent demand which the state of things in the north was making on Lord Wellington's attention, no further pursuit could be given.

Marmont had blockaded Ciudad Rodrigo, with one division of his army, had made a strong demonstration, with the rest of it, against Almeida,—and proceeded thence across the Coa at Sabugal, onward to Castello-Branco, and was becoming so bold that nothing but sudden news of the unexpected fall of Badajoz prevented him from pushing on to Villa Velha. The cavalry brigade left by Lord Wellington on the Agueda, to check any advance which the French might make, had behaved ill,—retiring before Marmont's advanced-guard with small manœuvring and in needless haste. The Portuguese militia corps also had done little service. The garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo, too, was not only under short supply of provisions, but in a discontented, beggared, insubordinate state, bordering upon mutiny. Marmont likewise had a double chance of being supplied before long with the only thing he needed in order to his becoming truly formidable,—a battering train; for if he could carry Almeida by a coup de main, he would find one there,—or if he could maintain himself in any manner, for only a few weeks west of the Agueda, he would receive one which was on the way to him from France.

When these facts became fully known to Lord Wellington—which they did not till several days after the capture of Badajoz—they gave strong confirmation to his previous belief, that the greater part of his force would be needed to set matters right on the Agueda, and also suggested that the aid of some Spanish troops might be desirable or even necessary for securing things on the Guadiana. He, accordingly, wrote, on the 11th of April, to the British ambassador at Cadiz,—“You have been informed of the causes which render necessary my return to the frontiers of Castile. The enemy have not only blockaded Ciudad Rodrigo, but they have moved some troops into Lower Beira. A small force could get the better of the latter; but I shall not be able to relieve Ciudad Rodrigo without taking with me such a proportion of the army as would leave too small a force for the expedition into Andalusia; to which I have to add that I must collect a body of troops near this place to protect it till the breaches

in its works shall be repaired, and to aid in the repair of the breaches. If Ciudad Rodrigo had been provisioned as I had a right to expect, there was nothing to prevent me from marching to Seville at the head of forty thousand men, the moment the siege of Badajoz was concluded. If I were to march there under existing circumstances, the formidable position which I have acquired with so many sacrifices would undoubtedly be lost, and, with that position, all the objects of the expedition into Andalusia. It remains then to be seen what is to be done under existing circumstances." His Lordship then shows that five thousand Spanish soldiers must immediately come as a garrison to Badajoz, else he would need to give orders to destroy the place: that the corps of Morillo also must return, in order to hold the other towns and the open country of Estremadura; that the corps of Ballasteros must stand ready to make a rush upon Seville, in the event of Soult attempting any backstroke against Estremadura; and that, both for direct purposes, and for the sake of effecting a diversion in favour of the operations on the west side of Spain, as strong a Spanish force as possible should be sent to co-operate with a contemplated British expedition to the coast of Oporto.

Lord Wellington put into Badajoz, as a temporary garrison, some Portuguese regiments which had been in Elvas and Abrantes,—instructed his chief officer of engineers to make ample use of the services of these regiments for hurrying forward the repairs of the fortress,—and appointed Sir Rowland Hill's corps, consisting of the second British division of infantry, Hamilton's Portuguese division of infantry, and Sir W. Erskine's division of cavalry, to serve as a covering army till the repairs should be completed. His instructions to Sir Rowland were to send all the artificers among his infantry to assist in working at the repairs,—to put the rest of his infantry into cantonments around Almedralejo,—to push forward his cavalry to Villa Franca and Zafra, with posts of observation at Llera, Usagre, and Bienvenida,—to assail the enemy "if he should attempt to play tricks with small corps,"—and to fall back to a very strong position, specially indicated, in the immediate vicinity of Badajoz, if the enemy should advance in strength. And, added he, "as it appears that it would be impossible for the enemy to assemble so large a corps in this country as to distress you in that position, without my having previous knowledge of their intention, and considering that you would be surrounded by strong places, and would have the choice of the use of either side of the river for your communications, I should wish that that position should be considered as one to be maintained, unless the enemy should be in such strength as to render the maintaining it very uncertain."

Lord Wellington put the first of his troops in motion from the Guadiana to the north on the 11th of April. His advanced-guard entered Spanish-Branco on the 16th, and he himself on the 17th. Marmont had for two days been

operating briskly against the Portuguese militia, in the vicinity of Guarda, with the effect of gaining some advantages over them, and of occasioning one of their generals to destroy part of the British magazines at Celorico. But on the approach of Lord Wellington, he commenced a precipitate retreat; nor did he once pause to contest the possession of any spot, or to make any display of moral courage, but rushed at all passable points across the Agueda, picked up the division he had left before Ciudad Rodrigo, and hurried away toward Salamanca. The only fruits of his expedition, additional to the damage done to the militia and the magazines, were the murdering of some of the native Portuguese in the tracts which he traversed, and the plundering of a few villages which had already been well impoverished by the invasion of Massena.

Lord Wellington again established his head-quarters at Fuente Guinaldo, and cantoned his army between the Coa and the Agueda. He instantly reconceived hopes of being able to march into Andalusia. The obstacles to this grand enterprise, indeed, were still great and many; the arrangements needful for it were vast; the co-operations essential to it, in precautions, diversions, support, commissariat, and finances, from Galicia to Cadiz and from Castile to the Atlantic, were stupendous. But he addressed his mighty energies to all these, with a breadth and an alacrity which promised complete success. All sorts of communications, on all sorts of subjects, to all sorts of quarters, bearing in any way upon the proposed expedition and upon the efficiency of his army, flew from his pen with a rapidity which was equalled only by their power. Most of his preparations, too, were made so deftly that, if need were, they could be turned as well into an expedition against Salamanca or against Madrid.

Only one of these communications, however, is of sufficient interest to our general narrative to be quoted. It is one in reference to the garrisoning of the Spanish forts and the officering of the Spanish troops, within the sphere of his operations. "I insist upon it," said he, "that Spanish troops are the proper garrison for Spanish forts. If the Spanish government differ with me upon this point, and insist upon my placing garrisons in those forts which we have taken from the enemy, and I have made over to them, or if they do not adopt measures to place and support in them proper garrisons, I now give notice that I will destroy both Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo. It will not answer their purpose or mine, that I should be tied by the leg to guard these two places against the evils to be apprehended from the want of proper garrisons or sufficient supplies in them. The Spanish troops, however, will be no more fit to garrison these places, unless they should be disciplined, paid, and fed, than they are for other military services; and I see no chance of their being the first, unless they should be the two last. In regard to the employment of British officers with the Spanish troops, I entertain the same opinion which I have always held upon this subject. British officers will be worse than useless, if they have not the support to

their exertions of the authority of the Commander-in-Chief, who must have the cordial support of the Government, or he will have no authority. British officers, besides, require an authority of no mean description, exercised with considerable strictness, to keep them in order and within due bounds. The history of our service in Portugal will afford many instances of the truth of both these opinions. British officers would have more difficulties to contend with in Spain than they had in Portugal, and more temptations and opportunities of abusing their authority. I retain likewise the same opinions regarding my having the command of the Spanish armies. I consider troops that are neither paid, fed, nor disciplined, (and they cannot be disciplined, and there can be no subordination among them, unless they are paid and fed,) to be dangerous only to their friends when assembled in large bodies. As guerillas, they may be of service; but it would be better, probably, if the same men were employed under the guerilla officer, who is much better acquainted with his trade, than what is called the effect of the regular Spanish service, knows the country better, which is the seat of his operations, knows better and is better known to the inhabitants, and, above all, has no pretensions to military character. I never will voluntarily command troops who cannot and will not obey; and therefore I am not desirous of having anything to say to the command of the Spanish troops, till I shall see the means provided for their food and pay, and till I shall be certain that the regular issue of these has been the effect of introducing among them a regular system of subordination and discipline."

A most important preliminary to any grand offensive movement, either against Soult or against Marmont, was the destruction of the fortified bridge of boats which Marmont had established at Almaraz. The road leading by that bridge, from Plasencia to Truxillo, formed a direct line of military communication between "the army of Portugal" and "the army of the South," and at the same time was the only good line any where across the Tagus below Toledo. The bridges of Talavera and Arzobispo were immediately overhung by tracts of upland too rugged to be readily traversable by a large army; and all the bridges below Arzobispo had been destroyed during the war by one or other of the belligerents, and could not readily be repaired. To destroy the boat-bridge at Almaraz, therefore, together with the works which defended it, would be equivalent to the effecting of a very wide separation between Soult and Marmont,—such as should keep them long in ignorance of each other's situation, and entirely prevent them from rendering mutual succour, or acting on any common plan. The exploit would be both difficult and perilous, requiring heavy resources of artillery and stores, perfect secrecy, great skill, and exceeding promptitude; yet it seemed practically within the reach of Sir Rowland Hill's position in Estremadura, and very fairly within the reach of that general's genius; that to him, the brilliant hero of the surprise of Arroyo Molinos, the execution of it was committed.

Lord Wellington had wished that it should be attempted before he went to Badajoz, but could not then do more than concoct a plan for it, and communicate this to Hill; and now, when chasing Marmont back to the Tormes, on the 10th of April, before he himself had yet reached Fuente Guinaldo, he wrote to Hill:—"I think that you might avail yourself of this opportunity to deliver your blow at Almaraz. Make all your preparations in secret. I shall watch the course of the enemy's retreat, and will let you know if it should appear to me that you have anything to fear from any of the divisions of the army of Portugal going near Almaraz. Of course you will not march till you shall hear further from me." One of Marmont's divisions actually did, a few days after, proceed to Talavera, and sent thence detachments across the Tagus toward the Guadiana. Drouet's corps also, seemingly for the express purpose of establishing communication with these detachments, returned northward to the passes of the Morena. But such movements only made the necessity for the contemplated enterprize more apparent. Sir Rowland Hill therefore urged forward his preparations with all possible speed; and on the 12th of May, he was at Merida, with six thousand soldiers from Almendralejo, and with ladders, stores, artillery, and other cumbersome and heavy needfuls from Elvas, ready to proceed on his enterprize. And in the meantime, Lord Wellington requested General (who had then become Sir Thomas) Graham to go to Portalegre, and ordered the sixth division of infantry to Arronches, in order to be in readiness to march into Estremadura, in case the enemy should move upon hearing of Sir Rowland's march.

The works at Almaraz were well-constructed and very strong. On the right bank of the river, on a height immediately above the bridge of boats, was a redoubt for 400 men, called Fort Ragusa, with a strong loopholed tower of considerable height in the interior, and flanked by a *flèche* on the side next the bridge. On the left bank of the river was a *tête de pont*, built of masonry and strongly intrenched; and on high ground immediately above this was a redoubt for 450 men, called Fort Napoleon, with an interior intrenchment and loopholed tower in its centre. On the summit of the steep ascent, adjacent to the road of the mountain-pass of Mirabete, about four miles from the bridge, stood an old castle and a solitary inn, at a little distance from each other, strengthened by recent works between and around them into a chain of redoubts for powerfully commanding the pass. All the circumjacent tract of country, as may be inferred from the narrative in the twenty-fifth chapter of our former volume, is one grand natural fastness, traversable at but a few points and with great difficulty by any kind of troops.

Sir Rowland arrived at Jaraicejo on the morning of the 16th; and there he arranged to launch his force, in three columns, upon the enemy, that night, by surprise,—one column to attack the redoubts of Mirabete, another to file past these redoubts along the high road, to escalade Fort Napoleon in front, and the

third to make a detour by a wild footpath through the village of Romangorda, to escalade Fort Napoleon in the rear. The first column, however, found the redoubts of Mirabete far too formidable to be attempted; and the other two were so extremely retarded by the difficulties of the way that they did not reach the vicinity of the fort till after daybreak, in circumstances utterly unfavourable for a surprise, and much too fatigued for any kind of arduous exertion. Sir Rowland placed all his force in bivouac high up the mountain, reconnoitred the redoubts of Mirabete, and made earnest search for some path by which his guns might be dragged or lowered to the banks of the river. He spent all the 17th and most of the 18th without obtaining any hope of success; and as his time was sharp, as he must either strike at once or relinquish the enterprise—the garrisons of the forts being within easy reach of reinforcements,—various strong detachments of the enemy holding posts of control over his line of retreat,—and even a message arriving to him from Merida, to say that Drouet's corps had got bruit of his march, and was in movement against him,—he resolved on the evening of the 18th, to make one of those dashing efforts, in which all want of appliance and labour is sought to be compensated by audacity and skill.

Leaving one part of his force to take charge of his guns, and instructing another to make a feigned attack at a certain time upon the works of Mirabete, he led the rest, on the night of the 18th, by the detour through the village of Romangorda, against Fort Napoleon. He did not arrive in the vicinity of the fort till some time after daybreak; but he approached circuitously, under cover of high grounds, which completely concealed his march; and as the garrisons, at the moment of his approach, were all in a mass on the pontoon, intently gazing on the fire and smoke of the false attack at Mirabete, he was able to attempt his surprise with even greater dash than if the time had been midnight. His men leaped upon the place like a panther on its prey. They escaladed in three places nearly at one moment; and though met promptly, furiously, firmly, and with destructive fire by the garrison, they would not be denied, would not fall back, but pushed onward with the bayonet, from point to point, through the intrenchments, the tower, the *tete de pont*, and along the bridge. The confusion at the *tete de pont* was great, the pursued and the pursuers entering the place pell-mell; and the havoc on the bridge was horrible, the first of the fugitives cutting away the three furthest pontoons, so that all of their comrades who were too proud or too hard pressed to be taken prisoners, had no alternative but to drown in the Tagus or be slain by the victors. A contrivance was speedily adopted to restore the pontoons, and let the pursuers across; and in the meanwhile the guns of Fort Napoleon were turned against Fort Ragusa. But the garrison of the latter, together with their commander, did not wait to be attacked, but ran off in hot panic, abandoning everything as it stood, and fleeing in the utmost consternation toward Navalmoal.

The victors blew up the magazines in the forts, threw the guns into the Tagus, demolished the towers, burnt the palisades, barriers, pontoons, and cat-rigges, and made such a destruction of the masonry of the works as to render them utterly unserviceable. Even the redoubts of Mirabete, but for Sir Rowland Hill's humane regard for the lives of his men, notwithstanding the great pressure of time, might have been taken; for Sir Rowland says, suspecting the feigned attack on them,—"I regret much that the peculiar situation of Mirabete should have prevented my allowing the gallant corps there to follow up an operation which they had commenced with much spirit, and were so anxious to complete; but the possession of these forts would not have made amends for the valuable blood which must have been shed in taking them." The garrison there was never afterwards of any service to the enemy; being always closely watched by guerillas, and shut up in actionless famishing isolation till the 11th of July, when they were carried off by a strong French detachment from Toledo.

Hill's total loss of men in the enterprise against Almaraz amounted to 88 killed and 144 wounded. He returned to Almendralejo in high haste, being already at Truxillo on the 21st. His advance to Almaraz sent a thrill of excitement through all the nearest corps of the French; and his retreat, together with his success, caused them great astonishment and mortification. Drouet was on the move to intercept him, but approached the line of communication entirely too late. Marmont also rushed down to Almaraz, to succour the forts there or repair them, but found only blackened ruins which he had no means to reconstruct. Lord Wellington awarded high praise to Sir Rowland Hill and his soldiers for their achievement. "I beg," said he to the British Secretary at War, "to draw Your Lordship's attention to the difficulties with which Sir R. Hill had to contend, as well from the nature of the country as from the works which the enemy had constructed, and to the ability and characteristic qualities displayed by Sir R. Hill in persevering in the line and confining himself to the objects chalked out by his instructions, notwithstanding the various obstacles opposed to his progress. Too much cannot be said of the brave officers and troops who took by storm, without the assistance of cannon, such works as the enemy's forts on both banks of the Tagus, fully garrisoned, and in good order, and defended by eighteen pieces of artillery."

Two days or three before hearing of the success at Almaraz, Lord Wellington formed his plan for that year's campaign. He decided not to go into Andalusia, but to march upon Salamanca, with the view of first bringing Marmont to battle, and next striking at the heart of Spain. Could his preparations have been completed three weeks earlier, he would have made a different decision; but certain vicissitudes in the enemy's supplies, and some important changes in the relative disposable force of Soult and of Marmont, which were promptly detected by his penetrating inquiries, and as promptly estimated by

his sagacious judgment, firmly inclined him toward Castile. "Besides," said he to Lord Liverpool, "there are other circumstances which render a movement into Andalusia at the present moment inexpedient. First, Your Lordship will have seen that the garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo is not in a very satisfactory state; and it is desirable not to carry the operations of the army to a distance from that place, so as to leave it exposed under existing circumstances. Secondly, the harvest in all the countries north of the Tagus, particularly in those north of the mountains by which Castile is separated from Estremadura, is much later than it is to the southward. We shall retain our advantages for a longer period of time in these countries than we should do to the southward; and we have time to strike some important blows, which, if successful, may have the effect of relieving the Andalusias as effectually as a direct movement upon these provinces. I propose, therefore, as soon as ever the magazines of the army are brought forward, which work is now in progress, (the troops continuing in dispersed cantonments for that purpose,) to move forward into Castile, and to endeavour, if possible, to bring Marmont to a general action. I think I can make this movement with safety, excepting always the risk of the general action. I am of opinion also that I shall have the advantage in the action, and that this is the period of all others in which such a measure should be tried. Your Lordship will have observed that General Hill's recent operation gives great security to our right in any forward movement into Castile; and if reinforcements should be drawn from the north to press upon our left, we shall always have our retreat open either upon Ciudad Rodrigo or by the valley of the Tagus. In respect to the general action, I believe there is no man in this army who entertains a doubt of its result, and that sentiment alone would do a great deal to obtain success. But we possess solid physical advantages over the enemy, besides those resulting from recent successes. Our infantry are not in bad order; our cavalry more numerous in relation to the enemy, and the horses in better condition, than I have known them since I have commanded the army; and the horses of the artillery in the same good condition, and complete in numbers, whereas the enemy are, I know, terribly deficient in that equipment. Strong as the enemy are at present, there is no doubt that they are weaker than they have been during the war, or than they are likely to be again, as they will certainly be in some degree reinforced after the harvest, and very largely so after Buonaparte's projects in the north shall have been brought to a conclusion. We have a better chance of success now, therefore, than we have ever had; and success obtained now would produce results not to be expected from any success over any single French army in the Peninsula upon any other occasion."

Yet, though thus naively representing himself as only about to go in quest of an easy victory, our hero, at this time, was suffering tremendous embarrassments and practising a wonderful magnanimity. He felt so strong in his own

generals, indeed, as to make small account of the heavy odds which still had against him; but he was kept in tormenting anxiety by a financial policy by his own government, of a kind to diminish his resources for the support of his army. Numerous, important, and successful had been his schemes concurrently with the British army, for obtaining provisions and specie independently of direct aid from Britain; but all these were now failing him. Marquis Wellesley supported his cause in the cabinet as much by defeating attempts to limit his supplies in any other way; but the Marquis, after a prolonged arduous struggle, was at last compelled to resign. Mr. Percival, the prime minister, while very willing to conquer the French, was constantly and increasingly reluctant to defray the requisite expense, and while assenting to the testimony of others and to the voice of victory respecting the genius of Wellington, took no personal interest in the technical details of the war. He was a steady party politician, a prime English lawyer, and also a truly honourable man, but neither a philosopher, nor a hero, nor a cosmopolitan patriot, and therefore totally unfit, notwithstanding his high honesty, to preside over the interests of any such enterprise as the course of hostilities against revolutionary France. A curious fact in his history is that, during the short peace of 1803, when he was attorney-general, he prosecuted a man to conviction for writing a libel against Buonaparte; but no fact occurred at any time to indicate his possession of any correspondingly keen sense of what was due to the millions of mankind whom Buonaparte oppressed. His sympathies were all absorbed by one party in the state; and they went against Buonaparte only to the extent and in the manner which the views and interests of that party required. Lord Wellington received little support from him except such as could not feasibly be withheld; so that all along, but especially after the resignation of Marquis Wellesley, the warrior acted toward the minister rather as dictator than as servant; and his doing so, though always tending, in some manner or other, to force on the stupendous machinery of his campaigns, yet never could make the wheels move smoothly, and constantly involved a risk of their some day sticking fast. Mr. Percival, indeed, at the very moment of Lord Wellington being about to decide upon the Salamanca campaign, on the 11th of May, 1812, fell by the hand of an assassin; and another ministry was formed, the Earl of Liverpool becoming premier, and Earl Bathurst the Secretary at War. But the new ministry was the same in policy as the old. Yet it was not so strong in that policy, nor so strong in the talent of its members, and therefore was more easily mouldable to our hero's purposes. "Being too weak to dominate, it proved less mischievous with respect to the Peninsula than any of the preceding governments. There was no direct personal interest opposed to Lord Wellington's wishes; and the military policy of the cabinet yielding by degrees to the attraction of his ascending genius, was finally absorbed in its meridian splendour."

financial embarrassments, which had been so great at the siege of Oporto, continued unrelieved and increasing at the time of his resolving to enter Castile. He, of course, remembered well the horrible famine in Lisbon during the campaign of Talavera, when the Spaniards would not accept of the money offered immediate payment for it from his military chest; yet he was fully aware at present, that he must either remain inactive, with an effect not less disastrous as if he were to relinquish the war, or else move into another Spanish campaign, with little prospect of sustaining his army, except partly with provisions to be purchased on the march on credit, and partly by means of money to be obtained in the towns on British securities. He had received strong assurances, indeed, that the requisite credit would be given him: he also had the means, and was plying them well, to form large reserve magazines at Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo; still, with his experience of Spanish treachery on the one hand and of British parsimony on the other, he could not feel at all certain that the credit would not fail, even from the outset, or that the non-arrival of money from Britain would speedily bring it to an end. Hence did he say to Lord Liverpool, in the conclusion of that very letter in which he announced so cheerily his intention of marching against Marmont,—“I cannot reflect without shuddering upon the probability that we shall be distressed, nor upon the consequence which may result from our wanting money in the interior of Spain.” And we may so far anticipate our narrative as to say that he actually passed into great distress. For on the 4th of July, in the very first despatch which he had occasion to write to Earl Bathurst as Secretary at War, he said,—“Our principal and great want is money, with which I am afraid you cannot supply us sufficiently. But we are really in terrible distress,—I am afraid in greater distress than any British army has ever felt.” And again on the 15th of July, he wrote to Mr. Stuart,—“I have never been in such distress as at present, and some serious misfortune must happen if the Government do not attend seriously to the subject, and adopt some measures to supply us regularly with money. The arrears and distresses of the Portuguese government,” arising out of their efforts to maintain the war, “are a joke to ours; and if our credit were not better, we should certainly starve. As it is, if we do not find means of paying our bills for butchers’ meat, there will be an end to the war at once.” Yet, in spite of this fearful financial pressure—in spite also of other collateral cares quite as heavy as those respecting money—Lord Wellington neither slackened his preparations for advancing into Castile, nor once paused in his operations after the advance was made.

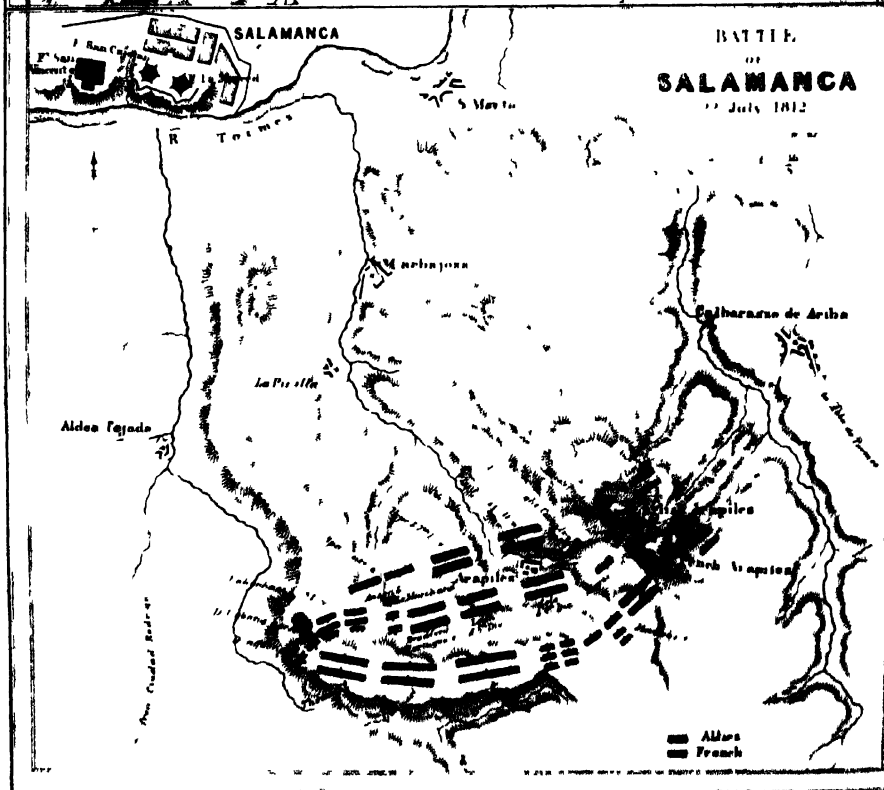
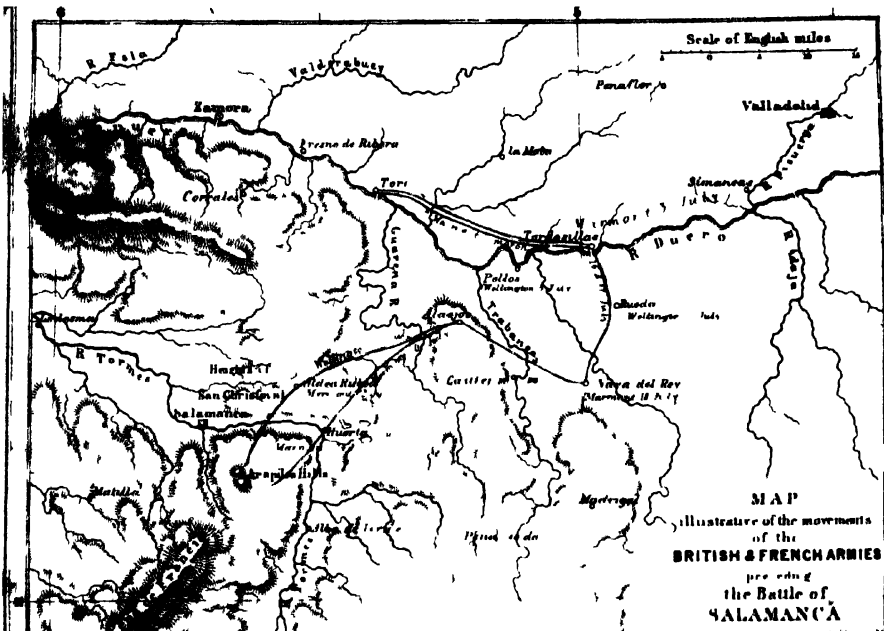
An essential preliminary to the campaign was a rearrangement of his supporting forces. Soult, in order to block the passes of the Morena, had just reinforced Dronet to a total strength of about twenty-one thousand men; and Lord Wellington, in order to prevent that force from acting mischievously on the offensive during his absence in Castile, reinforced Hill to a total strength of

seventeen thousand men in the field, together with four garrison Portuguese regiments, and the command of Morillo's small Spanish corps. He also, by an ingenious contrivance, of secret and sudden execution, repaired the broken bridge of Alcantara, so as to establish the shortest possible line of communication between Hill's corps and the main army,—the contrivance being of such a nature, too, that Hill could, on any emergency, in a remarkably brief period, render it either useless to the enemy or reavailable to himself. Lord Wellington likewise strengthened the frontier fortresses of Lower Beira, and supported them with strong bodies of militia, so as to resist any flank push which might be made against Portugal down the right bank of the Tagus. He also made such a disposition of the Portuguese militia in the north as seemed most fitted to produce efficient co-operation with the small Spanish forces in Galicia and Leon. His own immediate army, after all deductions made by detachments and the sick, comprised 34,000 infantry, 3,500 cavalry, and 54 pieces of artillery, together with the small Spanish corps of Carlos d'España and Julian Sanchez, amounting jointly, in all arms, to 3,500 men. The French forces continued to be distributed and officered nearly as before, except that two divisions of the army of the North had been transferred to the army of Portugal, General Caffarelli had succeeded General Dorsenne in the command of the army of the North, and King Joseph, while wielding an immediate command over the army of the centre, had also begun to act as Commander-in-Chief of all the French forces in Spain.

Lord Wellington crossed the Agueda on the 13th of June, on his way to Salamanca. His army were in high spirits, and in the finest order. Their march was one of the most pleasant they had ever had in the Peninsula. On the 16th, they arrived at the Valmusa rivulet, about six miles from Salamanca. The enemy showed some cavalry and a small body of infantry in front of the town, and manifested a design to hold the heights on the south side of the Tormes. But, on discovering the strength of the allied force, they merely made a vapouring skirmish, and retired; and in the course of the night, they evacuated the town, leaving a garrison of about 800 men in the three forts which they had erected on the ruins of colleges and convents. The bridge at the town was commanded by the forts, and all the bridges in the vicinity had been destroyed. But next morning, the allied army crossed the river by two fords, and entered the town in triumph.

"Lord Wellington," says Leith Hay, "entered Salamanca about ten o'clock in the forenoon. The avenues to it were filled with people clamorous in their expressions of joy. Nothing could be more animating than the scene. The day was brilliant, presenting all the glowing luxuriance of a southern climate. Upwards of fifty staff officers accompanied the British general; they were immediately followed by the 14th dragoons and a brigade of artillery. The streets were crowded to excess; signals of enthusiasm and friendship waved from the

balconies; the entrance to the Plaza was similar to a triumph; every window and balcony was filled with persons welcoming the distinguished officer to whom they looked for liberation and permanent relief. Lord Wellington dismounted, and was immediately surrounded by the municipality, and the higher orders of the inhabitants, all eager to pay him respect and homage. At the same moment, the sixth division of British infantry entered the south-west angle of the square. It is impossible to describe the electric effect produced under these circumstances by the music; as the bands of the regiment burst in full tones on the ear of the people, a shout of enthusiastic feeling escaped from the crowd, all ranks seeming perfectly inebriated with exultation. From this scene, so calculated to distract the attention of ordinary men, Lord Wellington retired to make immediate arrangements for reducing the forts. A plan of them having been produced and placed in his hands by the Spaniards, he left the adulating crowd, escaping from the almost overwhelming demonstrations of friendship and respect with which he was greeted; and before the town had recovered from its confusion and joy, or the 'vivas' had ceased to resound, his system of attack was decided upon, and the necessary orders for its execution issued to the troops."



CHAPTER VII.

THE MILITARY FEATURES OF SALAMANCA AND ITS ENVIRONS—LORD WELLINGTON'S SIEGE OF THE FORTS OF SALAMANCA—MARMONT'S RETREAT TO TOMBESILLAS, FOLLOWED BY LORD WELLINGTON—MARMONT'S RE-ADVANCE TO THE TORMES, ACCOMPANIED BY LORD WELLINGTON—THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA—THE RESULTS OF THAT BATTLE.

SALAMANCA has, for many centuries, been one of the most famous cities of Spain. It was a walled town in the time of the Romans. Its bridge of twenty-seven arches, over the Tormes, is partly a Roman work. A Roman road extended from it to Seville, and may still be traced in its vicinity. Its university, during the middle ages, and down to a recent period, was one of the most distinguished in the world; and though attended at the commencement of the war by little more than three thousand students, was formerly attended by so many as about fifteen thousand, nearly half of whom were from foreign countries. Its cathedral, its twenty-five churches, its twenty convents for men, and its eleven convents for women, together with its numerous colleges, gave it a high rank among the cities of the Pope. Its central situation, too, among the quondam kingdoms of the northern half of the Peninsula, rendered it a place of note during the grand vicissitudes of the most eventful periods of Peninsular history. Yet its military importance to the French, during Buonaparte's invasion, did not consist in any particular strength which it possessed either naturally or artificially, but arose chiefly from its standing on the grand road from France to Ciudad Rodrigo, and in its consequently serving well as a place of stores, and as a base of operations against the west of Spain and the centre of Portugal.

The town stands on the right bank of the Tormes, about sixty miles north-west of Ciudad Rodrigo. Its site is tumulated and broken, but may be described, in general terms, as comprising a series of three small hills, sweeping in a semi-circle on the base of the Tormes. The country around it is comparatively flat, and has little wood and few enclosures. The river, from Alba de Tormes to Salamanca, which are about ten miles distant from each other, makes a great horse-shoe curve, with the convexity to the south. A tract of upland, called the heights of San Christoval, broad on the summit but steep on the declivity, goes off at right angles from the right bank about three miles above Salamanca, and extends in a line parallel to the town, so as to form a military cover for it, four miles to the vale of a little tributary of the Tormes. The central part of the tract on the left side of the river, within the great bank, but considerably nearer

Salamanca than to Alba de Tormes, comprises a number of breaks and hollows, a sort of mound-enclosed basin about two miles long and one mile broad, and two steep rugged small hills, called the Arapiles, about five hundred yards distant from each other, and both overhanging the mound-enclosed basin. This tract forms a cover for Salamanca on the east, and also assists jointly with the heights of San Christoval and with the town itself, to block the road to Ciudad Rodrigo and to Portugal against aggressions from the north.

The French had destroyed thirty-five public buildings, chiefly colleges and convents, in order to use the materials in altering and enlarging three of the convents into forts. The labour of the reconstruction had been well-performed and very great,—extending through three years. The principal fort was that of San Vincente, situated on a high precipitous rock, overhanging the Tormes, irregular in form, but well-flanked, and rendered very formidable by every possible appliance of fortification which its site and structure could admit. The other forts were called San Cajetano and La Merced. They were separated from San Vincente by the deep ravine of a small tributary of the Tormes, but also stood on high ground, and had bomb-proofs, perpendicular scarps, deep ditches, and casemated counterscarps. All the three forts supported one another, so as to form one chain of defence.

Lord Wellington had received false intelligence respecting the strength of these forts, and had not brought up a sufficiency of either artillery, ammunition, or stores to overwhelm them, yet as time was valuable, as more artillery were on the way to him, and as more ammunition and stores could be sent for, he instantly commenced the siege. The sixth division, under the command of General Clinton, was set down to conduct it, and the rest of the army was placed, in covering position, on the heights of San Christoval. The besiegers broke ground before San Vincente on the night of the 17th, and opened their first breaching-battery at daybreak of the 19th. They made little progress all the afternoon of next day, “when, in a moment, on one discharge of the battery, the wall and roof of part of the building, with its numerous inhabitants, were precipitated to the earth with a tremendous crash,—a cloud of dust and lime cleared away to exhibit a shapeless heap of ruin,—while the brave garrison, stationed in that part of the building, were buried and invisible in the mass which alone appeared.” Carcasses also were immediately thrown to set fire to the wood-work. But the rest of the garrison firmly maintained their footing, scorned all idea of surrender, and speedily succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

In the same afternoon—the afternoon of the 20th—Marmont approached with a force of about 25,000 men to attempt to communicate with the forts. He was descried at a great distance, and he enjoyed no kind of cover, either to conceal his march, or to mask an attack; yet he moved right on toward the

heights of San Christoval, made a demonstration as if he intended to turn the lower end of the heights, skirmished with the British cavalry and drove in all their outposts, and at last set down for the night in fighting array, within cannon-range of the British main position. Lord Wellington slept that night on the ground among his troops. Both armies stood to their arms at the first blush of dawn; and they continued in momentary expectation of battle during the day; but with the exception of a small affair in the evening, produced by a British regiment rushing down to drive a French detachment from a village mid-way between the two positions, they were mere passive spectators of each other's array. Lord Wellington referring to this day and to the previous evening, says,—“I had then a favourable opportunity of attacking the enemy; of which, however, I did not think it proper to avail myself, for the following reasons. First, it was probable he had advanced with an intention to attack us; and in the position which we occupied, I considered it advantageous to be attacked, and that the action would be attended by less loss on our side. Secondly, the operations against the forts of Salamanca took up the attention of some of our troops; and although I believe the superiority of numbers in the field was on our side, the superiority was not so great as to render an action decisive of the result of the campaign, in which we should sustain great loss. Thirdly, in case of failure, the passage of the Tormes would have been difficult, the enemy continuing in possession of the forts, and commanding the bridge of Salamanca.”

On the 22d, Marmont, having been reinforced to a total strength of nearly 40,000 men, extended his left and seized a height which overlooked the allies' right wing, and commanded a view of their whole position. But Sir Thomas Graham, with a division of infantry, moved against his detachment there in a style of onset, which must have well illustrated to them how he conquered at Barroca. “The enemy,” says Lord Wellington, “were driven from the ground immediately, with some loss. Our troops conducted themselves remarkably well in this affair, which took place in the view of every man of both armies.” Marmont retired during the night, to a new position, on a range of heights, the heights of Aldea Rubia, about six miles distant from the heights of San Christoval, and rested his left there upon the ford of Huerta, at the most northerly part of the great bend of the Tormes, the best ford in the river anywhere between Alba and Salamanca.

Throughout the 23d the armies lay quiescent. On that day, also, the batteries fire against the forts almost ceased for want of ammunition. But at night an attempt was made to carry San Cajetano and La Merced by escalade. “This attempt,” says Lord Wellington, “unfortunately failed; and I am concerned to add that Major-General Howe was killed. He was so eager for the success of the attempt, that he had gone forward with the morning party, and

sisted of a part of his brigade, and was wounded; and after his first wound was dressed, he returned again to the attack, and received a second wound, which killed him. Our loss in officers and men was likewise considerable."

At daybreak of the 24th, Marmont commenced a general movement across the Tormes at Huerta. General Bock's brigade of heavy dragoons had, on the night of the 22d, been stationed on the left bank of the river in that vicinity, to watch the ford there; and, though now, at early dawn, on a misty morning, suddenly confronted by so vast a force, they performed a very efficient service, doing every thing in their power to make known to Lord Wellington the enemy's movement, and offering a vigorous opposition to their advance, under many disadvantages, in order to win time for the forming of a battle-array in the rear. Lord Wellington immediately sent Graham across the Tormes, with two divisions of infantry and a brigade of cavalry, to take position about midway between Huerta and Salamanca, while he himself drew the rest of the army in close order around him, on the contiguous part of the right bank, and held them in hand there, ready to act according to circumstances; and had he not been still restrained by the same considerations which determined him against doing battle on the 21st, he could now, in spite of the enemy's strongly reinforced condition, have hurled his whole strength upon him in so advantageous a manner as could scarcely have failed to secure a very signal victory. Marmont, hid partly by the mist and partly by the nature of the ground, came gliding on, like a prey swimming into the jaws of a shark, till he arrived on the summit of a height, within about half a mile of Graham's position; and then, discovering in a moment, how egregiously he had erred, how adroitly the British hero stood prepared to devour him, he wheeled to the right about, recrossed the Tormes, and resumed his ground on the heights of Aldea Rubca.

On the 26th, a supply of ammunition arrived from Almeida; and the battering of the forts of Salamanca was recommenced with hot shot. The garrisons were severely plied throughout that afternoon, and throughout the night; yet behaved with amazing assiduity, and were able to hold their own against both flames and fractures. But at ten o'clock next forenoon, there was a practicable breach in the gorge of San Cajetano, and at the same time there was a conflagration in the part of San Vincente which commanded the approach to that gorge. "Being in Salamanca at this moment," says Lord Wellington, "I gave directions that the forts of San Cajetano and La Merced should be stormed. But some little delay occurred in consequence of the commanding officer of these forts in the first instance, and afterwards the commanding officer of San Vincente, having expressed a desire to capitulate after the lapse of a certain number of hours. As it was obvious that these propositions were made in order to gain time till the fire in San Vincente should be extinguished, I refused to listen to any terms, unless the forts should be instantly surrendered; and having found

that the commanding officer of San Cajetano, who was the first to offer to surrender, was entirely dependent on the governor of San Vicente, and could not venture to carry into execution the capitulation which he had offered to make. I gave directions that his fort and that of La Merced might be stormed forthwith. These operations were effected in the most gallant manner by a detachment of the sixth division, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Davis. The troops entered the fort of San Cajetano by the gorge, and escalated that of La Merced; and I am happy to add that our loss was but trifling. The governor of San Vicente then sent out a flag of truce, to ratify the surrender of that fort on the terms I had offered him,—namely, the garrison to march out with the honours of war, to be prisoners of war, and the officers to retain their personal military baggage, and the soldiers their knapsacks; and notwithstanding that the 9th regiment of caçadores had actually stormed one of the outworks of San Vicente, and were in possession of it, I deemed it expedient to accept the fort by capitulation on those terms, and to stop the attack."

The fruits of the capture of the forts were 700 prisoners, 30 pieces of artillery, large depots of clothing, considerable magazines of provisions, a great quantity of all kinds of military stores, and the annihilation of all the chief means by which the French had held the line of the Tormes. The total loss of the allies from the time of their approaching Salamanca till the time of their obtaining possession of the forts comprised 115 men killed, 412 wounded, and 13 missing. Marmont, as soon as he heard that the forts had fallen, withdrew his garrison from the castle of Alba de Tormes, and commenced a retreat with his whole force to Tordesillas, on the right bank of the Douro. A Te Deum was instantly performed, with all possible pomp, in the cathedral of Salamanca, to celebrate Lord Wellington's triumph. The citizens, in their gayest attire, crowded the place; and Lord Wellington himself, accompanied by a numerous body of his officers, was present. What conceivable business had he there? None certainly as a Protestant, none as the commander-in-chief of a British army, none as a reputed staunch supporter of "the British constitution in church and state." His attendance, of course, was a mere stroke of policy; and therefore serves to throw some light on certain passages in his subsequent political career.

Lord Wellington destroyed the forts of Salamanca, and sent part of the corps of Don Carlos d'Espana to occupy Alba de Tormes. He then led his army by slow marches in quest of the French. He came up with Marmont's rear-guard on the 2d of July at Rueda, and drove them in confusion across the bridge of Tordesillas. That bridge was the only one which Marmont had left standing on the Douro, above the influx of the Esala; and it was defended, together with the adjacent fords, by all the central divisions of his army, and by nearly an hundred pieces of cannon. Marmont occupied a stretch of strong ground, above and be-

Tordesillas, to the extent of twelve miles, along the chord of one grand bend of the river, with its left at Simancas, at the embouch of the Pisuerga, and his right on some heights opposite the influx of the Trabancos. He had a fortified post at Simancas. He had also fortified and garrisoned Valladolid. He likewise possessed great facilities, in the nature of the ground, with its high steep banks, for commanding most of the fords of the Douro. His right, too—at a considerable distance indeed, but still very efficiently—was defended by the strong places of Toro and Zamora, which could not be taken except by a regular attack.

Lord Wellington fixed his head-quarters at Rueda, and disposed his force in a compact form, with its head pointing to the bridge of Tordesillas and the ford of Pollos. That ford is situated a little above the influx of the Trabancos. Lord Wellington seized it on the 3d, and immediately sent across some of his light infantry, but soon saw occasion to recall them, and to make search for other fords. "It appears certain," said he on the evening of that day, "that Marmont will not risk an action unless he should have an advantage; and I shall certainly not risk one unless I should have an advantage; and matters therefore do not appear likely to be brought to that criterion very soon. I am anxious to find passages of the Douro, in order to be able to take advantage of his detaching troops to look for provisions, &c.; and I wish to get him to abandon Tordesillas, or to destroy the bridge at that place. The possession of that place and its bridge give him great advantages. It is as near Salamanca almost as Toro, and nearer than Zamora; and we cannot move to the right or left without exposing our communications so long as he has that bridge."

On the 8th, Marmont was reinforced with 6,000 infantry, who had been posted in Asturias,—and on the 13th, with 1,800 cavalry and 20 guns from the army of Caffarelli. He expected more reinforcements, but did not receive them; and then began to contrive means for putting himself into communication with the army of the Centre. But his only immediate menace against the allies was to extend his line to the right, and to commence repairing the bridge of Toro. Lord Wellington also expected movements and diversions in his favour, variously in his near vicinity, on the north coast, and on the east coast; yet experienced more disappointments than fulfilments of his hopes, and at the same time incurred an unwonted amount of vexation from political and general causes, so much that "his mind was filled with care and mortification, and all cross and evil circumstances seemed to combine against him." His only immediate movement, however, was simply a corresponding one to the small movement of the enemy, consisting in the extension of his left to watch the proceedings at Toro, and in the removal of his head-quarters to Nava del Rey on the right bank of the Trabancos.

From the 4th till the 13th, the two armies, though closely observing each

other, lay in a state of singular quiescence. "The weather," says Napier, "was very fine, the country rich, and the troops received their rations regularly. Wine was so plentiful that it was hard to keep the soldiers sober. The caves of Rueda, either natural or cut in the rock below the surface of the earth, were so immense and so well stocked, that the drunkards of two armies failed to make any very sensible diminution in the quantity. Many men of both sides perished in that labyrinth; and on both sides also the soldiers passing the Douro in groups, held amicable intercourse conversing of the battles that were yet to be fought. The camps on the banks of the Douro seemed at times to belong to one army; so difficult is it to make brave men hate each other. To the officers of the allies all looked prosperous. Their only anxiety was to receive the signal of battle, their only discontent that it was delayed; and many amongst them murmured that the French had been permitted to retreat from Christoval. Had Wellington been finally forced back to Portugal, his reputation would have been grievously assailed by his own people; for the majority, peering through their misty politics, saw Paris in dim perspective, and overlooked the enormous French armies that were close at hand."

In the course of the 15th and the 16th, Marmont moved all his troops to the right, and concentrated them between Toro and San Roman. On the evening of the 16th, a considerable body of them passed the Douro at Toro; and on that night Lord Wellington moved his army to the left, with the intention of concentrating it on the upper part of the Guarena. On the same night, however, Marmont recalled to the right bank of the Douro the body of his troops which had crossed, re-destroyed the bridge at Toro, and moved his whole army to Tordesillas; and on the following day, he led them all across the Douro at Tordesillas, and on to Nava del Rey; thus, by an elaborate manœuvre and an extraordinary march—a march of above forty miles to some of his divisions, and above fifty miles to others, without a halt—acquiring communication with the army of the Centre at Madrid, and throwing Lord Wellington's calculations into confusion. Two divisions of the allies' infantry and two brigades of their cavalry, under the command of Sir Stapleton Cotton, were still at Castrejon, on the left bank of the Trabancos, at daybreak of the 18th, when the advanced-guard of the enemy appeared in their front. Lord Wellington, on discovering Marmont's manœuvre at Toro, had sent them an order to halt at Castrejon; and he did not discover Marmont's advance toward Nava del Rey in sufficient time to send another order to them to move on. All he could do for them was to counter-march some of his other troops toward Alaejos as a supporting-reserve, and to ride back in person to conduct their retreat. They maintained their position, holding the enemy in check, with much manœuvre, but with little bloodshed, till about seven o'clock, when Lord Wellington, in company with Sir William Beresford, arrived; and then occurred one of the most remark-

able incidents in the whole course of the war. Let this be told in the words of Napier:—

"The time was critical, and the two English generals were like to have been slain together by a body of French cavalry, not very numerous, which breaking away from the multitude on the head of land beyond the Trabancos, came galloping at full speed across the valley. It was for a moment thought they were deserting; but with headlong course they mounted the table-land on which Cotton's left wing was posted, and drove a whole line of British cavalry skirmishers back in confusion. The reserves indeed soon came up from Alaejos, and these furious swordsmen being scattered in all directions were in turn driven away or cut down; but meanwhile thirty or forty, led by a noble officer, had brought up their right shoulders, and came over the edge of the table-land above the hollow which separated the British wings at the instant when Wellington and Beresford arrived on the same slope. There were some infantry picquets in the bottom; and higher up, near the French, were two guns covered by a squadron of light cavalry which was disposed in perfect order. When the French officer saw this squadron, he reined in his horse with difficulty, and his troops gathered in a confused body round him as if to retreat. They seemed lost men, for the British instantly charged; but with a shout the gallant fellows soused down upon the squadron, and the latter turning, galloped through the guns. Then the whole mass, friends and enemies, went like a whirlwind to the bottom, carrying away Lord Wellington and the other generals, who with drawn swords and some difficulty got clear of the tumult. The French horsemen were now quite exhausted, and a reserve squadron of heavy dragoons coming in cut most of them to pieces; yet their invincible leader, assaulted by three enemies at once, struck one dead from his horse, and with surprising exertions saved himself from the others, though they rode hewing at him on each side for a quarter of a mile."

All Cotton's troops retired in perfect order to the Guarena, a distance of about ten miles, yet were so hard pressed by the enemy, both in the rear and on one flank, as to be nearly or actually within cannon-range during the whole march; and when they descended into the river, parched with thirst and almost fainting with fatigue, they drank of its water as they marched, under a shower of shot from forty guns promptly planted against them on the bank. Marmont's right wing pushed expeditiously across, at a facile part of the river, and manifested an intention to cut off one of Lord Wellington's divisions which was somewhat isolated on his extreme left, to turn that flank of his army, and to seize the command of the shortest road to Salamanca. The menaced division, however, showed sharp fight, and was speedily and vigorously supported by detachments of cavalry sent by Lord Wellington to its aid; insomuch that a considerable combat ensued, terminating in the fall of many men of the enemy, and in the

capture of one of his generals and of 240 men. The loss of the allies throughout this day amounted to upwards of 500 in killed and wounded.

Marmont passed the whole of the 19th in rest and in manœuvres. A great portion of his operations at all times when within view of the allied army was unintelligible to the British officers, even to Lord Wellington himself, either seeming to be a mere display of his supereminent skill in handling troops, or serving at best to mask the development of some ulterior design. The drift of his manœuvres on this day appeared to be a wish either to turn the right flank of the allies, or to acquire advantageous ground for rushing upon them in a general assault; but it was dexterously met, and perfectly defeated, by a grand counter-movement on Lord Wellington's part, placing his troops in such a position that they could not be turned, and were perfectly ready for action.

At dawn of the 20th, the enemy made another movement to his left, but made it in several columns, and in full marching order. The allied army made a corresponding movement to its right. The movement on both sides was through an open country, rapid, steady, under a burning sunshine, continuous side by side for several hours, altogether one of the most impressive belligerent movements ever known to history. "When the two armies were put in motion," says Leith Hay, "they were within cannon-shot of each other; the French occupying higher ground than the allies. But the space between them was lower than either of the routes, and nothing intervened to obstruct a view of the columns of enemies, that thus continued to pursue their course, without the least obstacle to prevent their coming into instantaneous contact; for the slightest divergence from either line of march towards each other would have brought them within musketry distance. I have always considered this day's march as a very extraordinary scene, only to have occurred from the generals opposed commanding highly disciplined armies, at the same time each pursuing an object from which he was not for an instant to be abstracted by minor circumstances; the French marshal pressing forward to arrive first on the Tormes; Lord Wellington following his motions, and steadily adhering to the defensive, until substantial reasons appeared to demand a deviation from that course, and the adoption of a more decided conduct. There were occasional slight skirmishes, brought on by the routes approaching each other, or the anxiety of French and allied stragglers to obtain undisputed right of pillage in the unfortunate villages that lay in the intermediate space between the armies; otherwise no spectator would have imagined the two immense moving columns that filled the whole country, and seemed interminable, being lost to the eye in dust and distance, comprised two armies actuated with earnest desires for the destruction of each other, but who, although possessed of numerous artillery and cavalry, were persevering on their way, as if by mutual consent refraining from serious hostility, until arrived at the arena

destined for the great trial, to which either was now advancing with confidence and without interruption."

The two armies at length diverged from each other; and at night, the French took a position on the right bank of the Tormes, commanding the ford of Huerta, while the allies sat down on ground contiguous to the heights of San Christoval, with their right extended to the Tormes. Marmont, on the morning of the 21st, evidently persisted in his project of attempting to get round to the rear of his antagonist; but whether he would make his push by the right bank of the Tormes, or by the left bank, was profoundly doubtful. He screened his purposes as usual by a profusion of manœuvres; but at length, on the afternoon of that day, he took across the greater part of his army, and then on the morning of the 22d took across the remainder of them, to the eastern part of that tumulated tract which we formerly described as lying around the two bold rugged small hills called the Arapiles. Lord Wellington, of course, made a corresponding movement, taking across the greater part of his army on the afternoon of the 21st, and the remainder on the morning of the 22d, to a position on the western part of that tract, resting his right on the nearer one of the Arapiles and his left on the Tormes. About the same time, also, Don Carlos d'España withdrew his Spanish garrison from Alba, and Marmont put a French garrison in that place. D'España, in this matter, acted entirely on his own authority, and did not even inform Lord Wellington; so that the change of garrison, though seemingly a matter of not much consequence, came to exert a strong influence on an important part of the immediately subsequent operations.

A thunderstorm burst over the armies late in the evening of the 21st, and continued for hours to dazzle them with its lightning and to drench them with its rain. It was one of the most violent thunderstorms ever witnessed. The flashes of the lightning seemed to sleep upon the grass, and threw illumination over all the plain; the crash of the thunder struck such terror into the horses, that many broke away from every possible restraint, and galloped wildly athwart the country; one broad bolt of electricity fell among the 5th dragoons, and killed many men and horses; and the torrents of the rain descended like the bursting of an upper sea, and swept all the shuddering ground as with a flood. Yet throughout this dreadful night, many of the wakeful officers were intent only on thoughts of battle or retreat on the morrow; and none more so than the two leaders of the respective armies. A letter from Lord Wellington to General Castanos, stating it as probable that he would need to retreat to Ciudad Rodrigo, was intercepted by Marmont, and induced him, under a thirst for fame, to resolve to drag the British hero into action, and to tear the laurels from his brow, before King Joseph, with the army of the Centre, should arrive to assume the supreme command. Lord Wellington, on the other hand, in the very midst of the tempest, received sure intelligence that a large reinforcement from the army of the

North, under General Clausel, had already crossed the Douro, and was likely to join Marmont on the morrow; so that he felt obliged to determine that, if circumstances should not give him a favourable opportunity for making an attack before next sunset, he would not postpone another hour the commencement of a retreat to the Agueda.

Shortly after day-break on the 22d, detachments of both armies had a run and a strife for the possession of the farther Arapiles. The French detachments succeeded, being stronger than the allied ones, and having lain concealed in a wood nearer the hill than the allies were. The two Arapiles, throughout the following operations, served both as posts of great strength, and posts of close observation; and being on opposite sides of the contest, were called respectively the English Arapiles and the French Arapiles. Strong bodies of the antagonist armies also, soon after the affair of the French Arapiles, had a smart contest for the possession of a height about five hundred yards north-east of the English Arapiles; and in this case the allies were successful. But Marmont's possession of the French Arapiles very materially strengthened his own position, and seriously increased his power of annoying that of the allies; insomuch that Lord Wellington felt obliged to extend the right of his army *en potence* to a height behind the village of Arapiles, to occupy that village with light infantry, to place a division of infantry adjacent to the village, and to gather two other divisions in one mass upon the inner slope of the English Arapiles, where they could not be seen by the enemy. Marmont carried on an incessant whirl of evolutionary manoeuvre, which appeared to Lord Wellington for a while unmeaning, next indicative of intention to do speedy battle, and next a mask for a sudden run to seize the Ciudad Rodrigo road, and to operate upon the allies' rear. His Lordship, therefore, while holding one part of his army close in hand, in the position we have described, clustering westward from the English Arapiles, disposed the rest in two bodies, the one confronting Marmont's right wing, and the other lying concealed a considerable distance to the west, in readiness to act against his left. During all these movements a sharp cannonade was exchanged from the summits of the two Arapiles, "on whose crowning rocks the two generals sat like ravenous vultures watching for their quarry."

"About three o'clock, Marmont pushed Thomiere's division, covered by fifty guns, towards the extreme left, for the purpose of menacing the road to Ciudad Rodrigo. This corps advanced so rapidly as gradually to leave a space of nearly two leagues betwixt them and Maucune's corps, which succeeded them, and formed the nearest part of the centre. Lord Wellington had long and anxiously waited for the opportunity which was now presented to him. He was at dinner when information was brought him of this false movement. He saw at once the advantage that had been given him. He rose in such haste as to overturn the table, exclaiming, 'Marmont's good genius has forsaken him; mounted his horse

THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

turned to the high ground, where, for a short time, he observed the enemy through his field-telescope with a stern contentment, for their left wing was already separated from the centre. 'The fault,' says an eye-witness, 'was instant, and he fixed it with the stroke of a thunderbolt. A few orders issued from his lips like the incantations of a wizard, and suddenly the dark mass of troops which covered the English Arapiles, was seemingly possessed by some mighty spirit, and rushing violently down the interior slope of the mountain entered the great basin amidst a storm of bullets which seemed to shear away the whole surface of the earth over which the soldiers moved.'

"General Leith and the fifth division instantly formed on the right of Cole and the fourth, connecting the latter with Bradford's Portuguese, who hastened forward at the same time from the right of the army; and the heavy cavalry, galloping up on the right of Bradford, closed this front of battle. Clinton and the sixth, and Hope and the seventh divisions, flanked on the right by Anson's light cavalry, which had now moved from the Arapiles, were ranged at half-cannon-shot, in a second line; which was prolonged by the Spaniards in the direction of Pakenham and the third division; and this last, reinforced by part of the 14th dragoons, and D'Urban's horse, formed the extreme right of the British army. Behind all, on the highest ground, the first and light divisions and Pack's Portuguese were disposed in heavy masses, as a reserve. When this disposition was completed, the third division with its horse, formed in four columns, and having on the left twelve guns, received orders to cross the enemy's line of march. The remainder of the first line, including the main body of the cavalry, was directed to advance, whenever the attack of the third division should be developed; and as the fourth division must in this forward movement lend its flank to the enemy's troops stationed on the French Arapiles, Pack's brigade was commanded to assail that height at the same moment when the left of the British line should pass it. Besides the extension of the enemy's left, Wellington enjoyed another mighty advantage. His line forming the cord, while theirs formed the arc, his dispositions were consequently made with great celerity, their forces requiring a longer time to concentrate on a given point.

"Marmont, who was eagerly surveying the field from the summit of the French Arapiles, saw the magic advance of the allied army, sudden as the vulture darts upon his prey, at the very moment, as he vainly supposed, that he was making one of the finest and most complicated evolutions in modern warfare. In imagination, he had seen the English Fabius in full retreat, the French left turning him, the right and centre driving him into the Tormes, while the army of Madrid was cutting off completely his communication with Portugal. He now beheld in reality, with astonishment and horror, that Thomiere's division, either from too great eagerness in the troops, or erroneous directions of the general officers, was becoming gradually separated, nearly two leagues from the



Plam 2 5

centre, at too great a distance to be assisted, not strong enough to hold their ground alone, nor aware of what they had to encounter. At first Pakenham, with the third division, was hid from his view, and he hoped that the tempest of bullets under which the British were advancing, would have checked them till his reserves should fall on the left of the allied position; but even there twelve thousand men and thirty pieces of artillery were ready to meet him, and the English Arapiles stood as a strong bastion of defence. He rapidly, however, issued orders to hasten the advance of his troops in the centre, to stop the progress of his left wing; and his hopes of victory were still sanguine, till he saw Pakenham shoot suddenly across Thomiere's path. Defeat stared him in the face, when hurrying desperately to the fatal point, an exploding shell threw him from his horse. It broke his right arm, wounded him in the side, and obliged him to be carried from the field in a litter, by relays of grenadiers, as any rougher method of conveyance was intolerable." The command then devolved on General Bonnet,—and he also being in a few minutes severely disabled, it passed to General Clausel.

"Thomiere, about five o'clock, having gained with the head of his column a hill at the extremity of the southern range of heights, expected to see Wellington in full retreat, closely followed by the French army. At that moment, two batteries on the western heights took his troops in flank, and Pakenham, with the cavalry, was close upon him, while the greater part of his division were still behind him in a wood where they could hear but not see the sudden burst of the tempest. The meanest soldier could perceive that all was lost, and the gallant Pakenham fell instantly upon them. The French gunners, however, inured to war, sent showers of grape among the British masses, and clouds of skirmishers, in their usual style, covered their front while they attempted a formation; but the irresistible impetuosity of the British charge broke the half-formed lines into fragments, and sent the whole in confusion upon the advancing supports. Pakenham still continued his tempestuous course on the French imperfectly formed on the heights behind, offering two fronts, the one to him, the other to the fifth division; Bradford's brigade and the cavalry and artillery, now moving in one great line across the basin. The heavy cavalry, light dragoons, and flying artillery, came up at a trot on Pakenham's left; and on his right D'Urban's horse overlapped the enemy. Thus in less than half an hour, the left of the French army was turned, thrown into confusion, and surrounded. Clausel's division, indeed, had joined Thomiere's; but Pakenham, bearing on with a conquering violence, was closing on their flank; while the fifth division was advancing with a storm of fire from their fronts. Clausel's troops were loosely formed, a bright southern sun shone vividly in their faces, while clouds of dust and stifling smoke coming full upon them, scarcely able to breathe, and quite unable to see, when fire was given at random. At that moment Le Marchand's heavy batteries

with Anson's light brigade, broke forth from the cloud at full speed; and in an instant 1,200 French infantry were put to the sword, and trampled down with a terrible clamour and havoc. The French, bewildered and blinded, threw down their arms, ran through the openings of the dragoons, imploring quarter, while the gigantic horsemen, on their gigantic horses, rode forward with irresistible power, cutting down the French with their long glittering swords, while the third division still following at speed, shouted loudly, as the French masses fell before them with dreadful carnage. Though Le Marchand and many officers had fallen, these splendid swordsmen, headed by Sir Stapleton Cotton, galloping forward against a fresh column of the enemy, coming to the support of the left, received a fire which emptied a hundred saddles; yet by a brilliant charge they overthrew this third and strongest body of men they had yet encountered, and captured five guns of the enemy. Thomiere's division no longer existed as a military body, and 3,000 prisoners were in the hands of the victors. The third and fifth British divisions, with Anson's, D'Urban's and the heavy German cavalry, formed with the fifth division, one formidable line, two miles in advance of Pakenham's first attack; and that impetuous officer, still pressing forward with irresistible power, spread disorder and dismay over the enemy's left.

During the forty minutes in which these deeds were performed, a terrible battle raged in the centre. When Pakenham's attack was observed from the Arapiles, the fourth and fifth divisions moving forward in line, vigorously drove Bonnet's troops backwards upon the broken remains of the enemy's left wing. As they passed the French Arapiles, Pack's Portuguese assailed that place, and driving back the enemy's skirmishers, reached the summit, when suddenly the French reserves advanced upon his front and left flank; and the exceeding steepness of the ascent rendering this sudden rush almost irresistible, the Portuguese were repulsed with loss, and driven to the bottom of the rock. This check was attended with most serious consequences; for Cole, still driving Bonnet before him, and now abreast of the French Arapiles, was suddenly assailed in flank, while 1,200 fresh troops poured in a volley in his front. Cole and Leith were wounded; and Maucune's battalions, disengaged by the repulse of the Portuguese menacing the rear of their divisions, these broke and fled down the ascent. Clausel had nearly restored the fight. The fourth and fifth divisions still lost ground; and so fiercely did the French follow up their advantage in the centre, that even Clinton's reserve was attacked in flank by a body of cavalry concealed behind the Arapiles. But Beresford was in this quarter; and leading forward a brigade of the fifth to confront these cavalry, he checked them, but immediately afterward received a wound which compelled him to quit the field. Wellington, ever present where danger required him, now headed in person Clinton's division, and at length the charge of that fine body of men with the bayonet, proved entirely successful. Its left, the most exposed, was swept away by hundreds;

but with the 11th and 61st regiments in the van, they unflinchingly advanced, and regained all the ground which had been lost. The southern ridge was repossessed; General Ferey was mortally wounded, Clausel slightly; and 'the allied host,' says an eye-witness, 'righting itself like a gallant ship after a sudden gust, again bore onwards in blood and gloom; for though the air, purified by the storm of the evening before, was peculiarly clear, one vast cloud of smoke and dust rolled along the basin, and within it was the battle with all its sights and sounds of terror.'

"Though Clausel, a general inured to all the chances of war, saw it was in vain to stem the full tide of victory, he manfully buffeted the overwhelming wave, and resolutely strove to prevent the total wreck of his army. Foy's division, which formed the extreme right of the French, assisted by Maucune's, were skilfully employed to protect the retreat. The first, flanked by some squadrons of dragoons, covered the roads to the fords of Huerta and Encina; the second with fifteen guns, was placed on a ridge in front of the forest covering the road to Alba de Tormes; and behind this ridge the rest of the army, then falling back in disorder before the third, fifth, and sixth divisions, took refuge. Wellington immediately sent the light division, with some squadrons of dragoons supported by the first division, with two brigades of Cole's division, against Foy, while Hope's division and the Spaniards followed in reserve. The country was anew covered with troops, and the French were amazed to find a fresh army arise as if out of the earth. Foy, however, retreated with admirable skill, and with all that experienced dexterity manifested by the French on all similar occasions. Nevertheless, the British, animated by victory, pressed eagerly on. The last defensible ridge in the retreat, called the Ariba, the foot of which is washed by a marshy stream, was obstinately contested. Maucune in this position maintained a desperate battle, knowing the safety of the French army depended on his courage. Here the British troops suffered most severely, from the strong position of the enemy, and his determination to stop, if possible, the progress of the pursuit, till darkness should conceal his flying host. The British troops, however, could not be denied; the stream was forced; Clinton and Pakenham mounted the ridge, aided by a brigade of the fourth division; and after a determined onset and immense loss, they nearly gained the summit. But then the crest of the ridge became black and silent, the forest below had engulfed the foe, and the vanquished army seemed to have vanished in the darkness.

"Meanwhile, Lord Wellington, unaware that Carlos d'Espana had withdrawn the garrison from the castle of Alba de Tormes, conceived that the enemy would be found in a confused mass at the fords, by which he had advanced, ~~from~~ called Huerta and Encina. He skilfully arranged a force for this final blow, by which he reasonably expected to effect the destruction of the greater part of

their remaining forces, and marched in person with the first and light divisions, and some squadrons of cavalry under Sir Stapleton Cotton. The French, however, had all escaped by the fords of Alba de Tormes, and Wellington was again doomed to be baffled by Spanish misconduct and incapacity. 'But this action,' says an eye-witness, 'did not terminate without two remarkable accidents. While riding close behind the 43d regiment, Wellington was struck in the thigh by a spent musket-ball, which passed through his holster; and the night picquets had just been set at Huerta, when Sir Stapleton Cotton, who had gone to the ford, and returned by a different road, was shot through the arm by a Portuguese sentinel, whose challenge he had disregarded.'"

The loss of the French in the battle of Salamanca comprised about 140 officers and between 6,000 and 7,000 soldiers taken prisoners, four general officers killed, a great number of general officers wounded, and a proportionate number of inferior officers and of common soldiers killed and wounded, though that number, while evidently a very large one, does not seem to have been well ascertained. The allies likewise took 2 eagles, 6 colours, several ammunition waggons, and 20 pieces of cannon; and they would have taken many more trophies if the retreating masses had not been suddenly screened by the approach of night. The loss of the allies in the battle comprised one general officer killed, four general officers wounded, 40 other officers killed, 248 other officers wounded, 653 serjeants and common soldiers killed, 4,018 serjeants and common soldiers wounded, and 256 missing.

Universal opinion among military men regards Salamanca as one of the grandest of Lord Wellington's victories. Even the French themselves, though boldly denying some of his achievements, explaining away others, and more or less depreciating all, generally acknowledge that his victory of Salamanca was both scientific and extensive. Lord Wellington's own opinion of it, while all the feelings raised by it were still fresh in his bosom, cannot fail to be interesting. "I hope," said he to Earl Bathurst, on the 24th, in a letter accompanying his official despatch,—“I hope that you will be pleased with our battle. There was no mistake; everything went on as it ought; and there never was an army so beaten in so short a time. If we had had another hour or two of daylight, not a man would have passed the Tormes; and as it was, they would all have been taken if Don Carlos D'Espana had left the garrison in Alba de Tormes as I wished and desired, or, having taken it away, as I believe, before he was aware of my wishes, he had informed me that it was not there. If he had, I should have marched in the night upon Alba, where I should have caught them all, instead of upon the fords of the Tormes. But this is a little misfortune, which does not diminish the honour acquired by the troops in the action, nor, I hope, the advantage to be derived from it by the country, as I do not believe there are many soldiers who were in that action who are likely to face us again till

they shall be very largely reinforced indeed." And again, writing next day to Sir Thomas Graham, who had a few days before left for England, he said,— "Marmont ought to have given me a *pont d'or*, and he would have made a handsome operation of it. But, instead of that, after manœuvring all the morning in the usual French style, nobody knew with what object, he at last pressed upon my right in such a manner, at the same time without engaging, that he would have either carried our Arapiles, or he would have confined us entirely to our position. This was not to be endured; and we fell upon him, turning his left flank; and I never saw an army receive such a beating."

The results of the victory were vast. It confirmed all the good effects of Lord Wellington's advance into Spain, and opened the way to others of far wider sweep and vastly higher moment. It greatly weakened the French power in the Peninsula, and threw it all on the defensive. It made an utter end of the terror of the French name. It extinguished the hankerings of many Spaniards to conclude a peace with France, induced the Spanish authorities to reorganize their armies, roused large multitudes of the Spanish peasantry to join the ranks of the guerillas, and revived all the old hopes of all classes of the Spanish people, as well as inspired new ones, that they would soon be able to drive every French soldier ignominiously and for ever beyond the Pyrenees. The victory also gave a strong stimulus to the flagging spirit of Britain, and shot like an agony into the heart of Napoleon. The British opposition was once more becoming clamant against the war; the British people were once more becoming despondent about success; and Buonaparte was in the brightest blaze of his glory, soaring away to the consummation of his mastery over all Continental Europe, by the invasion of Russia. But the battle of Salamanca instantly acted like a shifting of the scenes. A totally new view of things was then presented to all eyes,—ominous as regarded France, and cheering as regarded all the countries which France was oppressing. And, as we shall afterwards see, the promise thus given passed speedily into a splendid realizement, alike famous for Wellington and beneficent for society, first in the central provinces of Spain itself, and next round the whole periphery of Europe.

CHAPTER VIII.

**MARMONT'S PERSONAL HISTORY—LORD WELLINGTON'S PURSUIT OF CLAUSEL TO VALLADOLID—HIS
ADVANCE AGAINST JOSEPH BUONAPARTE—HIS ENTRY INTO MADRID, AND PROCEEDINGS THERE—
HIS ARRANGEMENTS IN REFERENCE TO NEW GREAT CONCENTRATIONS OF THE FRENCH ARMIES—
MORE HONOURS CONFERRED UPON HIM**

MARMONT was born at Chatillon in 1774. He descended from a noble family, and received a good education. He early had a taste for arms; and he was trained to serve in the artillery. Buonaparte observed him in the army of Italy, took a fancy to him, selected him to be one of his aides-de-camp, and employed him, immediately afterwards, in various offices of important trust. Marmont was in the expedition against Rome; and after the treaty of Campo Formia, he returned to France, and married the only daughter of a great banker. He next followed Buonaparte to Egypt, fought at Malta, was made there a general of brigade, did smart service at Alexandria, and contributed to the overthrow of the Mamelukes. He was governor at Alexandria during the expedition to Syria. He next assisted in the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, and was then advanced to be a councillor of state and a general of division. He had the chief command of the artillery in the army for the reconquest of Italy in 1800; and in that capacity he practised high ingenuity in the transporting of his guns over Mount St. Bernard and Mount Albarado. He showed great daring and did great execution at the battle of Marengo, and at the crossing of the Mincio. He commanded one of the corps of the grand army; but, though performing many marches and doing much service, was not present at the battle of Austerlitz. He commanded the army of Dalmatia in 1809, showed there as much *hanteur* as bravery against the enemy, fought the combats of Montkitta and Grodschatz, and pushed his way into junction with the army of Italy. He next marched at the head of about ten thousand men into the grand concentration at Wagram, occupied a place in Buonaparte's fighting centre on the 6th of July, and pursued the Austrians on the 7th in the direction of Zriam. He made some figure also in the events immediately following the armistice with Austria, and then received the commission to supersede Massena in the Spanish Peninsula. He retired to France, immediately after the battle of Salamanca, for the healing of his wound, and never again appeared in the field against Wellington.

Marmont differed materially in character from most of Buonaparte's other generals. He was distinguished, not as they, for coarseness and ferocity, but



M^{re} Des d'Army

for pride of birth, display of wealth, and supercilious arrogance. He is even said to have owed his preferment more to his pretentiousness and his insolence than to his bravery or his talents. His operations against Wellington were marred much less than those of the other marshals by the resentments of the natives, but at the same time were aided less by the enthusiasm of his soldiers. His powers as a strategist had little depth and small energy, yet were sparkling and rapid. He possessed none of the subtilty of Soult, none of the vigour of Ney, none of the weight of Massena, yet excelled them all in brilliance. Buonaparte was more fascinated by him than pleased with him; for, though pronouncing him, unjustly, "always unfortunate," he continued steadily to trust and exalt him as one of his greatest generals; and though condemning his course of strategy against Wellington, step by step, particularly in the great distance of its operations from the front of the allies' lines, he never thought of recalling him till after his defeat at Salamanca, and even then abstained from reprimanding him till after his wound was healed. He probably expected that Marmont would bewilder Wellington by his corruscations or bring him down by sudden thrusts, little dreaming as yet that the British hero could as readily kill a dragon as entrap a bear, was no less penetrating than powerful, no less agile than alert, no less keen to elude than either mighty to strike or robust to endure. In the end, however, Buonaparte bitterly deplored all his high fancy for Marmont, and even denounced him as one of the worst of traitors, alleging that, in the grand struggle of 1814, he and Augereau sold his cause to the allies, and occasioned his banishment to the island of Elba.

Clausel made earnest use of the few hours of darkness after the battle of Salamanca to organize his retreat. At daybreak of the 23d, his whole force was on the right bank of the Tormes, in the vicinity of Alba, moving compactly away, with a regular rear-guard of prime infantry, cavalry, and artillery. At that time also, Lord Wellington, taking all the freshest part of his army across the fords, and calling up the German dragoons and Anson's cavalry to the front, recommenced the pursuit. About ten o'clock, he came up to the French rear-guard near the village of La Serna, and launched his cavalry against them. The French cavalry immediately fled; but two battalions of infantry formed squares, with Generals Foy and Chemineau in their centres, while another made resistance in column. Two squadrons of the German dragoons rode against the whole, and struck them all with terror. The battalion in column was instantly overthrown. The squares at first stood firm, and emptied many a saddle; but the dragoons rushed against them like a whirlwind, pitched right upon their bayonets, forced a gap, and rode furiously through, sabreing, capturing, and scattering till not a man was left. Lord Wellington declared, in his official despatch, that "he had never witnessed a more gallant charge;" and even General Foy, in his *Guerre de la Peninsule*, says "it was the boldest charge during the war."

The loss of the French, on this occasion, in killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to nineteen hundred men ; while the loss of the allies did not amount to more than ninety-five.

Clausel was still strong in cavalry, and fell in with a reinforcement of fifteen hundred of that arm, from the army of Caffarelli, a few miles beyond La Serna. He therefore put a bold face upon his disasters, practised the usual French recklessness of abandoning everything which seriously encumbered his retreat, and moved on as steadily and lightly as if he had been making a forced march for achieving a victory. He and his men had got no sleep and little rest since the night of the 21st, but on the contrary were in constant excitement and under violent exertion, successively in manœuvring, in fighting, and in retreating, and yet they arrived, on the evening of the 23d, at Flores de Avila, nearly forty miles from the field of battle. Next morning also they were up and away so early and alertly that Lord Wellington could do them no harm. He retained all his equipments, and therefore could not move as rapidly as they. He required also to give time to his commissariat supplies to come up. He expected likewise that the vanquished army would have retreated direct upon Tordesillas, giving him no more to do than to follow right on, and precipitate the chase ; and when he found them making so great a detour to the east, not only did he need to order new combinations for the pursuit, but he also required to adopt precautions against the advance of the army of the Centre under King Joseph.

That army, consisting of from 10,000 to 12,000 infantry, and from 2,000 to 3,000 cavalry, left Madrid on the 21st, and arrived at Blasco Sancho on the 25th ; and there they were within a few miles of the place where Clausel's army halted on the night of the 24th ; but there also they got intelligence of the battle of Salamanca, which induced them instantly to retreat eastward to Espinar, leaving at Blasco Sancho only two officers and twenty-seven men, who were captured a few hours afterwards by a serjeant's patrol of the allied army. Lord Wellington's object now was less to harass Clausel than to drive him steadily to the north, and to prevent him from effecting a junction with Joseph ; and that object he completely accomplished. Clausel succeeded in interchanging several messages with Joseph, and even attempted to concert a conjoint rally with him against the pursuing allies ; yet was compelled to move on by himself first to Valladolid, and next in hot haste to Burgos.

Lord Wellington entered Valladolid on the 30th, amid the acclamations of the people, and there captured seventeen guns, a considerable quantity of stores, and eight hundred sick and wounded soldiers. But, in order to prevent a junction between Clausel and Joseph on the upper Douro, which he had reason to know was intended, he stopped short at Valladolid, sent forward only the left wing of his army to continue the pursuit, and countermarched next morning in search of Joseph. He moved in a south-easterly direction, and arrived on the

1st of August at Cuellar. There he learned that Clausel was not making a single effort to rally or deflect,—that Joseph also had lost heart, and was preparing to recede,—and that the Spanish forces of the north-west, both regular and irregular, were already at hand in great strength, to assist the allied army in gathering fruits of the recent victory. And on the ground of these facts, as well as on the ground of others, which very sensibly affected the general balance of hostilities in the Peninsula, but which were both too complicated in themselves and too remotely connected with our main subject to be introducible to our narrative, he considered that his best course at that crisis was to leave eight thousand of his weakest infantry and Anson's brigade of cavalry, under the command of General Clinton, and in co-operation with the Spaniards, to watch the armies of Clausel and Caffarelli, and to lead all his other troops southward against Joseph, with the view of either bringing him to a general action or compelling him to quit Madrid.

On the first of August, Joseph, being then at Segovia, and having there levied a contribution and dismantled the castle, began to retire toward the capital, and sent orders thither for his immense court, with its equipage and followers, amounting to about three thousand carriages and twenty thousand persons, to make ready for retreat. On the 6th, Lord Wellington left Cuellar; on the 8th he arrived at San Ildefonso; and there he remained during the 9th, to concentrate his army. Joseph had resolved not to defend the Guadarama pass, yet had left a strong body of cavalry to give check beyond its further extremity. The allied advanced-guard, consisting of the Portuguese cavalry, the first light battalion of the German legion, and Captain McDonald's troop of horse-artillery, went through it on the 9th, remained at its debouch throughout the 10th, and were precipitated next day into a serious disaster. Let this disaster be told in Lord Wellington's own words:—

“Brigadier-General D'Urban moved forward on the morning of the 10th from the neighbourhood of Galapagar; and, supported by the heavy cavalry of the German legion from Torre Lodones, he drove in the French cavalry, about two thousand in number, and placed himself at Majalahonda with the Portuguese cavalry and Captain McDonald's troop, and the cavalry and light infantry of the German legion at Las Rozas, about three quarters of a mile distant. The enemy's cavalry which had been driven off in the morning, and had moved towards Navalcamero, returned about five in the afternoon; and Brigadier-General D'Urban, having formed the Portuguese cavalry in front of Majalahonda, supported by the horse artillery, ordered the cavalry to charge the enemy's leading squadrons, which appeared too far advanced to be supported by the main body. The Portuguese cavalry advanced to the attack, but unfortunately turned about before they reached the enemy; and they fled through the village of Majalahonda, and back upon the German dragoons, leaving behind them unprotected

and unsupported the guns of Captain M'Donald's troop, which had been moved forward to co-operate with the cavalry. By the activity of the officers and soldiers of Captain M'Donald's troop, the guns were, however, moved off; but, owing to the unfavourable nature of the ground over which they were moved, the carriage of one was broken, and two others were overturned, and these three guns fell into the enemy's hands. The Portuguese dragoons, having fled through Majalahonda, were rallied and re-formed, when the heavy dragoons of the German ~~leather~~, which were formed between the village and Las Rozas, and the German cavalry, charged the enemy, although under many disadvantages, and stopped their further progress; but I am sorry to say that they suffered considerable loss, and that Colonel de Jonguières, who commanded the brigade, was taken prisoner. ~~The~~ left of the army was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, at the Puente del Retamar, on the Guadarama river; and Colonel Ponsonby's brigade of cavalry and a brigade of infantry of the seventh division having moved forward to the support of the troops in advance, the enemy retired upon Majalahonda as soon as they observed these troops: and night having come on, they retired upon Alarcon, leaving our guns at Majalahonda. I have reason to believe, both from the manner in which the enemy came on to the attack of the Portuguese troops, and from other circumstances, that they had been informed that we had none but Portuguese dragoons in front, and that there were no troops in the neighbourhood to support them. The occurrences of the 22d July had induced me to hope ~~that~~ the Portuguese dragoons would have conducted themselves better, or I should not have placed them at the outposts of the army. But every day's experience shows that no reliance can be placed on cavalry which is not in a perfect state of discipline, and of which the men do not feel a perfect confidence in the officers. I shall therefore not place them again at the outposts, or in situations in which by their misconduct they can influence the safety of the other troops." The total loss of the allies at Majalahonda, in killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to 195 men and 121 horses.

King Joseph, at the time of this combat, had already sent away his enormous court with its enormous retinue from Madrid; and he instantly ran after it, joined it, and led it precipitately on to Aranjuez. "The procession," says Napier, "was lugubrious and shocking; for the military line of march was broken by crowds of weeping women and children, and by despairing men; and courtiers of the highest rank were to be seen in full dress, desperately struggling with savage soldiers for the possession of even the animals on which they were endeavouring to save their families. The cavalry of the allies could have driven the whole before them into the Tagus; yet Lord Wellington did not molest them. Either from ignorance of their situation, or, what is more probable, compassionating their misery, and knowing that the troops, by abandoning the convoy, could easily escape over the river, he would not strike where the blow could

only fall on helpless people without affecting the military operations. Perhaps also he thought it wise to leave Joseph the burden of his court." The King continued to move on with the speed of flight, first toward the Morena in order to obtain the support of Soult, but afterwards toward Valencia in order to form there a junction with both Soult and Suchet.

Lord Wellington entered Madrid on the 12th. His entry was perfectly triumphal. The citizens had been oppressed, crushed, and beggared; they were woe-begone and starving; and they all ran forth, with rapt emotion, to welcome him as their deliverer. Some writers describe them as sublimely solemn with gratitude, and others as frantically wild with joy. For example, Napier says, "With tears and every other sign of deep emotion, they crowded around Lord Wellington's horse, hung upon his stirrups, touched his clothes, or, throwing themselves upon the earth, blessed him aloud as the friend of Spain;" while Stocqueler says, "The clangour of a thousand trumpets rent the skies, and as the loud blast died away, to be renewed with fresh bursts of welcome, the dark-eyed senor of Castile struck their guitars, tambourines, and castanets, and danced in front of the triumphal columns and their unmatched leader." The various classes, no doubt, had various emotions; but all rivalled one another in gratitude; and each expressed this in its own way. And so strongly did all do so that even Wellington himself, in spite of all his stoicism, said officially in his despatch, "It is impossible to describe the joy manifested by the inhabitants of Madrid upon our arrival."

His Lordship, however, turned away with all possible speed from the demonstrations of the people to reconnoitre the defences of the Retiro. This was the citadel of Madrid, situated on an elevation at the eastern extremity of the city; and about two thousand soldiers had been left in it by Joseph, to hold it against the allies. It resembled the forts of Salamanca in being formed out of previous buildings, for the purposes of fortification, by the French; but displayed small skill of construction, either for making defence within its own limits, or for wielding any control over the city. It was originally a royal palace, amid very extensive walled gardens; it was afterwards converted into a museum, a porcelain manufactory, a circus for bull-fights, a botanic garden, and a public promenade; and it was formed by the French into a central star-fort, with a very wide exterior retrenchment. Lord Wellington invested it on the evening of the 13th, broke through its outer defences on the same night, and obtained possession of the whole place by capitulation early on the 14th, granting to the garrison the honours of war, and sending them all off the same day in captivity to Ciudad Rodrigo. He found in the fort the eagles of two regiments, 189 pieces of brass ordnance, 900 barrels of gunpowder, 20,000 stand of arms, and considerable magazines of ammunition, clothing, and provisions.

Lord Wellington took up his residence in the royal palace. He found no

regular authority in Madrid; and he immediately proclaimed the constitution, appointed Don Carlos D'Espana to act as governor, and obliged the inhabitants to elect civil magistrates. He continued, as at the hour of his entry, to be the object of intense popular enthusiasm. "He could not walk abroad by day-light, because of the pressure of the multitudes who gathered round him. Even in the dark, when he went into the Prado, though he and his suite were dressed in blue great coats in hopes of escaping notice, they were generally recognized and followed by crowds." And at fetes, bull-fights, and theatrical entertainments got up in their honour, as well as on public occasions of state and parade, they were deafened with the jubilant shouts of exulting multitudes. "The entire population," says Sherer, "poured into the streets and squares; every tongue was loosened; on all sides were heard the accents of joy; laurels and flowers decorated the gay scene. Tapestry and carpets were hung from the balconies; holiday dresses were put on; holiday greetings were given; and the holiday smiles of men, women, and children repaid the army for all its toils. But Wellington was more especially the object of their praise and honour. Wherever he appeared, cries rent the air of 'Long live the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo!' 'Long live Wellington!' Green boughs and flowers and shawls were strewn before his horse's feet. Here it should be recorded that when, upon the 22d of August, the new council waited upon him with all the ceremonies of state to offer to him a congratulatory address as Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, conceived in those glowing terms, which are fitting towards a deliverer, Wellington replied with simple dignity and unaffected modesty; nor did he notice in his reply their proud and swelling enumeration of his great successes farther than by one line, 'The events of war are in the hands of Providence.' In this spirit he looked back upon his past achievements; in this spirit he contemplated the severe trials and arduous duties which coming events might yet impose on him."

Our hero, indeed, amid the rejoicings of Madrid, felt as sternly summoned to gigantic enterprise, was as laden with care, as full of anxiety, as obstructed by difficulties, as intently occupied with invention and effort, as at any previous period of his career. The very enthusiasm of the Spanish people, and the relief he had wrought for the Spanish rulers, failed to exonerate him from any portion of the heavy solicitude which he had all along, since the campaign of Talavera, felt for the effects of Spanish vanity and folly. "I do not," said he, writing to Earl Bathurst, on the sixth day of his residence in Madrid,—"I do not expect much from the exertions of the Spaniards, notwithstanding all that we have done for them. They cry 'viva,' and are very fond of us, and hate the French; but they are, in general, the most incapable of useful exertion of all the nations that I have known,—the most vain, and at the same time the most ignorant, particularly of military affairs, and above all of military affairs in their own country. I can do nothing till General Castanos shall arrive, and I do not know where he

is. I am afraid that the utmost we can hope for is to teach them how to avoid being beat. If we can effect that object, I hope we might do the rest." Again, five days later, writing to the ambassador at Cadiz, he said, "What can be done for this lost nation? As for raising men or supplies, or taking any one measure to enable them to carry on the war, that is out of the question. Indeed there is nobody to excite them to exertion, or to take advantage of the enthusiasm of the people, or of their enmity against the French. Even the guerillas are getting quietly into the large towns, and amusing themselves, or collecting plunder of a better and more valuable description; and nobody looks forward to the exertions to be made, whether to improve or to secure our advantage. This is a faithful picture of the state of affairs; and though I still hope to be able to maintain our position in Castile, and even to improve our advantages, I shudder when I reflect upon the enormity of the task which I have undertaken, with inadequate powers myself to do anything, and without assistance of any kind from the Spaniards, or, I may say, from any individual of the Spanish nation."

His Lordship was particularly annoyed at the dominance of folly and corruption in the reconstruction of Spanish power throughout the provinces from which he had just expelled the French. In some places, no measures whatever except military and extemporaneous ones were adopted; in others, the French authorities were allowed to remain; and to many of the most important offices appointments were made solely in the manner of the most flagrant jobbing, without the slightest reference to either efficiency of administration or the furtherance of the war. The consequent embarrassment to Lord Wellington was great. "I do not at all like the way in which we are going on," said he, "particularly in relation to appointments to offices and great situations, in which branch of the Government alone it is, I am afraid, in the power of the existing Regency to do much good. They have sent an inefficient person to command in Estremadura, displacing Monsalud, with whom we have all hitherto gone on well. Another equally inefficient, and without character, has been sent to supersede Don Carlos in Old Castile. And I learn that they have appointed to command in New Castile, which is at present by far the most important post in the country, with duties to be performed which require activity and intelligence, a person who is, I understand, an idiot, of between seventy and eighty years of age." And again he said,—“I have heard that the Government have appointed Senor ——— to be intendant of the province of Salamanca, instead of Senor Meda, in whose favour I have applied. Senor ——— is the person who was employed by the Central Junta to attend this army. He is not only the most useless and inefficient of God's creatures, but is an impediment to all business, and he cannot speak one word of truth. After knowing the truth of all my complaints of those days, and as he assured me reporting them to his employers, he suddenly turned round and swore that we wanted nothing and were amply supplied. He had

the impudence to tell me so at Truxillo; and after I had forced him to acknowledge that he had told a falsehood, I turned him out of the room, and desired that I might never see his face again. Whether the Government appoint him or not, I shall of course hold no communication with him; and it will remain for the Government to consider whether it is desirable that such a man should be appointed to a situation in which he can have anything to say to this army."

Yet Lord Wellington knew well that the Spanish rulers had no feeling against himself,—that, on the contrary, they wished to do him all possible honour,—that, in common with the general body of the people, they were now ready to yield the same high deference to his authority which had been so long yielded to it in Portugal. He knew also that they were desirous, truly and earnestly, for the successful termination of the war. He likewise felt confidence in the sound steady patriotism of the general population, and calculated that this might be made subservient, even in a merely negative manner, to the embarrassing and expelling of the French. He, therefore, on the 29th of August, issued the following proclamation:—

"Spaniards, it is unnecessary to take up your time by recalling to your recollection the events of the last two months, or by drawing your attention to the situation in which your enemies now find themselves. Listen to the accounts of the numerous prisoners daily brought in, and deserters from their army; hear the details of the miseries endured by those who, trusting to the promises of the French, have followed the vagabond fortunes of the usurper, driven from the capital of your monarchy; hear these details from their servants and followers who have had the sense to quit this scene of desolation; and if the sufferings of your oppressors can soften the feeling of those inflicted on yourselves, you will find ample cause for consolation. But much remains still to be done to consolidate and secure the advantages acquired. It should be clearly understood that the pretended King is a usurper, whose authority it is the duty of every Spaniard to resist,—that every Frenchman is an enemy, against whom it is the duty of every Spaniard to raise his arm. Spaniards, you are reminded that your enemies cannot much longer resist,—that they must quit your country if you will only omit to supply their demands for provisions and money, when those demands are not enforced by superior force. Let every individual consider it his duty to do everything in his power to give no assistance to the enemy of his country, and that perfidious enemy must soon entirely abandon in disgrace a country which he entered only for the sake of plunder, and in which he has been enabled to remain only because the inhabitants have submitted to his mandates, and have supplied his wants. Spaniards, resist this odious tyranny, and be independent and happy."

Lord Wellington, on witnessing the ravages which the war had made in Spain, felt the same lively concern for the sufferers, the same strong impulses to

make exertions on their behalf, which he had felt for the Portuguese after the invasion of Massena. Even his labours to alleviate the miseries of the metropolis, and to produce unanimity and cheerful hope among its inhabitants, were not small. His cares and toils in the direct business of the war, too, were at this time so vast, so complex, so multitudinous that even a Hercules might have recoiled from bearing them. He had not been relieved from any material portion of the crushing weight of his former anxieties; and now, with the additional affairs of Spain upon his hands, with his army far removed from its resources, and in the face of multiplied enormous difficulties, he had to make hasty preparation for confronting, by his own prowess, a concentration of nearly all the French forces in the Peninsula. The Portuguese Regency harassed him by gross neglect or mismanagement of the supplies of their troops, insomuch that the Portuguese portion of his army could be kept in the field only through means of constant, special, strenuous exertions of his own. The Spanish Regency and the Spanish generals, in exulting over his re-conquest of Castile, and in warmly manœuvring their forces to support it, behaved more eccentrically, were less to be depended on, and gave him more annoyance, than in the former times of their capricious arrogance. The transactions of the two Regencies with each other, and with the British cabinet, on the common affairs of the war, or in matters intimately affecting these, had become an explosive mixture, which he required to watch and control night and day, in order to prevent some direr disaster than could accrue from the worst hostilities of the French.

Nor was he much better situated with regard to some of the chief immediate interests of his military command. A great British expedition which had been appointed to work a diversion in his favour on the coast of Catalonia, and which ought to have landed there at the moment of his advance into Castile, had been diverted by fickleness of purpose to the shores of Italy; and though a part of it soon returned to the Spanish coast, and disembarked at Alicant, to act there under Lord Wellington's orders, this was vastly too feeble to yield the support on which he had calculated, or to exert almost any perceptible influence on his schemes, and even had it been much stronger, could have only served as a compensation for a most disastrous overthrow of the last remnants of the Spanish armies of Murcia and Valencia a few days before its arrival. The commander of the expedition, too, when calling at Cadiz and Gibraltar on his way to Italy, had bought up a vast amount of specie at a much higher price than Lord Wellington had ever paid for it, and thus, at a most critical moment, had materially augmented the difficulties of the allied army's pecuniary supplies. These difficulties had been terribly augmented also by the steady action of constant causes, in spite of Lord Wellington's utmost efforts to assuage them, and in spite of his obtaining much better support from his own Government than before, till at last his mind, though ever as firm as marble amid the terrors of the battle-field, be-

gan to quail and quiver under the horrors of prospective famine. His very troops likewise were in a deplorable condition. An unusually large proportion were sick, and had gone to the rear; thousands were in Salamanca, rendering that place little else than one vast hospital; multitudes were on the way to the transports at Lisbon, permanently invalided; and all the rest, even those under Lord Wellington's own eye, were bursting into every kind of disorder consequent on long arrears of pay. "Those officers who went to the rear sick suffered the most cruel privations, and those who remained in Madrid, tempted by the pleasures of the capital, obtained some dollars at an exorbitant premium from a money-broker; while the soldiers, equally tempted, having no such resource, plundered the stores of the Retiro. In fine, discipline became relaxed throughout the army; and the troops kept in the field were gloomy, envying those who remained at

A bad affair also had happened on the 11th of June, at Sir Rowland Hill's outposts near Llera, which tended, along with the affair of Majalahonda, to shake Lord Wellington's confidence in the steadiness of his cavalry. General ~~the~~ brigade of dragoon guards, had made such rash pursuit of two French ~~army~~ regiments, after a successful impetuous charge upon them, that he was struck in turn by a French reserve, deprived of the prisoners he had taken, and ignominiously repulsed with the loss of 166 of his own men in killed, wounded, and captured. "I have never been more annoyed than by this affair," wrote Wellington to Hill. "It is occasioned entirely by the trick our officers of cavalry have acquired of galloping at everything, and then galloping back as fast as they gallop on the enemy. They never consider their situation, never think of manœuvring before an enemy,—so little that one would think they cannot manœuvre, excepting on Wimbledon Common; and when they use their arm as it ought to be used, namely, offensively, they never keep nor provide for a reserve. All cavalry should charge in two lines, of which one should be in reserve. If obliged to charge in one line, part of the line, at least one third, should be ordered beforehand to pull up, and form in second line, as soon as the charge should be given, and the enemy has been broken and has retired. The Royals and the third dragoon guards were the best regiments in the cavalry in this country; and it annoys me particularly that the misfortune has happened to them. I do not wonder at the French boasting of it; it is the greatest blow they have struck."

The movements of the French armies, consequent on the battle of Salamanca, and on the advance to Madrid, likewise occasioned Lord Wellington much anxiety. All were now thrown into three masses, each of which was nearly or fully a match for him. The army of Portugal, the army of the North, and part of the army of the Ebro formed one mass in the north; the army of the Centre, the army of the East, and the rest of the army of the Ebro were forming one

mass in the east; and the army of the South, quite as strong as either of these masses, continued to occupy its old ground in the south. The first of the three masses, indeed, was for the present cut off from all communication with the other two, or possessed only a very circuitous and practically useless one by way of Catalonia and France; but it instinctively sought to recover co-operation with them by a re-advance upon the regions which lay between; and so early as four days after Joseph's flight from Madrid, the foremost divisions of it, under Clausel, began a course of vigorous reaction, by which they speedily regained possession of Valladolid, drove back Clinton's head-quarters to Arevalo, carried off the French garrisons of Toro and Zamora, and menaced the allies' hospitals, magazines, and line of communication at Salamanca, and by which also they were within a few hours' march of preventing the capitulation of the important fortress of Astorga to the troops of Castanos. Soult's army, too, though physically accessible to Joseph, was in doubtful subjection to him, and might either remain where it was, or move into junction with the forces in the east, or march direct upon Madrid, or make a run through Estremadura into Portugal. For Soult was in almost open resistance to Joseph, despising his weakness, contemning his folly, and even writing sharp accusations against him to the Emperor; and though perfectly willing to strike a strong blow for the recovery of Castile, he regarded the retention of Andalusia as at least equal in value, felt himself firmly established there, and conceived the ingenious idea that both Castile might be recovered and Andalusia retained, and at the same time the power of the offensive or of initial movements be reacquired, by means of a bold rapid march from Seville upon Lisbon, thereby compelling Lord Wellington to flee back to the centre of the sea-board of Portugal for the defence of the base of all his operations. He likewise had recently maintained a very stiff flank pressure upon Estremadura, keeping Drouet in great strength, and stoutly menacing Hill; insomuch that Wellington had felt induced to write to Hill from Salamanca,—“Fall upon the enemy if you can with advantage. I should prefer a partial affair to a general one; but risk a general affair, keeping always a very large body in reserve, particularly of cavalry, rather than allow Drouet to remain in possession of Estremadura, and to keep you in check.” When, therefore, immediately after Wellington's triumph in Castile, Soult received from Joseph an order requiring him to evacuate Andalusia, and to march all his forces into junction with himself and Suchet for the recovery of Madrid, he not only refused to obey, but denounced the order as preposterous, and invited a converse movement of the King and Suchet to Seville, with the view of their all advancing upon Lisbon. Joseph sent urgent repetitions of the order before he received Soult's answer, and Soult saw in these, and in new facts which came to his knowledge, strong reasons for revising his opinion; so that, for a considerable number of days, these chief leaders of the French hosts could not themselves

HIS OWN SCHEME OF OPERATIONS.

what their movements against the allies would be; much less could any other, who beheld them only at a great distance, and had no near means of ascertaining their decision.

Now Lord Wellington required, not only to watch all the three masses of the enemy, but to conjecture how they would act, and to frame his measures correlatively to theirs. He could not safely commit himself against one, without knowing how he would stand related to the others. He felt a necessity to lose as little time as possible in driving back the encroaching mass in the north; yet he could not prudently make a move in that direction, till he knew what was likely to be attempted by Joseph or Soult or both for the recovery of the capital. His belief was strong that Soult would remain fast in Andalusia; and in that belief, he made rapid provisional arrangements with his own lieutenants, and with Spanish generals, for entangling Joseph and Suchet in Valencia, and for making a descent upon the Guadalquivir, while he himself should first move northward to castigate Clausel, and then move southward, in concentration with the other part of all the allied forces, to overwhelm Soult. He likewise, in order to facilitate the operations of Hill and Morillo, got the stone bridge of Almaraz repaired in the same ingenious manner in which that of Alcantara had been repaired. But toward the end of August, he descried sure indications that Soult meant to move coastwise into junction with Joseph and Suchet; and then he arranged that Hill, with all the force from Estremadura, strengthened by three more British divisions, and supported by the Spanish corps of Don Carlos d'Espana and three of the principal guerilla chiefs, amounting altogether to upwards of sixty thousand men, should take post on the Tagus from Aranjuez to Toledo,—that Ballasteros, with all the Spanish troops in the south, who were free to retire before Soult, amounting to about twenty thousand men, should block up that marshal's access to the point of junction with Joseph, as also to the line of advance upon the upper Tagus, by occupying the mountain of Alcaraz, in the vicinity of the fortress of Chincilla, "which, situated at the confines of Murcia and La Mancha, and perched on a rugged isolated hill in a vast plain, was peculiarly strong from both construction and site, and was the knot of all the great lines of communication,"—that General Cooke, with the troops in Cadiz, should perform certain vigorous operations in Soult's rear, in order first to make sure of the evacuation of Andalusia, and next to reinforce the main body of the allies,—and that Lord Wellington himself, with the forces left under the command of Clinton, with two divisions from Madrid, and with the Spanish army of Galicia, should first drive Clausel back toward the Ebro, next capture the Castle of Bejos, with the double view of preventing another encroachment from the north, and of opening the way toward a new base of operations on the coast of the bay of Biscay, and next move back into junction with Hill to confront the oncoming conjoined armies of Joseph, Suchet, and Soult.

This was a sublime scheme, every way worthy of Wellington's genius; and had the execution of it depended wholly on his own management, or on his own proper troops, the termination of that year's remarkable campaign would probably have been as brilliant as its commencement. To have contrived such a scheme in any circumstances, when the balance of forces was so very greatly against him, evinced high heroism, as surely as broad ingenuity; but to have contrived it amid the prodigious embarrassments which oppressed him at Madrid, only the principal of which have been noticed by us, and even these in faint outline, displayed the same unique, consummate, unrivalled greatness which planned the defence of Portugal against all the power of Buonaparte, amid the mingled astonishment and derision of the world.

Our hero, however, was not now as then without large sympathy and cordial support. All the nations of Europe, not excluding the French themselves, were already acknowledging him, if not yet the superior or the equal of Buonaparte in strategy and battle, at least the greatest of all other generals. The governments whom he served also, while differing widely among themselves, and from him too, in some momentous political interests of the war, were uniformly unanimous, both of their own accord, and as representatives of the public mind, to do him high honour. The Spanish Cortes and Regency conferred upon him the order of the Golden Fleece, and appointed him generalissimo of the Spanish armies. The Prince Regent of Portugal advanced him in the Portuguese peerage by the title of Marquis of Torres Vedras; and also, toward the close of the year, as if in foresight of his grand achievement of the following campaign, still farther advanced him by the title of Duke of Vittoria. The Prince Regent of Great Britain, on the 18th of August, advanced him in the British peerage by the title of Marquis of Wellington; and also, seven days afterward, "was graciously pleased, by an especial warrant, to grant unto him His Majesty's royal license and permission, that he and his descendants might bear, as a royal augmentation, in the dexter quarter of the arms of Wellington, an escoccheon, charged with the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, being the union badge of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as a lasting memorial of the glorious and transcendent achievements of the said Arthur Marquis of Wellington, on various important occasions, but more particularly in the recent brilliant and decisive victory obtained over the French army by the troops under his command, near Salamanca, on the 22d day of July last; such royal augmentation being first duly exemplified according to the laws of arms, and recorded in the Herald's college; and also to command that this especial mark of His Majesty's royal favour be registered in this college of arms."

We may so far anticipate as to say that likewise, toward the close of the year, the British parliament gave a vote of thanks for the victory of Salamanca, and, at the recommendation of the Crown, made a grant to Lord Wellington of

£100,000 to be laid out in the purchase of lands, as a reward for his services, and to enable him to support the dignity of his peerage. A letter which he wrote on the 15th of September, to the Earl of Liverpool, in anticipation of that grant, may be quoted here as curious;—"I received by the packet by Corunna your letter of the 28th August, in which you enclosed the copies of the correspondence which you had with Lord Somerville, respecting the purchase of the manor of Wellington, and the estate of Wellington Park. I am very much obliged to you for your attention to my interests. It rarely happens that a person in your situation has leisure to attend to his own private affairs, much less to those of any other individual; and it is particularly gratifying to me to find that not only Your Lordship, but Mr. Perceval, had recollected me when a property was offered for sale which I am most anxious to possess. When the Prince Regent promoted me in the peerage last spring, and made an addition to my pension, I determined, for the sake of my sons, to lay out all the money I had in the purchase of land in Great Britain, and I directed that inquiries might be made of the several estates which I might be able to purchase for me. I likewise intend to lay out in the same manner the sum of money which His Royal Highness has declared his intention to recommend to Parliament to grant me. The inquiries which have been made have not hitherto produced any results; and I could not make any purchase with which I should be so well satisfied as that on which you have written to me. I am ready therefore to pay the money as soon as I shall receive your answer to this letter. I am rather inclined, however, to wish to receive the estate and manor as a gift from the public, as part of the £100,000, if Your Lordship should see no objection. But if there should be any, I shall be too happy to make the purchase out of my private funds. While writing upon this subject, it occurs to me, that as I propose to lay out all the money which the public will grant me in the purchase of land in Great Britain, it would save me some trouble, and might probably be more advantageous to the public, if the value were granted in land. However, I suggest this to Your Lordship, to be attended to only in case there should be no objections."

CHAPTER IX.

SOULT'S EVACUATION OF ANDALUSIA—LORD WELLINGTON'S ADVANCE TO BURGOS—HIS SIEGE OF THE CASTLE OF BURGOS—HIS RETREAT, AND THE RETREAT OF SIR ROWLAND HILL, TO CIUDAD RODRIGO, FOLLOWED BY THE CONCENTRATED FRENCH ARMIES—THE RETIREMENT OF ALL THE ARMIES INTO WINTER CANTONMENTS—THE RESULTS OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1812.

THE evacuation of Andalusia was most surely a result of the battle of Salamanca, and a very grand event. Soult, when remonstrating against it to Joseph, said,—"To sacrifice the southern provinces for the sake of regaining the capital of Spain is folly; it is purchasing a town at the price of a kingdom. Philip V. thus lost it, and yet preserved his throne. The battle of the Arapiles was only a grand duel, which might be fought over again with a different result; but to abandon Andalusia, with all its stores and establishments, to raise the siege of Cadiz, sacrifice the guns, the equipments, the hospitals, and the magazines, and thus render null the labour of three years, would be to render the battle of the Arapiles a prodigious historical event, which would be felt all over Europe, and even in the New World." Yet so it was. Soult, on the night of the 24th of August, broke up from the lines of Cadiz in such haste as to be obliged to leave 30 gun-boats, 500 pieces of artillery, and enormous quantities of shot and stores undestroyed. He attempted to hold Seville with a strong rear-guard till he should fully concentrate his army, but was expelled thence so suddenly that he had not time to blow up the bridge, and lost about 200 men by capture. He then made a harassing march to Granada, picking up all his garrisons and detachments by the way, halted eleven days at Granada to give Drouot time to join him, and continued thence a laborious abandonment through the mountains to a junction with Joseph at Hellin, leaving behind him not one French soldier in Andalusia. He was constituted captain-general of the united forces, the King feeling compelled to defer to his superior abilities; and he thenceforth shaped his course toward Madrid, but lost much time on the march by the asperities of the road, and by detention at the fortress of Chincilla.

Lord Wellington left Madrid on the 1st of September, crossed the Douro on the 6th, and drove the French from Valladolid on the 7th. He expected to be joined there on the 8th by the army of Galicia, reported to be 25,000 strong; but as they did not arrive, he proceeded on the 9th in pursuit of Clausel; and slowly and strugglingly did he continue that pursuit, up the valleys of the Pisuerga and the Arlanzon till the 16th. The old fame of the French for

Defeat in retreat was once more confirmed. "Off the high roads, on both sides," says Napier, "ditches and rivulets impeded the troops, while cross ridges continually furnished strong parallel positions flanked by the lofty hills on either side. In these valleys Clausel baffled his great adversary in the most surprising manner. Each day he offered battle, but on ground which Wellington was unwilling to assail in front, partly because he momentarily expected the Gallicians up, but chiefly because of the declining state of his own army from sickness, which, combined with the hope of ulterior operations in the south, made him unwilling to lose men. By flank movements he dislodged the enemy; yet each day darkness fell ere they were completed; and the morning's sun always saw Clausel again in position. At Ugales and Duenas, in the Pisuerga valley, at Magoz, Torquemada, Cordovilla, Revilla, Vallejera, and Pampliega in the valley of the Arlanzon, the French general thus offered battle, and finally covered Burgos on the 16th, by taking the strong position of Cellada del Camino."

Lord Wellington, however, was joined on the 16th by nearly 12,000 of the British who were all of the promised 25,000 that could be brought to join him. He made arrangements to do battle on the morning of the 17th. But, observing him to be reinforced, and being as quick-eyed for retreat as for resistance, began to retire before the morning toward a new position on heights immediately in front of Burgos; and being followed thither by Lord Wellington on the 17th, he thought that even there he could not safely withstand an attack, and retired through the town during the night, leaving behind him some clothing and other stores, and a large magazine of wheat and barley. Caffarelli joined him with a small force on the 17th, and the two generals retreated on the 18th upon Briviesca; and there they were immediately reinforced by a body of between 7,000 and 9,000 conscripts, who had recently been assembled at the north base of the Pyrenees. The allies encountered great obstructions in the environs of Burgos, so that they could not cross the Arlanzon and enter the town till the 19th, and even then made their entry amid much confusion; but they instantly commenced vigorous operations, reconnoitering the castle, driving in all the outposts, making a close investment, and putting the garrison at once on their mettle.

The castle of Burgos occupies an oblong, conical, rocky hill near the right bank of the Arlanzon. It was formerly of great strength and beauty, towering aloft from the vicinity of streets on the river-ward slope of the hill, and commanding a large extent of circumjacent plain. But during the war of the succession to the throne of Castile, it fired upon those streets, with the effect of destroying them, and of occasioning the removal of the town to the low ground between the hill and the river; so that it was left in sole isolated occupancy of the hill. It afterwards fell into considerable decay, but was repaired and greatly strengthened by the French. Its defences, when reconnoitered by Lord Wel-

lington, were found to comprise a triple line of walls, with entrenched interior works, and a distant horn outwork. The lowest or outer line consisted of an old escarp wall, with a new shot-proof parapet and flanks. The second line was earthen, of the character of a field retrenchment, and well palisaded. The third or upper line was of similar construction to the second, and enclosed two elevated grounds on the summit of the hill, the lesser at its west end, the greater at its east end, and a considerable intermediate space. The lesser elevation was occupied by an entrenched building, called the White Church; and the greater elevation was occupied by the ancient keep, which the French had crowned on its north side with a heavy casemated battery, named after Napoleon. Another hill, called the hill of San Miguel, lifts its head on the north side of the castle, nearly to the same elevation, at the distance of about three hundred yards, and separated by a deep ravine. This hill was occupied by a large horn-work, with a hard sloping scarp twenty-five feet in height, covered by a counterscarp ten feet in depth. This outwork was unfinished in its branches, and was closed in the rear by only very strong palisades; but it was directly overlooked by the Napoleon battery, well flanked by the western parts of the castle's defences, and covered in front by slight entrenchments for the out-piequets.

The castle was held by a picked garrison of 2,500 men, under the command of General Dubreton, an officer of high skill and courage. It was amply provisioned, and had an abundance of muniments and stores. Nine heavy guns, eleven field-pieces, and six mortars or howitzers were mounted on its works; and all the reserve artillery of the army of Portugal lay within its inner wall, ready for the replacement of any pieces which might be destroyed. Lord Wellington's equipments, on the other hand, were miserably deficient, comprising only three 18-pounder guns and five 24-pounder iron howitzers, with a proportionally small quantity of stores. His Lordship doubted from the first whether, with such utterly incompetent means, he could take the place; and had he not been sustained by his own conscious genius and by the tried valour of his troops, he might certainly have despaired. He learned, however, that the castle was ill supplied with water, and that its magazines of provisions were in a situation exposed to be set on fire; so that, though doubting whether he should be able to lay the place open to assault, he still hoped that he might have it in his power to force the garrison to surrender.

A strong detachment of the allies established themselves close to the horn-work of San Miguel on the 19th, and stormed that outwork, in three parties, on the same night. Two of the parties marched against the front of the work, and met a murderous repulse; but the third, headed by Major Cocks, forced an entrance by the gorge, and so cut off the retreat to the main fortress; yet even he was so sluggishly supported that the greater part of the garrison were enabled to escape. The gain of the victors by captures comprised 63 men and 3

pieces of cannon; but their loss comprised 71 men killed, 333 wounded, and 16 missing.

Lord Wellington now established his head-quarters at Villa Toro, committed the prosecution of the siege to about twelve thousand men under the command of General Clinton, and pushed the rest of his forces forward to a position in front of Monasterio as a covering army. His plan for the siege was to erect batteries on the south-west side of the horn-work, to form parallels from the south-west base of the castle hill in the direction of the hill of San Miguel, and to proceed by sap, and by gallery and mine, from the parallel to the outer wall, opposite the White Church. But the works seemed likely to go on slowly; and in order to ~~to~~ bridge them, Lord Wellington determined to assault the outer wall by ~~on the~~ the night of the 22d. He accordingly drew up an astute plan ~~to~~ assault, and intrusted the execution of it to a field officer with select ~~troops~~ amounting to about 600 men. The assailing parties moved on bravely, but not at all accordantly with the plan; so that, though rearing their ladders and defying death, few could mount, and none obtain a footing. They were ~~not~~ met, not only with small arms, but with heavy shot and with combustibles; and after a disastrous struggle of half an hour, they were drawn off, having about half their number killed and wounded.

Lord Wellington, on afterwards reviewing the whole business of the campaign, said, in reference to this assault,—“The troops ought to have carried the exterior line by escalade on the first trial on the 22d September; and if they had, we had means sufficient to take the place. They did not take the line because the field officer who commanded did that which is too common in our army; he paid no attention to his orders, notwithstanding the pains I took in writing them, and in reading and explaining them to him twice over. He made none of the dispositions ordered; and, instead of regulating the attack as he ought, he rushed on as if he had been the leader of a forlorn ~~hope~~, and fell together with many of those who went with him. He had my instructions in his pocket; and as the French got possession of his body, and were made acquainted with the plan, the attack could never be repeated. When he fell, nobody having received orders what to do, nobody could give any to the troops. I was in the trenches, however, and ordered them to withdraw.”

The original project of working up to the wall, in order to undermine it, was now resumed. Attempts were made to erect breaching batteries in several positions; but, in consequence of the heavy overpowering fire from the castle, they had no success. A flying sap was pushed, on the night of the 24th, to within twenty ~~yards~~ of the wall; but it was so terribly exposed, in its advanced part, to the musketry of the garrison, and to the descent of large shells rolled down the rapid declivity of the hill, that it could not be worked any further. A gallery for the forming of a mine, however, was commenced next day from

the extremity of the sap, direct toward the wall; a series of zigzags also was begun on that day, from the south-west brow of the hill of San Miguel, down the steep slope, toward a ledge overhanging the ravine, to form there a musketry trench for overawing the defences below the White Church; and a deep cut was commenced, on the night of the 26th, from a low part of the first parallel, toward the south-west curve of the lower wall, with the view of running in another gallery to form a second mine.

The first mine, loaded with more than a thousand pounds of gunpowder, was ready for explosion on the 29th; and Lord Wellington, ordering it to be sprung at midnight, drew up a plan for an assault by 300 men immediately after the explosion. "The mine," according to His Lordship's own official report of the event, "effected a breach in the wall, which some of the party destined to attack it were enabled to storm; but, owing to the darkness of the night, the detachment who were to support the advanced party missed their way, and the advance were driven off the breach again before they could be effectually supported. The breach effected by the mine was not of a description to be stormed except at the moment of the explosion, and it was necessary to improve it by fire before the attempt could be repeated. But all our endeavours to construct batteries to fire upon the wall failed, in consequence of the great superiority of the enemy's fire. One of the only three battering guns we had and two carriages were destroyed, and another gun was much injured."

The second mine was sprung at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th of October. The 24th regiment, supported by a reserve of 500 men, had been appointed to storm. An excellent breach about an hundred feet in width was effected. The assault was made in high spirit and with the utmost regularity. Scarcely had the dust of the explosion subsided when the storming parties were on the summit of the breach, driving in the enemy. Lodgments were formed, during the night, on the ruins of the new breach and in advance of the old one; yet the extent of front gained was not great, and the security of footing inconsiderable. The loss of the assailants on this occasion comprised 37 killed and about 200 wounded.

In the afternoon of the 5th, a party of 300 French voltigeurs sallied furiously upon the lodgments, gained possession of the first breach, maintained themselves long enough there to upset the gabions and destroy the lodgment, and then, carrying off the tools, retired to their works. They did not gain possession of the second breach. The allies lost about 150 men in resisting this sally; and as soon as night set in, they began to repair the damage done at the first breach, and also began a flying sap at two points of the parapet of the lower wall, to be worked up the hill with the view of constructing a parallel along the glacis of the second wall.

The besiegers, however, were now in a gloomy, desponding, and disorderly

condition. Their loss in killed and wounded had been very great, and was every hour on the increase. The heavy fire of the enemy, the rolling of shells down the hill, the torrents of missiles, the construction of new antagonist works, the assiduity of the garrison, the vigilance, skill, and inventiveness of Dubreton, all combined to produce an amount of constant murderous annoyance which none but the bravest troops, even with the hope of triumph before them, could have steadily endured for a single day. But the hope of most of the common soldiers in the trenches was now quite gone; and that of not many of the officers continued strong enough to withstand despondency. The progress made had been very small; the time, in reference to the probable advance of large masses of the enemy, was becoming critical; ammunition was so scarce that soldiers were paid for collecting the shot which had been fired by the garrison; sickness was so prevalent as to occasion the sending of many men almost daily to the rear; and little of any kind could be obtained, not even a day's pay of the many months of years. The men, therefore, became remiss, sullen, insolent, and even disobedient.

Lord Wellington observed with anxious mind both the flagging of his soldiers and the slow progress of the siege. "Something or other," wrote he on the 5th of October to Sir William Beresford, "has made a terrible alteration in the troops for the worse. They have lately, in several instances, behaved very ill; and whether it be owing to the nature of the service or their want of pay, I cannot tell; but they are not at all in the style they were. I am rather inclined to attribute their misbehaviour to the misery and consequent indifference of both officers and soldiers, on account of their want of pay." In the same letter, he denounced Burgos by an epithet too coarse for "ears polite," very shocking to pious men, and which we have not observed anywhere else in his writings; and said, "I do not know what to say of this place. Our success of yesterday evening has opened a new scene to us; but our final success is still doubtful." On the same day he wrote to Sir Rowland Hill, "This is altogether the most difficult job I have ever had in hand with such trifling means. God send that they may give me a little more time!" Yet he maintained a goodly mixture of jocoseness with his anxiety; and accordingly, on the 14th, when matters had become much worse, he wrote to one of the chief officers of his staff, who was absent on leave in England,—"Goodman is now doing the duty of your office, poor Waters being very ill. Goodman does the business remarkably well; but I hope we shall soon have Waters again, particularly as the hunting season is coming on apace, the hounds are on the road, and I shall want Waters for the earth-stopping business, if not for that of the A. G. He has been very near dying, poor fellow, and what is worse, I hear he has lost all his dogs, including Sevilla. I have in hand the toughest job I have ever undertaken; but, notwithstanding

deficiencies of means of all kinds, I hope I shall succeed yet. If I do, I shall be better satisfied than I have ever been with any success."

The course of the siege from the 5th of October till the close is well related, in succinct terms, as follows, by Alison:—"The two days following the 5th were employed by both parties in indefatigable efforts; the allies increasing the front of their lodgment, and pushing their sap up to the second line; the French by frequent sorties and an incessant fire, as well as by rolling shells down the hill, striving to retard them. On the evening of the 8th, however, the head of the sap had, by strenuous exertions, been run to within ten yards of the wall; and Dubreton, seeing an assault of that line imminent, ordered a sally in the night, which succeeded so far that by a desperate rush the trench was gained; and before the enemy could be driven in again,—which was effected with the usual gallantry by Major Cocks, who fell dead in the moment of success,—the whole works constructed with so much labour between the outer and inner lines were destroyed. It was now evident that to push the sap on so narrow a front, without the aid of artillery, was hopeless; and every effort was therefore made to increase the fire on the inner line. The arrival of ammunition from Santander enabled the engineers to do this. The one remaining gun was worked incessantly; and the five iron howitzers did such good service, that it was evident that, if an adequate supply of ammunition could be obtained, the place would speedily fall. But the failure of that indispensable article again suspended the operations; and it was not till the 15th that the fire in the breaching batteries could be renewed. It was then directed against the inner circle of the Napoleon battery, while a mine, charged with nine hundred pounds of powder, was run under the White Church. This done, and the howitzers having cleared away the temporary obstructions run up in the breach of the second line, a final assault was ordered for the night of the 18th. At half-past four in the morning, the signal was given by the springing of the mine, beneath the White Church, which threw down a part of the wall; and Colonel Brown, at the head of a Portuguese battalion, and some Spanish companies, after a violent struggle, established themselves in its ruins. At the same time, a detachment of the King's German legion carried the breach of the second line; the guards, at another place, got in by escalade; and the intrenchment was won. Some brave men, in the tumult of victory, even rushed on and got to the summit of the breach of the third line, where the bodies of Major Wurmb and a Hanoverian colonel were found. Unfortunately, however, the efforts of these heroes were, in the darkness of the night, not adequately supported; the troops got dispersed in the space between the second and third line; and Dubreton, who had a powerful reserve in readiness to take advantage of such an incident, instantly rushed down with an overpowering force, and drove the assailants out of the lines they had so gallantly won, with the loss of two hundred men. This was the last effort of the besiegers."

The French army at Briviesca had been increased, by the recall of detachments, and the arrival of fresh reinforcements, to a total strength of about 44,000 men. General Souham had been promoted to the command of it, Clausel remaining under him as second. Lord Wellington's force on the Arlanzon, inclusive of his half-worthless Spaniards, amounted to little more than 30,000. Had Souham been aware of Wellington's comparative weakness, especially had he been aware of the concentration and advance of the French armies of the East and the South, he would probably have made movements for the relief of Burgos so early as about the 5th of October; but he learned these facts slowly and gradually,—and learned them too under such profound awe of Wellington's generalship, under such apprehensions of subtle trick and far-sweeping strategy, that he did not feel at liberty to act boldly upon them, but saw a necessity to test the way, and exercise scrutinous caution. Lord Wellington, on the other hand, relying on information brought to him by the Spaniards, and largely deficient in the usual kinds of intelligence procured directly by his own officers and appliances for forming calculations of his own, underestimated in a very serious degree both the actual strength collected under Souham and the aggregate amount of remaining French resources in the north; so that he continued to carry on operations against Burgos, and afterwards attempted to hold his ground in its vicinity, far longer than was consistent with safety.

On the 13th of October six squadrons of Souham's cavalry and a considerable body of his infantry appeared at the allies' outposts, and twice forced the bridge in front of Monasterio, but were both times driven back. On the 18th, Souham's whole army moved forward, captured a picquet of Brunswickers, compelled the allied covering army to yield ground, and obtained possession of the heights which command Monasterio. On the 19th, Lord Wellington, concentrating all his troops except so many as were necessary to watch the garrison of Burgos, placed outposts at Quintanapalla and Olmos, and drew up his army in order of battle on the heights behind these places, with the right at Ibcas on the Arlanzon, the centre at Riobena and Mijaradas on the main road, and the left at Soto Palacios on a small stream. On the 20th, about ten thousand of the French attempted to overpower the allied outposts, with the view of making a great reconnoissance; but they experienced a hot resistance at Olmos, and were soon outflanked by a counter-movement of the allied left, so that they were induced to return to the heights of Monasterio rather more quickly than they had advanced. On the morning of the 21st, Lord Wellington received a letter from Sir Rowland Hill, informing him that Soult had captured the fortress of Chincilla on the 9th, that Ballasteros had not moved from Andalusia to co-operate with the allies, that the enemy's force concentrated in Valencia, with the view of recovering possession of Madrid, was supposed to amount to not less than 70,000 men, and that the Tagus, in the tracts by which that force would ap-

proach, was already fordable in many places by individuals, and was likely soon to become so by an army. "I had desired Sir Rowland Hill," says His Lordship, "to retire from his position on the Tagus, if he should find that he could not maintain himself in it with advantage; and it was necessary that I should be near him, in order that the corps under my command might not be insulated, in consequence of the movements which he should find himself under the necessity of making. I therefore raised the siege of Burgos on the night of the 21st."

The total loss of the allies during the siege was very great, comprising 509 officers and men killed, and 1,505 wounded or missing. Had the result depended personally on Lord Wellington, success would have been certainly obtained,—was even doubly or trebly sure; for never was he more assiduous, more vigilant, or more reckless of his personal safety. "The arrangements for every assault," says Sherer, "were written with his own hand, as he sat upon the ground observing the point of attack; and he was so much and so often exposed to fire that his escape is remarkable. On the night of the 29th of September, he was in such imminent personal danger on his return from a close observation of the attack, that a field which he had to cross was literally ploughed up by grape and musketry as he passed down." His plan of the siege, too, as well as the readiness with which he listened to suggestions for improving it, was worthy of his genius. "Other modes and other points of attack," says Jones, "were submitted to him; but they were all found to be visionary schemes of men unacquainted with the details,—beautiful as a whole, but falling to pieces on the slightest touch. His Lordship condescended to receive the projects offered, analysed them, saw their fallacy, and rejected them; which, as marking his approval of the attack adopted over every other plan that could be suggested, must be conclusive as to its superior merits."

Lord Wellington, indeed, has been condemned by some writers for undertaking so great a siege, at such a critical moment, with such a small equipment. But, said he, "the fault of which I was guilty was, not that I undertook the operation with inadequate means, but that I took there the most inexperienced instead of the best troops." He had ever assailed fortresses in a style of sublime daring, as if his men could walk over them; and he was as much entitled to expect the reward of audacious genius at Burgos as at any former place; but, being both destitute of trained sappers and miners and fearfully deficient in artillery, he ought at least to have taken to the work those divisions of his army who had learned hard practical lessons of besieging at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. His troops at Burgos needed skill to labour tenfold more than courage to fight; yet, besides possessing extremely little of that skill, they were constantly disheartened from exerting the little they possessed by the slowness of their progress, by the emptiness of their pockets, and eventually by the severity of the weather. Even they, however, would have triumphed, Burgos would

Have been taken, the utmost expectations of Lord Wellington would have been fulfilled, had not some pins fallen loose in the ever-rickety machinery of the commissariat. "In regard to means," said His Lordship, "there were ample means both at Madrid and at Santander for the siege of the strongest fortress. That which was wanting at both places was means of transporting ordnance and military stores to the place where it was desirable to use them. The people of England, so happy as they are in every respect, so rich in resources of every description, having the use of such excellent roads, &c., will not readily believe that important results here frequently depend upon fifty or sixty mules, more or less, or a few bundles of straw to feed them; but the fact is so, notwithstanding their incredulity. I could not find means of moving even one gun from Madrid."

The commencement of the retreat from Burgos was a difficult operation. The direct road lay along the bridge, under the guns of the castle. There was moonlight at the time; and the vigilant Dubreton, in expectation of a retreat, had trained his guns to rake the bridge. The nearest lateral road was in bad condition and so circuitous that a progress upon it might easily be outflanked and turned by a pursuit along the main road. Lord Wellington resolved to brave the perils of the bridge. He resolved also to take everything away which he had cattle to draw. He made his preparations promptly and silently, ordered all wheels to be muffled with straw, and was in perfect readiness to move an hour before midnight; and, had not some of the Spanish cavalry, on approaching the bridge, taken flight and started off at a gallop, so as to give notice of the movement by the clatter of their flight, he probably would have taken his whole army across the Arlanzón without the loss of a man. As it was, Dubreton did not fire a shot till after the first division was across, and he totally lost the range after firing a single round or two; so that very little damage was done.

Souham did not hear of the retreat till the afternoon of the 22d. But he instantly put all his army in motion, made a forced march, and brought his foremost cavalry into contact with the allied rear-guard, at the river Hormaza, on the forenoon of the 23d. General Anson's brigade twice charged, with great success, the head of these cavalry as they were fording the stream, and prevented them for upwards of three hours from attaining the further bank. The whole allied rear-guard then fell regularly back, but were hard pressed, and suffered some occasional loss. The cavalry brigades, at length, near the Venta del Pozo, were driven forward in disorder; and two light battalions of the German legion formed in squares to withstand the pursuit. They sustained three charges by the pursuing squadrons; but were perfectly firm under them all, firing off destructive volleys, and inflicting the most complete repulse, insomuch as to secure time and ground for making the rest of that day's retreat, and the whole of the next day's, without any molestation.

The main body of the infantry, in the meantime, had advanced to Torque-

mada and Cordovilla, to halt for the night, and were there immersed in brutal and most perilous misbehaviour. They had been disorderly and insubordinate from the very commencement of the retreat; and, finding at Torquemada and Cordovilla immense wine-stores, they flung off the last bonds of restraint, renounced all regard to their own safety, and abandoned themselves to a debauch. So many as twelve thousand of them were computed to be lying, at one time, in the streets and houses, in a state of beastly intoxication. Souham, happily, did not hear of the circumstance in time to think of taking any advantage of it; and on his duly arriving at the towns in the course of his pursuit, he was detained in them twelve hours by the occurrence of the very same thing in his own army,—his drunkards being fully as numerous, and quite as ungovernable, as those Lord Wellington.

The allied army continued its march on the 24th, and took up its ground that night on the Carrion, with its right at Duenas and its left at Villa Muriel. This was nearly the spot at which Sir John Moore, four years before, commenced his bold forward movement against Soult. Here Lord Wellington was reinforced by a brigade of guards under Lord Dalhousie, who had disembarked at Corunna; and as the weather was bad, the roads heavy, the carriages few, the convoys of sick and wounded still but a very short way a-head, and the amount of cavalry force far too small to be able to afford cover against the fresher and much more numerous cavalry of the pursuing army, His Lordship resolved to halt here on the 25th, in order to make arrangements for rendering the remainder of his retreat compact, steady, and deliberate. He, accordingly, ordered the bridge at Tariejo on the Pisuerga, and the bridges at Duenas, Villa Muriel, and Palencia on the Carrion, to be mined, and sent off covering parties to protect the miners at Tariejo and Palencia,—the former of these places being situated below the right of his position, and the latter above his left.

The bridges at Duenas and Villa Muriel were destroyed; but that at Tariejo was badly exploded, and remained passable; while those at Palencia were seized by the enemy before the mines could be sprung. A strong body of the French crossed the Pisuerga at Tariejo, cut off the covering party there, and took possession of the town, but were soon driven back by a column sent promptly against them. Another strong body crossed the Carrion at Palencia, moved thence with such power as to capture both men and baggage, and obliged Lord Wellington to throw back his left, so as to present its front to the north, while the rest of his army continued to present front to the east. And at that critical juncture, a third strong body of the enemy, having just made a dexterous discovery of a ford in the vicinity of Villa Muriel, crossed the stream by that ford, and began to take strong post against the left. Lord Wellington instantly turned some guns upon the latter body, and ordered his left, in its full force, to collapse upon all the troops who had crossed, and drive them back to the further bank.

That wing, unfortunately, consisted for the most part of Spaniards, who were exceedingly unwieldy in evolution, and of the British fifth division, who had just passed under the command of a general officer newly arrived from England; so that it was ill suited to contend, in such perilous circumstances, with the nimble impetuous assailants, who were under the immediate able generalship of Foy. The Spaniards, accordingly, did break, even in spite of being led on by one of the best of the later Spanish generals, Miguel Alava; but they speedily rallied; and the fifth division, with their aid, and directed and animated by Wellington's personal superintendence, eventually succeeded in pushing all the French back across the Carrion with considerable loss.

On the 27th, the allied army marched to Cabezon. Lord Wellington wished, for several reasons, to gain time; he wished especially so to manage his own retreat, co-operatively with that of Sir Rowland Hill, as to be able to effect a junction with Sir Rowland at some point where he could successfully detach a sufficient body to hold Souham in check, while he should precipitate all the rest of his forces against Soult; and, though afterwards obliged to send off orders to Sir Rowland, directing him to move into junction so far to the south as the Tormes, he in the meantime saw cause to detain Souham as long as possible on the north side of the Douro. He therefore took post, with the main body of his army, on strong ground at Cabezon on the left bank of the Pisuerga, barricaded and mined the bridge there, and sent forward the seventh division, under Lord Dalhousie, to secure the bridges of Valladolid, Simancas, and Tordesillas. Souham, however, on that day and the next, made such demonstrations along the right bank of the Pisuerga, and down the Douro to Tordesillas, as not only displayed great earnestness and skill, but convinced Lord Wellington that his numbers were very considerably larger than had been supposed. Hence, on the 29th, the allied army, after destroying the bridges of Cabezon, Valladolid, Simancas, and Tordesillas, crossed the Douro at Tudela and at the Puente del Douro, destroyed the bridges at these places, and sent off detachments to destroy the bridges of Toro and Zamora. And as the French, by a dexterous contrivance, almost immediately found means to get possession of the ruins of the bridge at Tordesillas, and to commence repairing them, Lord Wellington instantly moved in strength to that point, ordered the construction of powerful batteries to command it, and then took post with all his army on the heights between Tordesillas and Rueda, nearly the same position in which he so long confronted Marmont previous to the movement to the Tormes, which terminated in the battle of Salamanca.

He remained there unmolested, and even unmenaced, till the 6th of November. But on that day, the bridges of Tordesillas and Toro were sufficiently restored to be passable by Souham's troops, while Sir Rowland Hill, closely followed by the concentrated French armies of the Centre, the East, and the

South, was already between the Adaja and the Tormes. At that time, too, Lord Wellington was in near, frequent, and full communication with Sir Rowland, and knew him to be as much vexed and harassed by disorderly behaviour on the part of the troops as himself. He, therefore, on the 7th fell back to Torrecilla de la Orden, and on the 8th arrived at his old strong ground, on the heights of San Christoval in front of Salamanca. On the 7th, also, Sir Rowland Hill crossed the Tormes at Alba, but left there a division of Portuguese and a brigade of British, under General Hamilton; and on the afternoon of the 8th, the whole combined allied army was placed in extended position, from Alba to Salamanca, with its centre on the heights of Calvariza de Ariba adjacent to the Arapiles, in the hope of making a stand there, not only against further retreat, but for repelling and overthrowing the enemy. Yet Lord Wellington, with his usual caution, knowing that his own force did not exceed 68,000 men and was in bad condition, while that of the enemy was at least 90,000 and in much better condition, resolved not to give battle, but only to accept it, and only on ground of his own choosing, and at the same time made all possible arrangements, both at Salamanca and in the rear, for the contingency of a retreat to Ciudad Rodrigo.

On the 10th, the enemy effected a junction of all his forces; and on the same day, he made a vigorous but vain attempt to drive the allies from Alba. Soult was then constituted temporary generalissimo of the concentrated French armies; and he spent the three following days in organizing his plan of operations, and in overcoming objections to it which were started by Joseph and by other generals. On the 14th, he crossed the Tormes at fords considerably above Alba, and began to take post on the wooded heights of Mozarbes, apparently with the design of obtaining command by his left over the road to Ciudad Rodrigo, and thereby obliging the allies to relinquish their position. In the afternoon, under cover of a cannonade, Lord Wellington reconnoitered the French; and during the night and next morning, he amassed all his army from Alba to San Christoval upon his centre, and drew them all up in battle-array there, perfectly willing to fight over again what Soult had called "the grand duel of the Arapiles." "The sight of that memorable field," says Alison, "strongly excited the soldiers of both armies. The French, conscious of their superiority in number, demanded with loud cries to be led to the combat, hoping to wash out the recollection of their former defeat on the very spot on which it had been sustained. The sight of the ground still blanched with the skeletons of their countrymen, and strewn with fragments of casques and cuirasses, excited in the highest degree their warlike enthusiasm. The British, nothing doubtful of the result of a second battle of Salamanca, clustered in great strength on the two Arapiles, and the ridge of Ariba, yet moist with the blood of their heroic comrades; and gazing with stern resolve on the interminable masses of the enemy, panted for the thrilling moment which was to bring to a decisive

issue their long-protracted contest." Wellington, however, saw abundant reason, both in the superior numbers of the French and in the strength of their position, for adhering to his resolution to stand strictly on the defensive; while Soult felt such profound respect for the genius of the British hero, and for the bravery of the British troops, that he could not venture on any bolder measure than to repeat the manœuvre of Marmont, to extend his left wing with the view of seizing the road to Ciudad Rodrigo, simply taking care meanwhile to hold his whole front at such a distance from the allied position, as should save him from any exposure to the kind of disaster which overwhelmed Marmont. Lord Wellington observed the beginning of the movement, and instantly understood it. Therefore, suddenly putting his whole army in motion in compact battle order, covering their left flank with his cavalry and guns, and providentially masked a few minutes after his start, and thereafter for about two hours, by a heavy rain and a thick fog which rendered objects invisible at the distance of more than a few yards, he glided along the Ciudad Rodrigo road, past all the extremity of the left wing, in some parts almost within cannon-range of them, in perfect safety, and that night on the Valmusa river. This result of Soult's attempt at that place, though so very different from the result of Marmont's, was quite as remarkable. Napier states the two cases alike fancifully and forcibly as follows:—"Marmont, closing with a sharp quick turn, a falcon striking at an eagle, received a buffet that broke his pinions and spoiled his flight. Soult, a wary kite, sailing slowly and with a wide wheel to seize a helpless prey, lost it altogether."

The enemy followed the allies on the 15th with only a few cavalry, and made about 200 prisoners. But on the 16th, they followed with the whole of their cavalry, and with a considerable body of infantry; and though they never, on that day, attempted to press close upon the rear, yet, in consequence of much disorder and excessive straggling on the part of the allies, they took very many prisoners. On the 17th, General Sir Edward Paget, who had only two or three weeks before arrived from England in the capacity of second in command to Wellington, observing an interval of about half-a-mile between two of the divisions of infantry, and riding alone to the rear to discover the cause of it, at a part of the road which passed through a wood, was suddenly pounced upon and carried away, by a detachment of the enemy's cavalry, springing out of the wood. Near the close of that day's march, also, on the open steep slope which descends to the Huebra stream, the enemy's cavalry, and some horse artillery came close upon the allies' rear, skirmished sharply against them, cannonaded them, and rendered their bivouac that night crowded and critical. But the main body of the pursuers went no farther, only a very few continuing to follow next day. And well was this for the allies; for that day's retreat, though the last, was the most harassing, at once from the severity of the weather, the depth of the roads, the

exhaustion of the commissariat, and the disorder, riotousness, and bad temper of the troops; so that, either if full pursuit had been continued, or the termination of the retreat had not been at hand, very dreadful disaster must have been incurred.

Lord Wellington, in provision for this last day's march, with his usual foresight, ascertained the state of the roads in advance, and sent off all the baggage and stores long before dawn. But, in the morning, he was destined to encounter a notable instance of that presumptuous contravention of his authority which so often marred his plans, and robbed him of the fruits of his victories. Knowing that the principal road was impassable, at a place only about a mile onward, from the flooded state of a little rivulet which crossed it, he gave orders that the divisions should march by another road which was more circuitous and, in ordinary weather, more difficult. "This," says Napier, "seemed such an extraordinary proceeding to some general officers that, after consulting together, they deemed their commander unfit to conduct the army, and led their troops by what appeared to them the fittest line of retreat. Meanwhile Wellington, who had, before daylight, placed himself at an important point on his own road, waited impatiently for the arrival of the leading division until dawn, and then, suspecting something of what had happened, galloped to the other road and found the would-be-commanders, stopped by that flood which his arrangements had been made to avoid. The insubordination and the danger to the whole army were alike glaring; yet the practical rebuke was so severe and well-timed, the humiliation so complete and so deeply felt, that, with one proud sarcastic observation, indicating contempt more than anger, he led back the troops and drew off all his forces safely. However, some confusion and great danger still attended the operation; for even on this road one water-gully was so deep that the light division, which covered the rear, could only pass it man by man over a felled tree; and it was fortunate that Soult, unable to feed his troops a day longer, stopped on the Huebra with his main body, and only sent some cavalry to Tamames. Thus the allies retired unmolested."

Gross negligence on the part of many of the officers, and the grossest misconduct on the part of multitudes of the men, prevailed throughout all the retreat. Drunkenness, as at Torquemada and Cordovilla, occurred wherever wine could be found. Plunder of every kind was common; and even murder, the very murder of the unarmed natives, in cold blood or with little provocation, was far from being infrequent. Straggling from the ranks, and from the line of march, sometimes occurred to the amount of thousands. Extreme scarcity of provisions and excessive storminess of weather, on the last three days in particular, combined with previous causes to render entire corps reckless and desperate. Numerous herds of swine being seen among the woods, the soldiers dispersed from the columns to run after them, in such multitudes and with such

THE ARDUOUSNESS OF HIS RETREAT.

fire, that the officers and troops in advance more than once were alarmed, thinking that the French were pouring down upon their flank; and though two of the marauders, caught in the act, were hanged as an example in sight of their guilty comrades, scarcely any were restrained, either by that means or by any other which could be tried, from discontinuing their misconduct.

The retreat altogether was one of the most arduous ever conducted by any general. It wanted, indeed, some of the peculiar difficulties and some of the characteristic horrors of several other famous retreats; but it possessed an aggregate of evils, tasking the genius of the commander and requiring the constant, earnest, superhuman exercise of his powers, far more than any. The retreat was to it in character, as well as closely similar in scene and circumstances, to that of Sir John Moore. "But, with the exception of the weather, which was also desperate enough, Wellington's was more difficult than Moore's. The former's was open at every moment to attack; lateral roads branched off in every direction; cavalry could act in all parts of the country; there were no mountain positions to defend; nor were the flanks of the retiring columns secure for an hour." Lord Wellington, too, was compelled, with egregiously insufficient means, to hold his pursuers many days in check till he could manage the prodigious nicety of securing a proper junction with Hill,—and all the while was also directing Hill's retreat in the distance; and then, after effecting the junction, had to push on his forces, in almost rabble condition, over a level country, in the immediate presence of an overwhelming superiority of mounted pursuers. He himself, though always slow to say anything which implied any eulogy on his own achievements, pronounced his situation all the way from Burgos to the Torines to be "the worst military situation" in which any British general had ever been placed. Soult and the other French marshals, on learning from the allied officers captured during the retreat, in reply to their own earnest interrogatories, that he moved on with regularity and suffered little inconvenience, were filled with astonishment and expressed unbounded admiration. "For my part," said Marquis Wellesley in parliament, and so in substance would every true critic say, "if I were called on to give my impartial testimony to the merits of your great general, I would not select his victories, brilliant as they were, I would go to the moments when difficulties pressed and crowded on him, when he had but the choice of extremities, when he was overhung by superior strength; it is to these retreats that I would go for the proudest and most undoubted evidence of his ability." Though many a parallel can be found in the career of his great rival in fame and antagonist in war to the flashes of his genius in battle, not one trace of resemblance can there be discovered to his far higher genius, soaring and fiery and long-sustained, in the retreat from Oropesa to Deleytosa, in the retreat from the Coa to the Lines of Lisbon, and especially in the retreat from Burgos to the Agueda.

It is true that nearly seven thousand men were lost to the allied army during this last retreat. But only about fifteen hundred of these fell or were captured in any kind of conflict; and nearly all the rest were lost by straggling, either in search of plunder, or under the power of intoxication. "For the men of both corps of the army retired above two hundred miles, in presence of greatly superior forces, without a single battalion being broken, or a gun or standard taken. No stores, treasure, or provisions were destroyed; none of the sick or wounded were abandoned; no night marches, with the exception of that under the cannon of the castle of Burgos, took place; the journeys gone over during the day were far from excessive; and, till the last three days, when the extraordinary throng occasioned a deficiency in the supplies, no want of provisions was experienced." And the achieving of all this in defiance of the riotousness and the drunkenness of many of the troops, only rendered the retreat inexpressibly more wonderful.

The French, after withdrawing from the pursuit, hung for some days about the upper Tormes, as if meditating a run into Portugal, through the pass of Perales and down the valley of the Tagus. Lord Wellington observed this, and put himself into suitable position to stop and repel them. But they were as much in need of repose as he was, and soon distributed themselves in three great masses, far and wide, into winter cantonments. One mass was appointed to maintain the country north-eastward from the Tormes, and had two divisions in Salamanca, and head-quarters at Valladolid; another was appointed to occupy the central districts of Castile, and had its head-quarters at Segovia; and the third and largest, under the command of Soult, was appointed to occupy the southern parts of Castile, to hold La Mancha southward to the Sierra Morena, and to maintain communication eastward with Valencia, and had its head-quarters at Toledo. Lord Wellington also put his army into winter cantonments, in a wide distribution; and did so in such a manner as to combine the comforts of ample accommodation and of abundant sustenance with the defence of the Portuguese frontier, facility for re-organizing discipline during the winter, and suitableness for ready concentration at the commencement of the next campaign. One Spanish corps was sent into Southern Estremadura, and another into Galicia. Hill's corps was sent into Northern Estremadura, particularly around Coria and Plasencia, with orders to watch well the passes leading thither from Castile. Two divisions were quartered in second line behind Hill, about Castello Branco and in Upper Beira. The light division of infantry and Victor Alten's brigade of cavalry remained on the Agueda. The rest of the infantry were distributed along the Douro, downward from Lamego. The rest of the British cavalry were quartered in the valley of Mondego. And the Portuguese cavalry were placed at Moncorvo.

Thus ended the eventful campaign of 1812. It far excelled in breadth of achievement and in brilliance of execution every previous European campaign

whole history of the British armies. Yet, strange to say, it was for some decried by vast parties in Britain as if it had been all a tissue of ignominy and disaster. First orators and scribblers throughout the country, and next statesmen on the floor of parliament, spoke of it as a delusion, a mockery, a monster-calamity, a clear indication that the whole war would soon and surely terminate in woe. They denounced Lord Wellington "both for inactivity and for rashness,—for doing too little and too much,—for wasting time at Madrid, and for attempting a siege with such inadequate means that nothing but the most profuse expenditure of blood could afford even a forlorn hope of its succeeding." The single point of the failure at Burgos, together with the consequent retreat, was held to annul and reverse all the previous triumphs. Expectation had flown wildly high while these triumphs were in progress,—as if, to use his own simile, it had hoped to see Lord Wellington going up to the moon; and it sank with corresponding anguish, like a shot bird, when they seemed suddenly to come to an end. Had his successes been smaller, his aims lower, his plans less comprehensive, his enterprise less magnanimous, his operations more in keeping with the meagreness of his means and the slipperiness of his supports—had he even been aided by the expected diversion on the east coast, or had he received moderate supplies of pay for his men, or had he not been betrayed by the treacherous folly of Ballasteros in failing to check the advance of Soult—he would probably have escaped all occasion of obloquy, and been universally hailed as a greater victor than Marlborough.

Lord Wellington, however, knew well his own position; he knew well that he was virtually censured for his very merits; he also had the benefit of the experience of the immensely greater opposition at the close of the campaign of 1809; he therefore could both confidently anticipate, and calmly wait for, the righting of public opinion. He only feared that some members of the feeble ministry might share in the popular chagrin; and hence, in few words, he wrote as follows, on the 23d of November, to Lord Liverpool:—"From what I see in the newspapers I am much afraid that the public will be disappointed at the result of the last campaign, notwithstanding that it is in fact the most successful campaign in all its circumstances, and has produced for the cause more important results, than any campaign in which a British army has been engaged for the last century. We have taken by siege Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Salamanca; and the Retiro surrendered. In the meantime the allies," that is, corps not acting immediately under Lord Wellington's command, yet acting concurrently with him, and taking advantage of his advance into Castile, "have taken Astorga, Guadalajara, and Consuegra, besides other places. In the months elapsed since January, this army has sent to England little short of 20,000 prisoners; and they have taken and destroyed, or have themselves the use of, the enemy's arsenals in Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Valladolid, Ma-

drid, Astorga, Seville, the lines before Cadiz, &c.; and upon the whole we have taken and destroyed, or we now possess, little short of 3,000 pieces of cannon. The siege of Cadiz has been raised, and all the countries south of the Tagus have been cleared of the enemy."

"True," says Alison, "the British standards had been again driven from the Spanish territory; true, Wellington had re-assumed his old positions on the Coa and the Agueda. But how had this been effected? By a concentration of the French forces from all parts of Spain, and the abandonment in one month of the fruits of four years of bloodshed, rapine, and conquest. Such a sacrifice could not again be made; no second Andalusia remained to recruit the armies of the North after another overthrow. A fresh disaster like that of Salamanca would drive the invaders, as by a whirlwind, from the whole Peninsula. The sense of this, which pervaded the breasts of the officers and soldiers in both armies, consoled the allies for their retreat, and depressed the imperial legions even in the midst of their transient success. Memorable as the merits of Wellington had been since the commencement of the Peninsular contest, they were outdone by the shining exploits of this campaign. The secrecy of his preparations, the rapidity and force of his strokes, the judicious direction of his attacks, the vast effects which followed from them, all revealed the consummate commander, and by the celerity of his movements, and the skilful use of a central position, counterbalancing what would otherwise have been deemed an insurmountable superiority of numbers. When it is recollected that the English general, with an army which never could bring sixty thousand men into the field, gained these wonderful successes over an enemy who had two hundred and forty thousand effective veteran troops at his disposal, and captured the two great frontier fortresses under the very eyes of two marshals, who, as the event proved, could assemble a hundred thousand men for their relief, it is evident that more than fortune or national courage had been at work, and that consummate generalship had come to the direction of tried valour and experienced discipline. The secrecy of the preparations for and the rapidity of the attack on Ciudad Rodrigo, the stern resolution of the assault of Badajoz, the eagle eye which caught the moment of decisive victory at Salamanca, the strategic skill which separated the armies of the North and Centre, and recovered the advantages gained by Marmont on the banks of the Guarena, form so many models of military skill which will ever engage the attention and command the admiration of succeeding generations."

CHAPTER X.

LORD WELLINGTON'S CIRCULAR LETTER TO HIS OFFICERS RESPECTING DISCIPLINE—HIS VISIT TO CADIZ—HIS DIFFICULTIES WITH THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT—HIS VISIT TO LISBON—HIS PERSONNEL—HIS SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS HIS REORGANIZATION OF THE ALLIED ARMIES—THE STATE OF THE ANTAGONIST FORCES IN THE PENINSULA IN THE SPRING OF 1813

THE disorderly conduct of the troops during the retreat from Burgos and from Madrid necessarily gave Lord Wellington most poignant concern. He prudently abstained from saying anything respecting it till both the retreat itself ~~the~~ the confusion consequent on it were ended; but so early as the 28th of ~~October~~, at the first moment when there seemed a prospect of repose, he addressed the following circular to officers in command of divisions and brigades:—

“I have ordered the army into cantonments, in which I hope that circumstances will enable me to keep them for some time, during which the troops will receive their clothing, necessaries, &c, which are already in progress by different lines of communication to the several divisions of brigades. But besides these objects, I must draw your attention in a very particular manner to the state of discipline of the troops. The discipline of every army, after a long and active campaign, becomes in some degree relaxed, and requires the utmost attention on the part of the general and other officers to bring it back to the state in which it ought to be for service; but I am concerned to have to observe, that the army under my command has fallen off in this respect in the late campaign to a greater degree than any army with which I have served, or of which I have ever read. Yet this army has met with no disaster; it has suffered no privations which but trifling attention on the part of the officers could not have prevented, and for which there existed no reason whatever in the nature of the service; nor has it suffered any hardships excepting those resulting from the necessity of being exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, at a moment when they were most severe. It must be obvious, however, to every officer, that from the moment the troops commenced their retreat from the neighbourhood of Burgos on the one hand, and from Madrid on the other, the officers lost all command over their men. Irregularities and outrages of all descriptions were committed with impunity, and losses have been sustained which ought never to have occurred. Yet the necessity for retreat existing, none was ever made on which the troops had such short marches, none on which they made such long and

repeated halts, and none on which the retreating armies were so little pressed on their rear by the enemy.

“ We must look therefore for the existing evils, and for the situation in which we now find the army, to some cause besides those resulting from the operations in which we have been engaged. I have no hesitation in attributing these evils to the habitual inattention of the officers of the regiments to their duty, as prescribed by the standing regulations of the service, and by the orders of this army. I am far from questioning the zeal, still less the gallantry and spirit, of the officers of the army; and I am quite certain that, if their minds can be convinced of the necessity of minute and constant attention to understand, recollect, and carry into execution the orders which have been issued for the performance of their duty, and that the strict performance of this duty is necessary to enable the army to serve the country as it ought to be served, they will in future give their attention to these points. Unfortunately the inexperience of the officers of the army has induced many to consider, that the period during which an army is on service is one of relaxation from all rule, instead of being, as it is, the period during which of all others every rule for the regulation and control of the conduct of the soldier, for the inspection and care of his arms, ammunition, accoutrements, necessaries, and field-equipments, and his horse and horse-appointments, for the receipt and issue and care of his provisions, and the regulation of all that belongs to his food and the forage for his horse, must be most strictly attended to by the officers of his company or troop, if it is intended that an army, a British army in particular, shall be brought into the field of battle in a state of efficiency to meet the enemy on the day of trial.

“ These are the points, then, to which I most earnestly entreat you to turn your attention, and the attention of the officers of the regiments under your command, Portuguese as well as English, during the period in which it may be in my power to leave the troops in their cantonments. The commanding officers of regiments must enforce the orders of the army, regarding the constant inspection and superintendence of the officers over the conduct of the men of their companies in their cantonments,—and they must endeavour to inspire the non-commissioned officers with a sense of their situation and authority; and the non-commissioned officers must be forced to do their duty, by being constantly under the view and superintendence of the officers. By these means the frequent and discreditable recourse to the authority of the provost, and to punishments by the sentence of courts-martial, will be prevented, and the soldiers will not dare to commit the offences and outrages of which there are too many complaints, when they well know that their officers and their non-commissioned officers have their eyes and attention turned towards them. The commanding officers of regiments must likewise enforce the orders of the army regarding the constant, real inspection of the soldier's arms, ammunition, accoutrements, and necessaries,

in order to prevent at all times the shameful waste of ammunition, and the sale of that article and of the soldiers' necessaries. With this view both should be inspected daily. In regard to the food of the soldier, I have frequently observed and lamented, in the late campaign, the facility and celerity with which the French soldiers cooked in comparison with those of our army. The cause of this disadvantage is the same with that of every other description, the want of attention of the officers to the orders of the army, and the conduct of their men, and the consequent want of authority over their conduct. Certain men of each company should be appointed to cut and bring in wood, others to fetch water, and others to get the meat, &c. to be cooked; and it would soon be found that, if this practice were daily enforced, and a particular hour for seeing the dinners, and for the men dining, named, as it ought to be, equally as for parade, that cooking would no longer require the inconvenient length of time which it has lately been found to take, and that the soldiers would not be exposed to the privation of their food at the moment at which the army may be engaged in operations with the enemy. You will of course give your attention to the field-exercise and discipline of the troops. It is very desirable that the soldiers should not lose the habits of marching, and the division should march 10 or 12 miles twice in each week, if the weather should permit, and the roads in the neighbourhood of the cantonments of the division should be dry. But I repeat that the great object of the attention of the general and field officers must be to get the captains and subalterns of the regiments to understand and perform the duties required from them, as the only mode by which the discipline and efficiency of the army can be restored and maintained during the next campaign."

This letter produced an extraordinary sensation. Multitudes of the officers regarded it as a libel upon their character; the whole army thought it a misrepresentation of their services; and the opposition party at home denounced it as an evidence of Lord Wellington's want of judgment as a commander. It certainly was too indiscriminate. Some of the officers really deserved no censure, but very much commendation; others were so trivially censurable that they ought to have been addressed in much milder terms; considerable masses of the troops, particularly the guards, the light division, and the regiments from Cadiz, were entirely free from the general disorganization,—had taken no share whatever in the disorders of the retreat; and even the guiltiest brigades, under the guiltiest officers, had suffered vastly greater incentives to misconduct, in the form of severe hardships resulting from the mismanagement of the commissaries and the quarter-masters, than Lord Wellington was aware of. "Sometimes," says Southey, "divisions were moved too soon, more frequently too late, and kept standing on wet ground, in the rain, for two hours, perishing with cold, waiting the orders to move. Their clothes were seldom dry for six hours together, and during the latter part of the retreat continually wet. Sometimes

they were bivouacked in a swamp, when better ground was near. They lay down upon the wet ground, fell asleep from mere exhaustion, were roused to receive their meat, and had then no means of dressing it. The camp-kettles had been sent on, or by some error were some miles in the rear, or the mules which carried them had foundered on the way; and no fire could be kindled on wet ground, with wet materials, and under a heavy rain. The subalterns throw the blame upon their superiors, and these again upon theirs, all complaining of incompetence in some of the general officers, and carelessness or supercilious neglect in some of the staff." "Wellington knew not," says Napier, "that the commissariat stores which he had ordered up did not arrive regularly, because of the extreme fatigue of the animals who carried them; and those that did arrive were not available for the troops, because, as the rear of the army, and especially a retreating army, is at once the birth-place and the recipient of false reports, the subordinate commissaries and conductors of the temporary depots, alarmed with rumours that the enemy's cavalry had forestalled the allies on the march, carried off or destroyed the field-stores. Hence the soldiers were actually feeding on acorns when their commander supposed them to be in the receipt of good rations."

The gravamen of the case, then, clearly was not a general but a particular one, and belonged at least as much to the officers of the staff as to the field and regimental officers. Besides, some of the latter who had recently joined were mere boys, ill acquainted as yet with their proper duty, while others had been trained in scenes and circumstances ill fitted to qualify them for the hard service in the Peninsula; and these ought not for a moment to have been ranked in the same category with the experienced, steady, meritorious officers who had fought with Wellington through all or most of his Peninsular campaigns, sharers alike in his successes and in the good conduct which had achieved them. Hence did he manifestly commit a grave error in hurling his censure indiscriminately at the heads of all. Nor was his error much less in so hastily issuing any censure whatever. He ought first, in so very grave a matter, to have informed himself well respecting the true extent, the causes, and the palliatives of the evil,—to have adopted good precautions against inculcating the innocent,—to have assorted, if not formally, at least in his own mind, the guilty into classes, according to the kinds and degrees of their culpability; and then, his aim being as distinct as his strength was mighty, his fulmination would have fallen with all the effects of a true thunderbolt. But, as it was, he only startled where he intended to confound,—only scathed and irritated where he intended to subdue. So too was it, though in a much less degree, with very many of the reformatory kinds of his general orders. He evidently had no such clear head and quick eye for strokes of moral government as for strokes of strategy. Hence, together with the freezing tendency of his possessing so little patronage, did he

never fail to earn from his soldiers the enthusiastic admiration, the warm love, the personal devotion which were so largely won by Buonaparte and by many of the ancient warriors. Even his best officers, with a few exceptions, though they promptly obeyed him and profoundly respected him, were actuated far more by professional confidence than by personal esteem, regarding him chiefly as a master and very little as a man, submitting most deferentially to him in will even while they dissented from him in feeling, and never more markedly so than in this case of the circular on discipline. In this case, however, the grandeur of his purpose, his determination to secure good order by all means and at any price, his moral heroism in rebuking a whole grand army as bluntly as a pedagogue rebukes half a dozen little boys, were abundantly apparent; and these, along with the prestige of his victories and the moral influence of his position, speedily silenced all murmurs and educed a ready general obedience.

Immediately after setting all practicable measures in progress for reorganizing his British and Portuguese troops, Lord Wellington turned his attention to the Spanish armies. These demanded his most earnest care. He knew them to be still in a wretched condition when he accepted the command of them,—ill-disciplined, ill-officered, ill-paid, ill-supported by cavalry, fugitive, plundering, and ruffianly,—and he undertook the command of them for these very reasons, in the anxious hope that he might be able to reclaim them, and under the conviction that, if allowed to remain as they were, they would continue to be nearly useless; but, on minutely investigating them after the command was assumed, he found them to be even worse, and very greatly worse, than he had believed. The absurd pride of some of them, too, had blazed forth most portentously on the very occasion of his assuming the command. Ballasteros, in particular, for the express reason that the Cortes had made Lord Wellington their generalissimo, refused to obey the order to check the march of Soult into Valencia, and replied to the government in such fiery terms, respecting the alleged infraction of the national honour of Spain and of the independence of her armies, that they had no alternative but to depose and banish him. The government themselves also were in frightful trammels, imposed on them by a new political constitution, pulling furiously against each other, like untrained horses harnessed to a heavy vehicle; the Regency and the Cortes foaming with mutual jealousy, and at the same time goaded by the public press, overawed by the mob, and without either power or purpose to give reasonable attention to military affairs. To attempt to reform such armies of such a government was itself a stupendous task; yet it suited exactly the might and daring of our hero's spirit.

On the 4th of December, he wrote as follows to the Spanish minister-at-war:—"Your Excellency and the Government have a right to expect from me an accurate representation of facts as they shall appear to me; and you may depend upon it that I will perform this duty. I am concerned to have to inform

you that the discipline of the Spanish armies is in the very lowest state; and their efficiency is, consequently, much deteriorated. Not only are your armies undisciplined and inefficient, and both officers and soldiers insubordinate from want of pay, provisions, clothing and necessities, and the consequent endurance of misery for a long period of time, but the habits of indiscipline and insubordination are such that even those corps which have been well clothed and regularly paid by my directions, and have, to my knowledge, seldom, if ever, felt any privations for more than a year, are in as bad a state, and as little to be depended upon as soldiers, as the others. The desertion is immense, even from the troops last adverted to. I can assure Your Excellency, that the officers of the army in general (with some exceptions of officers, general, and on the staff, as well as attached to regiments) take but little pains to apply a remedy to these evils; and upon the whole, I am sorry to acknowledge to Your Excellency, that I consider that I have undertaken a task of which the result is as little promising as that which was ever undertaken by any individual. I certainly was not aware, till very lately, of the real state of the Spanish army, or I should have hesitated before I should have charged myself with such a Herculean labour as its command. But having accepted the command, I will not relinquish the task because it is laborious and the success unpromising, but will exercise it as long as I possess the confidence of the authorities who have conferred it upon me. It will be necessary, however, that the Government should arm me with powers to enable me to perform this task. It is my opinion, first, that officers should be promoted, and should be appointed to command, solely at my recommendation; secondly, that I should have the power of dismissing from the service those whom I should think deserving such punishment; thirdly, that those resources of the state which are applicable to the payment or equipment or supply of the troops, should be applied in such manner as I might recommend; fourthly, in order to enable me to perform my duties, it will be necessary that the chief of the staff, and such limited number of the staff officers of the army as may be thought necessary, should be sent to my head-quarters, and that the Government should direct that all military reports of all descriptions should be sent to me, and I shall, of course, make my reports to Your Excellency."

Lord Wellington, however, had no hope of making sufficiently deep impressions on either the army authorities, the Cortes, or the Regency without a series of personal interviews. He therefore made a visit to Cadiz, leaving his head-quarters at Frenada on the 12th of December, and arriving at Cadiz on the 24th. The Spanish generals, even more than the French, were ever used to make their public appearances with great pomp and a numerous retinue; but he, in the exercise of his habitual simplicity, and it may be also with the view of hinting to the Spaniards how different real soldiership is from idle profession, made his public entry in the plainest manner, attended by only one aid-de-camp and one

HIS VISIT TO CADIZ.

dragons reception was most enthusiastic. The highest authorities outside the city, and conducted him in triumph along the ramparts; the population first ran to the streets, and then illuminated their houses, to do him honour; and during all the few days of his stay, demonstrations and fetes and a continuous carnival in every part of the city looked as if his presence had made nobleman and artisan, soldier and civilian, old men and maidens all mad with joy. Lord Wellington, however, was there for business only, and took all these public compliments at their true hauble value.

He found his negotiations with the authorities very intricate, subtle, and arduous. He was even for some time in such serious doubt of success as to feel obliged to threaten his resignation of the command of the Spanish armies; and he felt induced at last to close his compact in terms much less favourable for the efficient exercise of his authority than he had demanded. He likewise was importuned, vehemently and variously, by each of the strong factions in the state to throw his influence into its scale; and he had a hard task to maintain the requisite good graces of all the several parties, without giving offence to any,—the more so that his own private opinions were greatly too aristocratic for most; yet that task he successfully performed by the simple means of his habitual straightforwardness, combined with a sedulous avoidance of all public topics which did not immediately concern the proper object of his visit. He made a speech in person to the Cortes, and issued an address to the Spanish armies; and in these, besides looking solely to the design of his military command, he laboured to speak as complimentarily as his utmost straining of facts would permit. In his communications to his own Government, however, he felt relieved from all this high pressure, so as to feel at liberty to give free utterance to his feelings. Hence, on the 27th of January, after his return to his head-quarters, he wrote as follows to Lord Bathurst:—

“I got on tolerably well at Cadiz till unfortunately the trumpet of alarm was sounded in a libel in one of the daily newspapers, respecting the danger to be apprehended from the union of powers in the hands of military officers at the suggestion of a foreigner; and then I could get the Cortes to do nothing more than you will see in their decree of the 7th instant. It appears to me, however, that this decree goes sufficiently far to enable me to act. I saw enough of the state of affairs at Cadiz to be quite convinced that I should not be able to prevail upon the Cortes to do more; and I had no alternative excepting to resign the command, which I was aware would have had the worst effects at that moment in Spain, as well as throughout Europe. If the system is not fairly acted upon by the Government, or for any reason whatever should fail, it will always be time enough to resign the command; and affairs cannot be in a worse state than that in which I found them, or than they would have been if I had resigned when the Cortes modified my proposition. In the mean time, I have

the merit of having submitted to the Cortes; and if the system should fail, the responsibility will rest with them, and I have given them to understand, that I shall take care to let Spain and the world know why it has failed. I trust, however, that it will not fail; and that I shall still be able to place in the hands of the generals of the Spanish armies those powers which must secure the resources of the country for the troops.

“It is impossible to describe the state of confusion in which affairs are at Cadiz. The Cortes had formed a constitution very much on the principle that a painter paints a picture, namely, to be looked at; and I have not met one of the members, or any person of any description, either at Cadiz or elsewhere, who considers the constitution as the embodying of a system, according to which Spain is, or can be, governed. They, the Cortes, have, in terms divested themselves of the executive power, and have appointed a Regency for this purpose. This Regency are in fact the slaves of the Cortes; yet Cortes and Regency have so managed their concerns, as that they have no communication or contact, excepting of that kind which our Sovereign has by speech or message to Parliament, or the Parliament by address to His Majesty. Neither knows what the other is doing, or what will be done upon any point that can occur. Neither the Regency nor Cortes have any authority beyond the walls of Cadiz; and I doubt whether the Regency have any beyond the walls of the room in which they meet. Each body, I know, suspects the other; notwithstanding, as I have above stated, the Regency are the creatures of the Cortes. The Regency suspect that the Cortes intend to assume the executive power; and the Cortes are so far suspicious of the Regency, that although the leading members admit the expediency, nay necessity, of their removal from Cadiz, the principal reason alleged for remaining there is, that they know the people of Cadiz are attached to them, but that if they were to go elsewhere, to Seville or Granada for instance, they are apprehensive that the Regency would raise the mob against them. I wish that some of our reformers would go to Cadiz to see the benefit of a sovereign popular assembly calling itself ‘Majesty,’ and of a written constitution, and of an executive Government called ‘Highness,’ acting under the control of ‘His Majesty’ the assembly! In truth there is no authority in the state, excepting the libellous newspapers; and they certainly ride over both Cortes and Regency without mercy. I am astonished at the patience of my brother, and that he has been able to do anything with such people. I am quite certain that if I had not threatened them with my resignation, and had not kept aloof from all questions, excepting those relating to my immediate business at Cadiz, I should have done nothing.”

Lord Wellington returned to his head-quarters by way of Lisbon. His chief objects in visiting that city were to invest his friend Mr. Stuart with the order of the Bath, and to inspirit the authorities to a vigorous reorganization of

the Portuguese army. His journey for thirty leagues, through Elvas and thence to Lisbon, was a triumphal progress, amid all sorts of popular demonstrations in his honour. The Portuguese wherever he went were in ecstasies of delight, and nowhere more than in the capital. The authorities there, both civil and military, made every kind of possible display, both at his entry into the city and during all his visit; the citizens on three successive nights made a general voluntary illumination; and the conductors of the large theatre of San Carlos, having justly anticipated dense enthusiastic crowds on occasion of his presence, and having at great cost provided themselves with suitable appliances, made a splendid dramatization of his exploits.

While Lord Wellington was in this whirl of adulation, by deed of 1st January, 1813, he was appointed colonel of the royal regiment of horse guards, the Blues. This appointment took him quite by surprise, and gratified him more than any dignity he had yet received, and also added largely to his income. Yet, with characteristic modesty, he received it, not at all as a reward, but entirely as a gift, exclaiming when he first mentioned it at table to his friends,—“I am the luckiest fellow in the world; I must have been born under some extraordinary planet.” It occasioned him the pain, however, of relinquishing the colonelcy of the 33d regiment, to whom he had been so long and cordially attached; and on the 2d of February, he addressed a valedictory letter to that regiment, expressing profound permanent interest in whatever might concern their wellbeing and honour. A few weeks later also he was elected a Knight of the Garter; and at the same time, contrary to general precedent, was allowed to retain his knighthood of the Bath.

His personnel was at all times interesting, and at no one time particularly more so than at another; yet possessed at this period some habitual specialities which were nicely indicative of character, and happened also to be then well-described, by an officer of the light division, in few words as follows:—“We know Lord Wellington at a great distance by his little flat cocked-hat, not a fraction of an inch higher than the crown, being set on his head completely at right angles with his person, and sitting very upright in his hussar saddle, which is simply covered with a plain blue shabrack. His Lordship rides, to all appearance, devoid of sash, as, since he has been made a Spanish field-marshal, he wears on his white waistcoat, under his blue surtout coat, the red and gold knotted sash of that rank, out of compliment to our allies. From the same motive, he always wears the order of the Toison d'Or round his neck, and on his black cockade two others, very small, of the Portuguese and Spanish national colour. His Lordship within the last year has taken to wearing a white neckerchief instead of our black regulation, and in bad weather a French private dragoon's cloak of the same colour. Often he passes on in a brown study, or only returns the salutes of the officers at their posts; but at other times

he notices those he knows with a hasty 'O how d'ye do?' or quizzes good humouredly some one of us with whom he is well acquainted. His staff come rattling after him, or stop and chat a few minutes with those they know, and the cortege is brought up by His Lordship's orderly, an old hussar of the First (German), who has been with him during the whole of the Peninsular war, and who, when he speaks of him, uses a German expression literally meaning good old fellow, emphatically implying in that language attachment and regard."

Never, during any former period of repose, was Lord Wellington busier than during the early months of 1813. All sorts of affairs, all vying with one another in urgency, crowded daily on his attention. The sick were exceedingly numerous, the cantonments exceedingly bad, and the supplies of sustenance exceedingly scanty; so that his current cares for the army were scarcely less than during some periods of active operations in the field. Cases of criminal prosecution had grown into a monster embarrassment, in consequence of the highest legal opinion in Britain having recently assimilated the powers and proceedings of courts-martial to those of the civil judiciary courts at home; so that, though a judge-advocate-general had been appointed to superintend them, and had joined the army during its retreat, Lord Wellington for a time had as heavy judicial cares, in co-operation with that functionary, as when the courts-martial conducted all their business under his own sole superintendence. His Lordship had much trouble also in demanding prosecutions by the Portuguese and the Spanish authorities for crimes committed against British soldiers, and in attempting rectifications by other means of fierce quarrels, amounting sometimes to deadly feuds, which had now become frequent between parties of his troops and parties of the native population. He likewise carried on an elaborate supervision of the reformation of abuses and the invigoration of discipline, enjoined in his circular letter to his officers,—compelling a scrupulous search into every military department, ferreting out all idlers from the depots, dragging forth all malingerers from the hospitals, enforcing regulations for cleanliness and health throughout the cantonments, and working the whole army, in its divisions and regiments, into a state of the utmost possible efficiency for the ensuing campaign.

Nothing was more important than good sanitary arrangements; but, happily, these were so well understood in all the regiments, except the recently arrived, that they needed only to be re-enjoined. For example, a general order to the army, dated Portalegre, 28th July, 1811, ordains as follows:—"The offals of the animals killed for food should be destroyed by quicklime; and if that article cannot be procured they should be buried. One or more necessaries should be made for each regiment, to which all the men should be obliged to resort,—and quicklime should be thrown into them every second day. The streets occupied by each regiment, and the communications with them should be swept every morning; and the heaps of dung and filth in the unoccupied spaces in all the

towns in Portugal should be destroyed by quicklime. Sentries should be placed over the fountains in the towns, in order to prevent persons from dirtying the water, or from accumulating dirt in their neighbourhood. The commissaries attached to the several brigades are requested to procure a quantity of quicklime, for which the quarter-masters of the several regiments are to make requisitions for these purposes." Truly has it been said,—“ Lord Wellington, as a general, was an eminent sanitarian. He was aware that in war more effective strength was lost by disease than by the sword. His military career was distinguished by his taking, and at times making, good sanitary as well as good military positions. In the course of the Peninsular war, upon the occupation of a town more trouble was often taken to render it tenable against typhus than against the French. Holes were knocked into rooms to insure ventilation, fire-places and chimneys were constructed, thorough cleansings were ordered, and for these purposes, old quarters were properly knocked to pieces, and almost re-constructed, however rudely.”

His army's equipments, however, even at the end of his fifth Peninsular campaign, continued to be far inferior to those of the French; and as he “proposed to get into fortune's way” in order to “make some lucky hit in the commencement of the next campaign,” he laboured hard, by correspondence and otherwise, to introduce improvements. Some changes were made on the British infantry's top clothing, with the view of both lightening their load and increasing their comfort. Small light tin kettles, to be carried in rotation by the men of each squad, were universally substituted for the large heavy iron baggage kettles, with the view of rendering the process of cooking, on every occasion in the field, at once secure, simultaneous, and rapid. Small tents were obtained, at the rate of three for each company, to be carried by the mules which had formerly carried the heavy iron kettles, in order to give to every bivouac the character of an encampment, and thereby enable the whole army with greater facility than before, or any portion of it, to move and operate in constant concentration. Important additions were made to the machinery of the commissariat, by improved communication with the coast, by better distribution of the means of inland transport, and by the construction of a large number of new light carts, suited to rough mountainous roads, in order that the army's supplies might both be always promptly in the rear of every division, and readily conductible, if necessary, to the Pyrenees or beyond. Ambulances or travelling hospitals, consisting of suitably constructed spring vans, were obtained to move closely in the rear into the vicinity of all collisions with the enemy, in order that the wounded might at once receive due surgical attention. A new powerful battering train was brought forward, with ample prospective supplies of draught-cattle for it, in order that there might not again be any similar siege-disaster to that of Burgos. And a fine pontoon train, or rather what Lord Wellington intended to be

a fine one, but which the rascality of the contractors rendered little better than a lumbering series of very rickety boats, was provided to move in the army's front, with the view of affording ready passage across rivers, in defiance of the enemy's posts, or in order to turn his position.

The care of these affairs, together with the superintendence of all the ordinary equipments, was not a little onerous. The affairs of the Portuguese army, however, were still more troublesome. The Portuguese government, as soon as they thought themselves fairly delivered from the French, had sunk into all their former supineness. They had even taken advantage of Lord Wellington's successes in Castile, to attempt to raise a popular clamour against their further participation in the war, as if all obligation to fight the French had been commensurate only with the repelling of invasion from their own territory. They, therefore, neglected their army, and even harassed and crushed it, till it became an utter wreck. Hence were the exertions of Lord Wellington, together with those of Sir William Beresford, neither small nor few, both toward the government authorities and toward the troops themselves, to restore the army to a proper condition; the more so as they resolutely aimed to render it, in all respects, as well equipped and as fully efficient as the British army.

Nor was Lord Wellington less harassed with the reorganization, or even with the summary command, of the Spanish armies. The agreement made with him by the authorities of Cadiz, even in spite of the limitation of its terms, was not at all kept, but was surreptitiously and shamefully violated. Even so early as the 31st of March, Lord Wellington felt obliged to write to his brother the ambassador,—“The minister at war is going on just as usual; and I must either resign, or throw him and the Government on their responsibility, and desire some member of the Cortes to call for the letters. He sends orders to the troops, and so do I; and the consequence is that neither are obeyed.” Some of the Spanish generals, too, so plagued His Lordship with their fantastic pride as to be quite unmanageable. But worse than all, a strong faction in the Cortes, either weakly feeling or cunningly feigning an alarm that Lord Wellington might use his vast powers to make himself King of Spain, or otherwise to overthrow the new-born democratic liberty of the Spaniards, attempted to persuade their fellow-statesmen to enact a measure for expelling and excluding British troops from all Spanish garrison towns. How fiercely ungrateful was this for the services which the British troops had so recently done at Cadiz and Madrid, at Salamanca and in Estremadura,—how vexatiously contrasted to the recent entreaty of the Spanish government, that the fortresses of Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo might be garrisoned with British troops,—how sorely fitted to embarrass Lord Wellington's present distribution of the allied armies, and to exasperate his spirit! Yet even to his brother, the ambassador, he said no more respecting it than this,—“The measure will really be one of wanton insult, which will do more harm to the

cause for which we are contending than anything that has yet been done. If the Cortes are seriously desirous that our troops should not be in their garrisons, let them say so quietly, and I will withdraw them. But while we are embarked in the same ~~cause~~ and engaged in this arduous contest, do not let us insult each other by legislative measures."

Yet, amid all this stupendous business, affecting the condition of armies and the interests of Europe, Lord Wellington, as at similar former periods of his career, gave constant attention to hundreds of minor matters, such as reviews, charities, festivals, and calls of friendship, with as much earnestness as if each had been his only care. "Nothing that tended to the great end," says Soane, "was too insignificant for his consideration, his influence pervading every branch of the service; nor was it easy to say that he held any one of more importance than another. He could even find leisure for his pleasures, of which the chase seems to have been the principal; and amidst the most important despatches regulating the fate of kingdoms, we meet with letters bargaining for a pack of hounds, or settling the price for a hunter of superior mettle. Yet with all this, his private affairs," particularly matters connected with the management of his funds and property in England, "commanded from him a degree of minute attention that many would not have given to them who had better opportunity for the task." "The daily returns of all the departments at head-quarters," says Larpent's Journal at the period, "are constantly checked by an eye that finds out even a wrong casting up of numbers in the totals. Lord Wellington reads and looks into everything. He hunts every other day almost, and then makes up for it by great diligence and instant decision on the intermediate days."

As the spring advanced, he began to see abundant fruit of his labours. His army then was the finest and by far the largest he had ever commanded. His cavalry, hitherto his weakest arm, had been reinforced by the life-guards and the horse-guards, and now amounted to nineteen efficient regiments. His artillery was in full strength and in perfect equipment. The total of British soldiers ready to march under his immediate command was 45,000, and of Portuguese soldiers 28,000, all effective men, in good health, in high spirits, well-clothed, fully equipped, and in the finest discipline. The Spanish troops destined to act with these amounted to about 40,000; and, though comprising the divisions of Estremadura, Galicia, and the Asturias, and the guerillas of Julian Sanchez, Mina, and Longa, so as to be a medley mixture of very various characters, ill fitted to move together into any regular conflict with the enemy, yet they were all under the command of Castanos, who understood well how they could be most advantageously combined,—all had experienced changes under Lord Wellington's government, which tended to make them much more efficient than before,—and very many were hardy veteran soldiers, "the best movers" our hero had ever seen, eminently able to perform in high style the side-plots,

and even some of the important parts, of the grand drama of the approaching campaign.

The other allied forces in the Peninsula, also, were strong enough in both numbers and position to promise very material service. Eleven thousand Britons and Germans, and five thousand Maltese and Italians, under Sir John Murray—the officer who figured as Colonel Murray in the Indian part of our narrative—were on the east coast, in the vicinity of Alicant. Twenty thousand Spaniards, in a miserable state of discipline, under Elio, were in Murcia, so posted as to support Murray. About six or eight thousand Spaniards, under Copons, were in the uplands of Catalonia, ready to aid any advance which Murray might make towards the lower Ebro. Twelve thousand Spaniards, under the Duke del Parque, were posted in the defiles of the Sierra Morena. A reserve of about fifteen thousand Spaniards, all raw recruits, under the Conde d'Abisbal, was in Andalusia. Numerous small bodies of guerillas continued before to range the upland districts, but had so far relinquished their roving character as to yield a comparatively ready obedience to the orders of the nearest regular generals. The Portuguese militia, also, though useless for the anticipated offensive campaign, continued to be available as a strong defensive body in the event of any serious reverse.

The French force in the Peninsula, on the other hand, was now materially weakened. Its moral strength, which had been so greatly damaged by Lord Wellington's Castilian campaign, was still more damaged by the tragical issue of Buonaparte's invasion of Russia, and by the thrilling effect of the revolt of Prussia. Its physical strength also was much impaired by the recall of Soult in the month of March, together with twenty thousand picked veterans, to assist Buonaparte against the resurrection of Germany. Joseph, indeed, was left unembarrassed by dissension to wield the supreme command at will, with the hearty assistance of Jourdan as his captain-general; conscripts also were sent in from France, in sufficient numbers to maintain undiminished the aggregate numerical force; but Joseph, in any circumstances, was a miserable substitute for Soult, as the conscripts likewise were for the veterans. Two hundred and ten thousand effective French soldiers, with the usual large proportion of horses, were still in Spain to resist the allies,—a superiority of strength so great that any antagonist less magnanimous or less strategical than Wellington might have dreaded to encounter it. But Joseph was so cowed and cowering, and withal so bewildered, that he could make no arrangements of any kind for resuming the offensive, nor even make good or prompt ones for standing on the defensive. He only strengthened the whole line of the Douro down to Zamora, apportioned about 35,000 men under Suchet to hold the eastern provinces, posted 10,000 to hold Madrid, distributed all the rest between the Tormes and the northern frontier, and then sat down in head-quarters at Valladolid to see what Lord Wellington would do.

Nothing," says Maxwell, "could be more perfect than the skill with which Wellington masked his intended operations. By the disposition of his army, the formation of his magazines, and the false information he ingeniously conveyed to the enemy, he misled the French generals, who saw so many plans open for his adoption that it was impossible to guess that which he was most likely to select. He might turn their right by forcing the passage of the Tormes on the Douro, or by Avila and the valley of the Tagus march direct upon Madrid. He might then choose the north for the scene of his operations; or he might move southward, and unite with the Anglo-Sicilian army under Murray. All these plans were probable; all were discussed by Joseph and his generals; but they failed in penetrating Lord Wellington's true designs; and the blow was struck before the quarter where it was first felt had been suspected."



L. J. F. J. J. J.

CHAPTER XI.

OPERATIONS ON THE EAST COAST OF SPAIN—LORD WELLINGTON'S FAREWELL TO PORTUGAL—HIS GRAND AGGRESSIVE MARCH TO THE EBRO—THE CONCENTRATION AND REHEAT OF THE FRENCH ARMIES—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CASTLE OF BURGOS—THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA—THE RESULTS OF THAT BATTLE—LORD WELLINGTON MADE A FIELD-MARSHAL

SIR JOHN MURRAY was not the original commander of the allied force in the vicinity of Alicant. He arrived there only about the end of February, 1813. Lord Wellington still thought as poorly of his judgment as he had done in India, but felt obliged much more now than then to wear the appearance of fully trusting him. Murray brought Suchet to battle, at Castalla, on the 13th of April, one day before Lord Wellington penned an elaborate memorandum for guiding his operations, conjointly with those of Elio, and the Duke del Parque; and he thus marred the effect of that valuable document, whose first words were,—“It is obvious that these operations cannot be commenced with advantage till the allied British and Portuguese army shall take the field in Castile, which is intended in the first days of the month of May.” Murray, indeed, was the victor at Castalla, or might have been so, with a loss of 700 men on his own side and 1,200 on that of Suchet; but he totally failed to push his advantages, and even allowed his beaten antagonist to reacquire the initiative. Lord Wellington's general design in regard to the east, however, was that Murray should go by sea to Catalonia, and lay siege to Tarragona,—that Copons should assist to cover that siege, and to attract thither the utmost possible attention of Suchet,—that Elio and the Duke del Parque should then rush in from the south, to seize the open country of Valencia,—and that then all these four generals, on a conjoint plan, should thoroughly entangle Suchet, and either overwhelm or expel him; and this design His Lordship still retained,—only taking care to regard the execution of it as doubtful, so that, in the event of its failure, no other part of his plan of the campaign might be seriously comprised.

That plan was comprehensive and grand. The French expected his main thrust by the valley of the Tagus or by the district of Avila; but he resolved to strike them beyond the Douro. The population there were all hotly hostile to the French, and the guerillas were multitudinous and active; the ports of the bay of Biscay were at hand to offer a new, short, facile base of operations; and a movement toward the Pyrenees would instantly draw all the enemy's forces from the central provinces, in alarm for their communication with France.

obstructions indeed were presented in the French's strong military possession of the Douro from Zamora upward, and in the rugged mountainous character of that river's basin below Zamora; but he had considered well and contrived skillfully how he might surmount them. Accordingly, he wrote on the 11th of May to Earl Bathurst, "I propose to commence our operations by turning the enemy's position on the Douro, by passing the left of our army over that river within the Portuguese frontier. I should cross the right in the same manner, only that I have been obliged to throw the right very forward during the winter, in order to cover and connect our cantonments; and I could not well draw them back for this movement without exposing a good deal of country, and incurring the risk of a counter-movement on the part of the enemy. I therefore propose to strengthen our right, and to move with it myself across the Tormes, and establish a bridge on the Douro below Zamora. The two wings of the army will be connected, and the enemy's position on the Douro will be turned. The Spanish army of Galicia will be on the Esla, on the left of our army, at the same time that our army will be on that river. Having turned the enemy's position on the Douro, and established our communication across it, our next operation must depend upon circumstances. I do not know whether I am now stronger than the enemy, even including the army of Galicia," that is, stronger in regard to the immediate operations of this grand army; "but of this I am very certain, that I shall not be stronger throughout the campaign, or more efficient, than I now am; and the enemy will not be weaker. I cannot have a better opportunity for trying the fate of a battle, which, if the enemy should be unsuccessful, must oblige him to withdraw entirely."

The troops of the left wing, amounting to about forty thousand men, in due proportions of infantry and cavalry, and having with them the pontoon train, crept gradually toward the lower Douro, from the vicinity of the Agueda down to Oporto, in so masked a manner that their movements, and still less their destination, were in little or no risk of being detected by the enemy's scouts. The Duke del Parque's corps, in moving from the Morena toward Valencia, deflected northward for a time, as if their object were to assail Madrid. The Conde d'Abispa's corps moved early northward from Andalusia, under instructions to effect a junction in due time with the grand army about Valladolid, but in the meantime with their head pointing toward Almaraz, as if they too were marching on the capital. Hill's decampment from upper Estremadura was preceded and accompanied with illusive demonstrations, fitted to induce belief that he meant to effect a grand concentration on the Tagus with these two Spanish corps, and perhaps also with detachments or even great bodies from the Agueda. Lord Wellington's movement of his own head-quarters from Frenada, together with the movement of the surrounding central mass of his troops, was not made till all his other forces were fully committed to their several routes,

and was masked, both at the time and long before, by every kind of stratagem which seemed likely to baffle the enemy's penetration. Hence was it that the French generals expected the grand assault to be made upon them by way of the Tagus or by way of Avila. Hence likewise the masterliness of Wellington's ulterior idea,—not only to turn the enemy's strong position on the Douro, but to assail his main body there by surprise, and to compel all his southerly detachments to fall in with bad aim and disastrous precipitation.

The allied left wing was under the command of Sir Thomas Graham. It crossed the Douro about the middle of May, and marched thence, in several columns, toward the lower Esla. The country which it traversed was mountainous, rugged, and in all respects most difficult for an army; the roads were narrow and very badly made; and many of the descents and ascents, in part crossed by deep ravines, were so steep that no progress could be made without the aid of drag-ropes and strong fatigue parties. But the troops were in high spirits, the arrangements were excellent, the scenery was exhilarating, the prospects of the campaign, to the common soldiers as well as to the general officers, looked brilliant, evoking the strength of all hearts, and stimulating it to the utmost energy; so that all difficulties, even such as would have overwhelmed a fagged and desponding army, were promptly overcome, and the appointed time for arriving at the Esla was duly kept.

On the 20th of May, the extreme right of the army, under the command of Sir Rowland Hill, was at Bejar, on the north side of the pass of Banos, with the head of its van-guard pointing toward Alba de Tormes. On the 22d, the centre, under Lord Wellington's own immediate command, commenced its march toward Ciudad Rodrigo and Salamanca. The troops here had the same incitements to high hope as those under Sir Thomas Graham, and at the same time encountered no severities of road to check it, but on the other hand were animated both by the presence of their great chief, and by passing over the scenes of their former victories. Hence did they move forward in as hot enthusiasm as if they already saw the enemy fleeing before them across the Pyrenees. Lord Wellington himself, too, shared largely in their ardour; for "so confidently did he anticipate the defeat of the enemy, and the permanent transference of the seat of the war to the north of the Peninsula, that, in passing the stream which marks the frontier of Spain, he rose in his stirrups, and waving his hand exclaimed, 'Farewell, Portugal!'"

On the 26th, the several columns under Hill and Wellington simultaneously approached Salamanca. Villatte, who was in command of the French forces on the Tormes, instantly evacuated both Salamanca and Alba. But, from a wish to ascertain the strength of the approaching columns, he took a position on the high grounds above the fords, and remained there longer than was prudent. The allied cavalry advanced hotly against him, part by the bridge of Salamanca

and part by one of the fords, and killed many of his men, took about two hundred prisoners, drove all the rest into confusion, and captured all his guns, seven of his ammunition-tumbrils, and a number of his baggage and provision waggons. Their success was too great. They were in risk of feeling incited to attempt the total destruction of Villatte, with the effect of giving him an opportunity to rally, and to retaliate; but Lord Wellington watched well their ardour, calculated nicely their strength, unsupported as they were by infantry, and sent a timely order for their recall. Villatte re-formed his scattered brigades with the characteristic rapidity of the French tactics, and was soon in orderly retreat toward Medina del Campo. But he utterly failed to penetrate any part of Lord Wellington's design, and evidently imagined that, by adopting the line of retreat which he did, he was inveigling the flank of the allies into perilous exposure to the French's strong positions on the Douro.

In the course of the 27th and the 28th, Lord Wellington pushed forward his army in two masses, pointing toward respectively Zamora and Toro, yet in such position as fully to retain the line of the Tormes and the communication with Ciudad Rodrigo. Then, handing over the temporary command of both masses to Sir Rowland Hill, he set off, on the 29th, with a slender retinue, to ascertain in person the movements and prospects of his left wing. He passed the Douro at Miranda, in a basket slung on a rope, stretched from precipice to precipice, at a great height above the foaming river. And on the 30th, he found the troops under Sir Thomas Graham on the right bank of the Esla, with their right at Carvajalos, in readiness to pass the river, and their left at Tabara, in communication with the army of Galicia. The passage of the Esla was commenced next morning, partly at fords, and partly on the portable pontoon bridge; but it proved very difficult, and was attended with some loss of life; and, though unexpected enough to lead to the immediate capture of a French picquet by the first cavalry who crossed, it was so slow for the main bulk of the troops, and for the waggons, as to defeat all that part of Lord Wellington's design which related to the effecting of a general surprise.

The centre corps of the allied army—the left one of the two which were advancing to the Douro under Sir Rowland Hill—entered Zamora on the 1st of June, and proceeded along the right bank of the Douro to Toro on the 2d. The French both at Zamora and at Toro retired at their approach, blowing up the bridges, and falling back on Morales. The Douro proved to be readily fordable at Zamora, but could not be passed by the right wing at Toro without much effort and great ingenuity. An advanced-guard of cavalry, in pursuit of the French, falling in with a considerable body of them, on the morning of the 2d, between Toro and Morales, totally overwhelmed one of their regiments of cavalry, took 210 prisoners together with many horses, and pursued the rest many miles to the near vicinity of their main body. Though the fighting,

toward the end of this affair, was almost in the streets of Morales, the native had become so familiar with the war, and so inured to its terrors, that within ten minutes after the firing had ceased, the women of the town were spinning at their doors, and the little children were at play, as if nothing in the least disagreeable had happened.

On the same day Lord Wellington was again in immediate personal command of his whole army at Toro. But, finding that the enemy had made a considerable concentration of force between Torre-Lobaton and Tordesillas, he halted at Toro till the morning of the 4th, in order to give time for all his right wing to effect the difficult passage of the Douro there, for the portions of his left wing to come up who had been delayed by the passage of the Esla, and for the Gallician army to close up compactly on his left. These objects were finely accomplished before night-fall of the 3d; so that he was then in high order for rolling on, with the utmost possible momentum, in a career of conquest.

The enemy were now beginning to be aware of his tactics, and were either already in full flight before him, to some distant standing-point, or ready to rise up and flee. All their detachments throughout Castile to the east of the Tormes began to move precipitately toward the Douro, the moment they heard that he had passed Ciudad Rodrigo. Those on the Tagus and at Madrid, in particular, broke up on the 27th of May, and crossed the Douro at the Puente de Douro on the 3d of June. The abandonment of Madrid was in all respects as humiliating to the Buonapartists, and as replete with disastrous overthrow, as in the previous campaign. "Persons of rank, forced from their hitherto comfortable homes," says an intelligent personal witness of it, "were intermixed with all orders of the community, and alike contemptuously treated by the French troops. Quantities of carriages, cars, waggons or laden mules, were urged onward to join the cavalcade, while numerous groups of the remaining population witnessed these departures with silent but expressive contempt. Many were wretched in appearance, and some of them incapable of undergoing any great degree of bodily fatigue. Their lamentations or declarations of inability were listened to with stoical indifference, and the bayonets of the amused soldiery goaded them forward on their way." But similar scenes, on a much greater scale, took place at the French head-quarters at Valladolid; for King Joseph's court there, and his immense retinue, together with hundreds of waggons and carriages, containing the richest spoils of the kingdom, were suddenly sent off to seek security at Burgos or behind the Ebro; and even the rearmost of the French troops evacuated Valladolid on the 4th. Considerable magazines of grain were abandoned at Arevalo, and some ammunition at Valladolid and Zamora.

Lord Wellington, when advancing from Toro, threw forward his left wing so as to menace the enemy's communications with France, and at the same time pushed on the rest of his army compactly, by parallel roads; and he thus com-

called the hasty evacuation of Valladolid. On the following days, he practised similar strategy, and occasioned the French, though then about fifty-five thousand strong, to continue their flight away from the Douro, across the Carrion, and on to the Pisuerga, in incessant consternation. Reille, who had succeeded Souham in the command of the army of Portugal, at length stood still on the upper part of the Pisuerga, with the determination to make resistance there; but Joseph, at the immediate head of the armies of the Centre and the South, even then did not hope to hold a foot of ground short of the protection of the cannon of Burgos, nor hoped even to make a successful stand there unless, in miraculously prompt obedience to series of despatches sent off since the sudden opening of the campaign, he should be instantly joined by Clausel from the borders of Arragon, by Foy from the coast of Guipuscoa, and by Sarrut from the defiles of the Montana, and also supported by the advance of Suchet to Saragossa.

Lord Wellington, continuing to manœuvre with his left, and pushing it along through by-roads, crossed the upper part of the Pisuerga on the 8th, 9th, and 10th. He thus outflanked Reille, and compelled him to fall back to the Hormaza. But having outmarched his supplies, and requiring to make extensive re-arrangements of his commissariat, he moved only a short distance on the 11th, and wholly halted his left on the 12th. Yet, in order to make a strong reconnoissance, with the view of compelling the enemy to relinquish the castle of Burgos or to fight for it, he urgently led forward his right wing; and finding Reille's corps posted upon a range of heights along the Hormaza, he sent a detachment of his force to turn the right, and hurled all the rest in a simultaneous attack upon the whole line. "These movements," says he, "dislodged the enemy from their position immediately. The cavalry of our left and centre were entirely in the rear of the enemy, who were obliged to retire across the Arlanzon by the high road toward Burgos. Although pressed by our cavalry, and suffering considerable loss by the fire of Major Gardiner's troop of horse artillery, and obliged to make their movements at an accelerated pace, that they might not give time to our infantry to come up, they made it in admirable order; but they lost one gun and some prisoners taken by a squadron of the 14th light dragoons, commanded by Captain Milles, and a detachment of the 3d dragoons which charged their rear. The enemy took post on the left of the Arlanzon and Urbel rivers, which were much swollen with rain, and in the course of the night retired their whole army through Burgos, having abandoned and destroyed as far as they were able, in the short space of time during which they were there, the works of the castle which they had constructed and improved at so large an expense."

If the failure of Lord Wellington's long, elaborate, costly siege of the castle of Burgos in the previous year could be regarded as a blot on the broad white banner of his glory, most thoroughly was that blot now bleached out by the vapours

of the castle's explosion. He but approached the place, and it was blown to atoms. This resulted directly from the electric strategy of his offensive march which, running along the ground like chain lightning, startled the enemy, fired his magazines, and made him flee, before he could properly collect his soldiers. The destruction of the castle was substantially a victory, and a great one; like all other victories, it involved a dire catastrophe to the beaten foe and to multitudes of men. The preparations for it were on a stupendous scale, as if not the destruction of the castle only, but the utter destruction of the town, had been intended; but happily they were conducted with such fear, confusion, and haste as confined their deadliness in a main degree to the garrison. "Several mines failed; some which were primed did not explode; others were so ill managed that they blew the earth inwards; and, as the explosion took place some hours sooner than was designed, the destruction which was intended for their enemies fell in part upon the French themselves. Many of their men, who were lingering to plunder, perished as they were loading their horses with booty in the streets and squares, and three or four hundred were blown up in the fort. Above one thousand shells had been placed in the mines. The explosion was distinctly heard at the distance of fifty miles; and the pavement of the cathedral was covered with the dust into which its windows had been shattered by the shock. The town escaped destruction, owing to the failure of so many of the mines; but the castle was totally destroyed,—gates, beams, masses of masonry, guns, carriages, and arms lying in one heap of ruins."

Joseph, on abandoning Burgos, retired with great speed but in good order to Miranda on the Ebro. He there was master of a most mighty defile, together with the strong castle of Pancorbo in front, maintaining a perfect blockade for miles in succession of the great road to France, which he supposed to be the only one traversable by an army advancing from any part of the basin of the Douro; and, imagining that he would there have abundant means to resist the allies, without either difficulty or loss, till he should be joined by all his reinforcements, with the effect of enabling him to resume the offensive and drive Wellington back again to Portugal, he placed all his prodigious baggage behind cover of his army in the valley of Vittoria, posted a powerful advanced-guard in and around the castle of Pancorbo, to check the allies' advance, and sent out strong detachments to his right and left, to watch the tracts adjacent to the flanks of the defile. His main position, in all ordinary strategy, was really impregnable; nor could it have been carried by even Wellington himself in any other style than that in which he captured Oporto and overwhelmed Badajoz; nor did the flanks of it, either near or remote, appear to Joseph to be in any danger except at two lines, the one a rugged road leading by his left from Burgos to Legrona, and the other a better road, though still a bad one, leading by his right from Burgos to Bilbao; and the former of these he blocked with a strong corps under Drouet

at Aro, and the latter with two strong corps of the army of Portugal at respectively Frias and Espejo.

Lord Wellington, however, by one stroke of strategy, outwitted all Joseph's calculations. On leaving Burgos, he deflected suddenly to his left, and led his army toward the mountains around the sources of the Ebro, leaving only a portion of his cavalry to mask this movement, by continuing the pursuit for some distance along the road toward Miranda. His route was one of immense difficulty; but it comprised grand advantages and promised splendid results; and, being novel, sublime, and brilliantly picturesque, with frequent appeals to those special exertions of the men which excite their emulation and evoke their bravery, it was traversed by all the troops in finer spirit than if it had been the best highway in Europe. It first led over mountains, by roads little better than goat-paths, direct toward the Ebro, at places only a few miles below that river's sources, and then conducted through a series of glens or alpine vales, parallel to one another and to the Ebro, and at right angles with Joseph's position, into the west end of the valley of Vittoria. The termination of the first part of it gave near and direct access to the coast of the bay of Biscay at Santander; the progress of the second part gave ready access to the grand road to France behind Vittoria, so as to afford Lord Wellington an option of attempting to seize the very gate of intercommunication between France and Spain; and the termination of the whole turned the right flank of Joseph's position by several miles, behind a mask of high hills, in such near vicinity to the valley of Vittoria as might, in favourable circumstances, occasion a surprise.

The allied army crossed the Ebro on the 14th and 15th, without seeing an enemy. Lord Wellington here becoming master of the coast of the bay of Biscay, made instant arrangements for abandoning his connexion with the coast of Portugal, and for henceforth maintaining his grand depots, and his apparatus of communication with Britain, at Santander. And now "with an eagle's sweep," to quote the graphic language of Napier, "Wellington brought his left wing round, and, pouring his numerous columns through all the deep narrow valleys and rugged defiles, descended towards the great road of Bilbao between Frias and Orduna. At Modina de Pomar, a central point, he left the sixth division to guard his stores and supplies; but the march of the other divisions was unmitigated. Neither the winter gullies, nor the ravines, nor the precipitate passes amongst the rocks, retarded the march even of the artillery. Where horses could not draw, men hauled; and when the wheels would not roll, the guns were let down or lifted up with ropes. And strongly did the rough veteran infantry work their way through those wild but beautiful regions. Six days they toiled incessantly; on the seventh, swelled by the junction of Long's division and all the smaller bands which came trickling from the mountains, they burst like raging streams from every defile, and went foaming into the basin of Vittoria."

The French learned nothing of Lord Wellington's movement through the mountains till the 18th. They at first wondered that the pressure of pursuit on their rear had ceased; and they next felt jocund and light-hearted respecting it, saying to one another that Lord Wellington must have suddenly lost his energy, must have lain down to reconsider his strategy, or must, in some strange way, have fallen asleep. Some of the generals began at length to suspect the truth; but Joseph continued to be firmly convinced that no army could possibly traverse these wild mountains; nor would he be induced, even by Jourdan, to adopt any further precaution than to send some reinforcement to the corps of observation already posted on his right. On the 18th, therefore, when the news broke upon him, that the allies were across the Ebro and descending toward his rear, he felt like a man startled from sound sleep by the flames of a conflagration,—instantaneously roused to a vigour of thought and action which was practically supernatural to him. He called in his advanced-guard from Pancorbo, shut up the castle of ~~the castle~~, gathered toward him the troops of his left wing, marshalled a retreat through the defile of Miranda, and made arrangements for arraying his whole force in battle-line, all on the afternoon of that day and during the following night and morning, with a skill and energy and speed as if at last he had become a real kindred-spirit to Napoleon.

The valley of Vittoria, where the belligerent armies were now converging, is a mountain-girt plain of about eight miles in length from east to west, and about six miles in breadth. The commencing range of the Pyrenees bounds it on the north and the east; a range flanking the left bank of the Ebro bounds it on the south; and some spurs of these ranges partially bound it on the west. The Pyrenean range very grandly domineers it, yet is pierced by natural passes which permit the transit of five divergent public roads. The range which separates it from the Ebro is pierced, near the south-west angle, by a narrow and precipitous gorge, forming the strong military defile of Miranda; and the part of this range which slopes into the plain immediately east of the defile is called the heights of Puebla, while the part on the west and the north-west is called the ridge of Morillas. The town of Vittoria, a place of considerable size, of considerable antiquity, the capital of the province of Alava, picturesque in appearance, with conspicuous spires and curious streets, occupies a gentle tabular eminence about three miles from the north-east corner of the plain. The small river Zadora flows near the northern outskirts of the town, and along the north side and the west end of the plain, in a narrow channel, between steep and rugged banks, and then steals down the choking gorge of the Miranda defile, leaving there barely room enough for the public road, and falls into the Ebro at the town of Miranda. Two ranges of low hills, strong and stubborn enough to afford firm footing, together with rich means of resistance, to a struggling army in the heat of battle, intersect the plain from north to south, nearly from the Zadora

to the spurs of the southern range of mountains, the one a short distance above the southerly sweep of the Zadora, in front of the villages of Margarita, Hermenda, and Arinez, and the other, the stronger of the two, behind the village of Gomecha, and about a mile or more in front of Vittoria. The spurs of the Pyrenees also project to the near vicinity of the Zadora, immediately north of Vittoria, affording there very strong fighting-ground, which both serves to command the communications between the town and the coast, and is rendered specially important by three bridges across the Zadora at its base, one at Ariaga leading to Orduna, one at Gamara Mayor leading to Durango, and the third farther north leading by the royal causeway to Bayonne. No fewer than seven public roads radiate from Vittoria,—the three which we have just indicated, and four to respectively Pampeluna, Estella, Logrona, and Burgos, the last being also the royal causeway, passing through the villages of Gomecha and Arinez, and the only one of all the roads, together with its continuation to Bayonne, fit to be traversed by an encumbered or hurried army. Thus is the plain of Vittoria nearly surrounded by mountains, and at the same time well provided with roads. Yet at the west, in a space of three or four miles, it is but slightly closed, or rather scarcely at all, by only low hills and small eminences, totally untraversed by any considerable public road. The Bayas river, a small stream, runs southward to the Ebro immediately beyond these little heights, at the distance of from two to four miles from the southerly sweep of the Zadora; and the glens through which the allied army descended from the alps of the Ebro's head-streams, terminate only two or three miles short of the right bank of the Bayas, at right angles to its course. Every reader, therefore, may readily understand how perilously Joseph was seated in the gorge of the Miranda defile, while Wellington was debouching from these glens, toward the wide opening into the plain of Vittoria in his rear.

On the morning of the 18th, the French corps of observation, under Reille, at Frias and Espejo, after having been so reinforced as to comprise nearly the whole army of Portugal, made a movement to their right to respectively San Millan and Osma. The object of this movement was both to feel for the allies, and to stretch out a hand toward the French detachments who were holding the districts upon the sea-board. But both at San Millan and at Osma, and nearly at the same moment, the two corps were surprised by columns of the allies, debouching from the glens. The allied column which came out upon San Millan was the British light division, then under the command of the vigorous German officer, General Alten; and, though quite as much surprised as the French, yet, in its wonted style of rapid bravery, it rushed instantly into action, drove the French corps to flight, and cut off its rear-brigade, with the effect of capturing 300 of the men, killing and wounding many, and dispersing all the rest among the mountains. The other allied column comprised the fifth and sixth divisions

under Sir Thomas Graham, and, being much weaker than the French mass at Osma, did its devoir nobly enough by standing still to receive an attack; yet it soon repelled the enemy, drove him backward to Espejo, and made him glad to retire thence of his free will, with all haste, to the left bank of the Bayas.

The rest of the allied troops did not arrive at the vicinity of the scene of these skirmishes till a very advanced hour of the 18th, so that nothing more could be done on that day; and they were likewise so fatigued with their laborious march through the mountains, and in some instances so far asunder from one another and from head-quarters, that not much could be done on the next. Lord Wellington, indeed, moved forward on the morning of the 19th to the Bayas, but he found Reille's repulsed corps so strongly posted there, that it took all the strength he could readily exert that day to dislodge him. The light division turned Reille's left, and the fourth division, which continued still to be under the command of General (who had then become Sir Lowry) Cole, attacked him in front. Reille made a spirited resistance, and lost about eighty of his men, but at length retired across the Zadora into junction with the main body of Joseph's army, who had just then, and only then, escaped the perils of their headlong retreat through the defile of Miranda into the plain of Vittoria. Lord Wellington have arrived upon the Bayas either a few hours sooner, or with sufficient force to sweep Reille instantly away, he would have been able to block the north end of the Miranda defile, with the effect of cutting off Joseph's main-body from at once his wings, his baggage, and his communications, so that he might have expected them to lay down their arms to him without firing a shot.

His Lordship, discovering in good time that he would be too late to attempt this achievement, and suspecting that Joseph might run through the valley of Vittoria, in order to obtain a commanding position among the defiles of the Pyrenees, sent off Sir Thomas Graham with a strong corps to his own left, under orders to cut off Joseph from Bilbao and to menace his communications with France. And he himself, after driving Reille away, sat down on the Bayas, in readiness to adopt any course of operation which the movements of the enemy might indicate to be most efficient. And he remained at ease there on the 20th, to close up his straggling columns in the rear, and to make an extensive reconnoissance. He made the reconnoissance scrutinously and carefully; and, concluding with joy that Joseph was determined to abide a battle, he sent off fresh orders to Graham, requiring him to move close to the mountains immediately overhanging the north-north-western part of Vittoria, and made arrangements for all his other generals to move consentaneously into a grand onset on the morrow.

Joseph, fully expecting this onset, prolonged his preparations for it far into the night. The morning of the 21st saw him in full, settled battle-array. But he committed a great error in extending his force over far too large a space, and

with a rectangular front; for he proposed to himself nothing less than to defend nearly all the valley of Vittoria. The army of Portugal, under Reille, was posted on both sides of the upper Zadora, in position to defend the bridges of the royal causeway, of Gamara Mayor, and of Ariaga, with its front to the north. The army of the South, under Gazan, who had succeeded to the command of Soult, was posted behind the lower Zadora, in position to hold fast all the first hilly ridge from side to side of the valley, with its front to the west. The extreme right of the army of Portugal was pushed forward to Durana on the royal causeway, three miles beyond Vittoria, and the extreme left of the army of the South was posted on the heights of Puebla overlooking the debouch of the defile of Miranda; so that these were no less than about ten miles asunder. The army of Portugal was aided by some strong field-works, and especially by extemporaneous fortifications at the bridges, of sufficient strength to render each of them practically a *tete-de-pont*. The army of the South was covered in front by unusually large clouds of *tirailleurs*, and was protected also by a strong advanced post at the elbow of the Zadora, and by powerful batteries at the points of most easy access. But four bridges led up to this army's position,—the bridges of M. and Tres Puentes, to its right flank, from the north, above the elbow of the river, and the bridges of Villodas and Nanclares, to its front, from the west, below the elbow of the river; and these were not blown up, nor barricaded, nor defended otherwise than by arms and guns. The army of the Centre, then under the command of Drouot, was posted in second line behind the army of the South. The King's guards, and most of the cavalry, formed a reserve between Drouot's position and the village of Gomecha. A large portion of the artillery was placed in field-works in front of the reserve, to prevent disaster from the natural weakness of the ground there, in the event of the armies of the South and the Centre being driven back. The total French force in the field probably comprised about sixty thousand men; for, though Sarrut had joined Reille, both Foy and Clausel, each at the head of a large corps, were still at a distance.

Lord Wellington disposed his force in three bodies, to act so far asunder from one another that, for some time, they would practically produce three distinct battles. The left corps, under Sir Thomas Graham, comprised the first and the fifth divisions, Bradford's and Pack's Portuguese brigades, Longu's Spanish division, and Anson's and Bock's cavalry, in all nearly twenty thousand men, with eighteen pieces of artillery; and this was destined to assail the army of Portugal, to obtain possession of the royal causeway between Vittoria and the Pyrenees, and if possible to force the passage of the Zadora at Gamara Mayor and Ariaga, so as both to cut off the enemy's principal line of retreat into France, and to turn the right flank of his whole position. The right corps, under Sir Rowland Hill, comprised the second division, Silveira's Portuguese, Morillo's

Spaniards, and a detachment of cavalry, in all about twenty thousand men, with some artillery; and this was destined to pass the Zadora, by the bridge of Puebla, at the debouch of the defile of Miranda, to assail and overmaster the extreme left of the army of the South on the heights of Puebla, and to effect such manœuvres there as should combine with the movements of the central corps to drive the entire lines of Gazan, Drouet, and the reserve backward upon Vittoria. The central corps, under Lord Wellington's personal command, comprised the third, the fourth, the seventh, and the light divisions, the heavy cavalry, D'Urban's Portuguese cavalry, and the great bulk of the artillery, amounting altogether to nearly thirty thousand men; and this was destined to move in two columns against the army of the South, the one against its centre, the other against its right wing and right flank, and both to co-operate with the other two corps in a continuous effort to roll the whole of the enemy's force concentrically into one confused mass. Lord Wellington's total force in the field was thus nearly seventy thousand; yet though numerically so much greater than that of Joseph, it was practically reduced by the bad discipline of the Spaniards and by an inferiority in guns to quite or very nearly an equality in strength. His sixth division was still at Modena de Pomar, protecting his communications; and several corps of the Spaniards either were detached or had not yet joined.

Hill's corps and the central corps moved from the Bayas at day-break on the 21st. The morning was thick with rain and fog, but it soon merged into clear, steady, brilliant sunshine. Hill's corps began to pass the Zadora at Puebla about ten o'clock. Morillo's Spaniards climbed the steep slopes of the Puebla heights, while the rest of the corps moved along the debouch of the ravine at their base. Morilla encountered a stern resistance at the summit of the heights, and was twice personally wounded, but would neither yield ground with his men, nor personally quit the field. Hill and the French general were alike convinced of the great importance of that spot, from the promise it afforded of completely commanding the left flank of the entire French position; and both sent strong repeated reinforcements, so as to establish there a very obstinate fight. Colonel Cadogan, a very brave officer, led up the first of the allied reinforcements, being part of a brigade under his temporary command; and he rushed on with equal skill and enthusiasm, but soon fell under a mortal wound. The fight then became stationary and very doubtful. But Hill, while sending up a second reinforcement, pushed fiercely forward with the rest of his troops, along the difficult ground at the base of the heights, till he seized the village of Subijana in the immediate front of Gazan's line, and connected himself there obliquely with his troops on the mountain, so as to draw them forward. His antagonists at last were compelled to respect him; yet they fought steadily, long, and desperately, but in vain, to recover from him the village of Subijana.

The left column of the central corps, comprising the third and the seventh

divisions, led by Lord Dalhousie, was very long retarded by a rough march from reaching its destined point of attack; and the right column, under the immediate eye of Lord Wellington, was prevented by that delay from going early into action, and from taking prompt advantage of Hill's success. This column had a much shorter line of march from the Bayas than either Hill or Dalhousie; so that it arrived soon enough at the Zadora to enable Lord Wellington to observe, and if necessary to control, the very first movement in the field. The fourth division arrived opposite the bridge of Nanclares, the light division opposite the bridge of Villodas; and both were well covered by rising-grounds and woods, in close proximity to the water. But, except that the riflemen of the light division spread themselves along the bank to exchange a biting fire with the enemy's tirailleurs, they were all held in leash by Lord Wellington till a proper moment for decisive action should arrive. His Lordship, meanwhile, stood on a commanding eminence between the two divisions, with his telescope almost constantly at his eye, now ranging over the whole position of both armies, and now fixed intently on the spot where Hill's contest was in progress. "Dressed in a short grey coat, closely buttoned over his embroidered Spanish sash, a feathered hat alone denoted his rank," says Leith Hay, who then stood beside him; "but, upon approaching, the greatest stranger could not long have remained in ignorance of his presiding over the destinies of Britain, Portugal, and Spain. Upon a remark being made that the troops of Sir Rowland Hill did not seem to be making much impression on the enemy's left, Lord Wellington declared the contrary to be the fact, and that he saw the Highlanders advancing. It was with no slight degree of exultation I heard this tribute to my countrymen, and with my glass perceived the waving tartans of the 92d, as the soldiers of that distinguished regiment marched along the ridge of the La Puebla heights in pursuit of the enemy. Distant as they were, in imagination I conceived they trode with unusual firmness, and on the mountain summit emulated the unconquerable qualities of their ancestors."

The bridge of Villodas, allotted for the passage of the light division, was so strongly overawed by the enemy's advanced-post at the elbow of the Zadora, that it seemed not likely to be forced without much loss and difficulty. But toward one o'clock, just when Sir Rowland Hill was making good his ground at the village of Subijana, a peasant brought intelligence to Lord Wellington that the bridge of Tres Puentes was unguarded, and offered to show a way to it masked by rocks and wood. Kempt's brigade of the light division was instantly sent thither, under the peasant's guidance; and, passing the bridge at a running pace, ascended to a strong position on the shoulder of a height, about mid-way between the enemy's advanced-post and his line of battle. "Some French cavalry," says Napier, "immediately approached, and two round shots were fired by the enemy, one of which killed the poor peasant to whose courage and in-

telligence the allies were so much indebted; but as no movement of attack was made, Kempt called the 15th hussars over the river, and they came at a gallop, crossing the narrow bridge one by one, horseman after horseman, and still the French remained torpid, showing that there was an army there, but no general."

Vaudeleur's brigade of the light division speedily followed along the bridge of Tres Puentes. The fourth division, under Cole, about the same time forced the bridge of Nanclares. The left central column at that moment was closely approaching the bridge of Mendoza, and all at once attracted Gazan's earnest attention. A powerful mass of artillery opened upon it, a body of cavalry rode forward to strengthen the defence of the bridge against it, and a great cloud of tirailleurs, which happened to be resting on the adjacent banks, galled it with a vigorous musketry. But part of Dalhousie's artillery was speedily in a position to reply; and part of Kempt's brigade of the light division sprang alert and boldly on, between the French cavalry and the river, with the effect of checking the advance of these cavalry, and striking the flank of the French tirailleurs and gunners, so as to make the whole recoil. The third division, under General (who had then become Sir Thomas) Picton, caught the right moment of the recoil, to rush across the river, part by the bridge of Mendoza, and part by a ford in its vicinity; and the seventh division, under Lord Dalhousie in person, taking equally prompt advantage of the recoil, crossed at fords farther to the east, opposite Margarita and Herrmandad. Thus was the whole central corps, in both its columns, together with Hill's corps now linking continuously with it on the right, at length in a position to deliver one general battle from side to side of the valley, and to sweep the entire line of Gazan's army before it.

At this juncture also Sir Thomas Graham's attack had become well developed on the left. By eleven o'clock, after a very laborious march, he reached the crest of the heights which overlook the Zadora in the near vicinity of Vittoria. One of his divisions, under General Oswald, speedily obtained possession of the Durango road, and moved down to the assault of Gamara Mayor. The enemy made strenuous fight for the defence of this place, and were for a long time successful, but at length were driven back by most resolute charges with the bayonet, delivered to them under a furious storm of both musketry and artillery, yet even then found speedy shelter behind barricades, and loop-holed houses previously prepared for defence, so that they still retained full hold of the further end of the bridge. Graham's other troops, meanwhile, assailed the village of Abechuco in front of the bridge of Ariaga; and not till they erected a strong battery against it, and brought all their strength in its various arms into full play, did they succeed in carrying it; and then also they encountered the same unyielding resistance at the bridge of Ariaga which their comrades were encountering at the bridge of Gamara Mayor. Yet Graham was already complete master of two of

the roads which were of chief value to the enemy; and, without waiting for further success immediately contiguous to the river, he sent off a detachment to obtain possession of the chief road of all, the royal causeway, leading toward Bayonne, to drive from it the troops which had been posted on it at Durana, and to block it at some little distance from Vittoria. That detachment was rapidly successful; and the news of its success, together with the news of the death of Reille's second in command, General Sarrut, speedily spread among the enemy, suggesting the cry that all was lost, and very nearly producing a general panic. Reille, however, being very superior in force to Graham, and still holding a strong body in reserve further down the Zadora, continued firmly to refuse all passage across that river, till eventually the successes of the allies' centre and right compelled him to draw off and run for his safety.

Joseph, so early as about the moment of Hill's carrying the village of Vittoria, having kept a keen eye upon Graham's movements, and now fearing that his flanks of his army were about to be turned, ordered his reserve in the neighbourhood of Gomecha to file off toward Vittoria, and sent orders to Gazan to draw back the army of the South by successive masses. These orders reached Gazan just when all the divisions of Wellington's central corps, together with those of Hill's corps, were forming into one line to deliver a general battle; and they were too late to be executed with tolerable regularity,—too early to permit the army of the South to stand steadfastly to receive the shock of onslaught; so that they tended only to render Gazan's movements disjointed and hesitating, and to contort the continuous line of battle into a series of chafing combats, like the sudden breaking of an ocean-billow into a trougthy surge. The entire valley, indeed, seemed at that moment heaving with combatants, and blazing with battle. "The scene," says Leith Hay, "was one of the most animating ever beheld. The whole country appeared filled with columns of troops; the sun shone bright; not a cloud obscured the brilliant and glowing atmosphere. From right to left, as far as the eye could reach, scarcely the most diminutive space intervened between bodies of troops, either already engaged, or rapidly advancing into action; and artillery and musketry were heard in one continued uninterrupted volume."

Gazan's army, in spite of all its disadvantages, fought with high bravery, and fell back with surprising regularity, evincing every desire rather to conquer than to retreat. All Lord Wellington's centre and right had stiff work with them; yet were all more or less able to drive them on. "The seventh division and Colville's brigade of the third division formed the left of the centre, and were immediately engaged by Gazan's right, in front of Margutta and Hermada; while Wellington, seeing a hill in front of Arinez unoccupied, led Picton and the rest of the third division, headed by Bernard's riflemen, and followed by Kempt's brigade and the hussars, diagonally in front of both armies, and secured



Henry Cole

that neutral point. Cole, with the fourth division, advanced simultaneously, and the heavy dragoon, a magnificent body of men, galloped up in squadrons into the level ground between Cole's right and Hill's left. Thus overtaken in the midst of their manoeuvres for retreat, the French threw out prodigious clouds of *trouilles*, and fifty pieces of artillery continued to play with damaging effect. To respond to these, Lord Wellington brought over several brigades of British guns, and both armies were enveloped by thick clouds of smoke and dust, concealed by which the French retired to the heights in front of Gomecha; but they still held the village of Armez, on the main road. Picton's division, headed by the riflemen, plunged into that village, amidst a heavy fire, and captured three guns; but the French, aware of the importance of this post, reinforced it strongly, and an obstinate combat ensued. At length, from amidst the smoke, the dust, the clamour, the rattle of the musketry, the tumultuous shouts and cries, and the thundering of the guns, the British troops issued forth victorious, driving their foes before them to the other side of the village. During this conflict the hamlet of Margarita was carried by an impetuous charge of the 52d; while Hermandad was won at the same time by the 87th, under Colonel Gough, at the point of the bayonet. Then the whole advanced, fighting on the left of Picton's attack; while on the right hand of that general, the fourth division gained ground, though more slowly, on account of the rugged nature of the ground."

During all the combat at Arinez, which was at once severe, prolonged, and doubtful, Lord Wellington hung personally on the very skirts of the *mêlée*. One of Picton's battalions coming up to it in a state of great disorder, His Lordship halted them, re-formed them, and led them on. His orders, through his aides-de-camp, were for some time given under a shower of musket-balls, and were so many and rapid that he came at length to have not another messenger. "Some of the confidential officers of his staff, on returning," says Leith Hay, "expressed alarm at the exposed situation in which he then was, but without effect. He continued issuing orders from nearly the same spot until Arinez was in possession of the British line, and the enemy in full retreat towards Vittoria. It was after the abandonment of the first position that the French artillery, which had been placed in rapidly constructed field-works," the larger portion of artillery which Joseph, in his original position, planted in front of his reserve, "opened on the advancing columns of the allied army. Through this tremendous fire Lord Wellington had to pass, as he galloped to the right of his army for the purpose of ascertaining the state of the battle in that direction. His route being in a nearly parallel line, he ran the gauntlet of about eighty pieces of cannon, and fortunately escaped untouched."

Gassan's left wing had, at an early hour, been so powerfully reinforced by Drouot that it continued to withstand Hill during all the time of the combat at Arinez. But, by the issue of that combat, it became suddenly isolated from the

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

rench line, so that it was obliged instantly to fall back with great confusion. "Could the allied cavalry have then been launched against it, its destruction would have been inevitable. But the ground being in some places woody, in others covered with high corn, here broken by ditches, and there diversified by vineyards and hamlets, was unfit for that arm; and the action, both in this part and along all the centre, for several miles, resolved itself into a running fight, the confused multitude shooting a-head of the advancing British lines; whilst the dust, the smoke, with the mighty tumult and uproar, filled the whole valley, rolling onwards to Vittoria. A great number of guns were taken, as the allied army pushed irresistibly forward, till at six o'clock the French in one enormous mass reached the last defensible height. Behind them,' says an eye-witness, 'was the plain in which the city stood, and beyond the city thousands of carriages and animals, and non-combatants, men, women and children, were crowding together in all the madness of terror; and as the English shot went booming overhead, the vast crowd started and swerved with a convulsive movement, whilst a dull and horrid sound of distress arose; but there was no hope, no stay for army or multitude.' The resistance of the French, however, was not yet terminated. Reille still maintained his post obstinately on the upper Zadora, and the armies of the South and Centre, drawing up on the last heights between the villages of Ali and Armentia, kept up a tremendous fire of musketry; whilst eighty pieces of artillery were served by the French gunners with such desperate energy, that the neighbouring hills laboured and shook with the thunder of their discharge. For a moment the third division, always the foremost, and bearing the brunt of the storm, seemed checked by this terrible musketry and cannonade, and the French generals were commencing to draw off their infantry from the right wing; when suddenly the fourth division, rushing forward, carried the hill on the French left, and these heights were immediately abandoned."

The whole of Joseph's army now rolled off in confusion. All the parts of it broke from their lines, and ran in the manner of a routed mob. Joseph, who was among the foremost, and who already knew that the royal causeway beyond Vittoria and all the roads to the west of it were now blocked up, gave a prompt indication to retreat by the road to Pampeluna. The routed masses, therefore, when just on the skirts of the town, swayed to the east, and pressed along that road. The enormous multitude of carriages and baggage-waggons which had been pushed into the town, and through it, in provision for retreat toward Bayonne, were thus all at once abandoned; yet a sufficient number of them to cause serious obstruction, had, under observance of the progress and the probable issue of the battle, been just deflected, by the officers in charge of them, into the road to Pampeluna. The prodigious crowds of camp-followers, and of the King's courtiers and creatures, also, who had stood amassed among the carriages and

waggon beyond the city, ran headlong into the indicated line of flight, so as to become mingled with the foremost masses of the fleeing troops. Such guns as the French artillery-men succeeded in carrying from the field, speedily stuck fast among the crowds, or otherwise could not be got along; so that, with the exception of only two pieces, the men cut them all off, and rode away with the horses. Reille, too, in his noble bravery, was too long in quitting the defence of Gamara Mayor and Ariaga; and, being obliged to run a detour, along by-roads, with all Graham's corps at his heels, he not only was compelled to abandon everything belonging to his own divisions, but added to the confusion of the rest of Joseph's troops by the pell-mell hurry with which he leaped into their line of flight. And to add to all other miseries, that line of flight lay between deep drains, through a morass, everywhere intersected with ditches; so that the dense, maddened, precipitate throngs could not possibly disspread themselves for relieved continuous movement, but were obliged either to struggle on, squeezed and weltering, within the strict limits of the narrow road, or to leap off laterally with the greatest risk, amounting almost to moral certainty, of being bogged or captured. Yet many of the French cavalry during this fearful scene, both made vigorous efforts to cover the retreat, and took up to their saddle wailing children and women who were falling to the rear.

Lord Wellington in person was close to the French when they first broke into confusion; and he personally accelerated all the deroute which we have described, as well as produced much of it, by agilely and powerfully hurling on his pursuing masses. His nearest cavalry were launched away like a thunder-bolt. Even his infantry kindled into new energy, and came glittering along like a rush of meteors. He could see that Vittoria, as he swept past it, was in a state of chaos, —the more so that very many of its inhabitants had been admirers of Joseph, and were now sharers in his ruin: but he did not draw bridle to look into it, but rode hotly on to a height about a mile in advance of it, where he could see all the fleeing multitudes of his vanquished enemy; and there, in only a few minutes, he got up a troop of horse-artillery to shatter all the nearest of them with balls and howitzer-shells. "Never," says an eye-witness, "did the commander of the allied army appear so anxious to strike a terrific blow against the enemy." And on he still went at the head of the pursuit, vehemently and closely, in spite of the accumulated fatigues of that long and laborious day, gathering up and hurling on mass after mass of the alertest of his troops, determined that darkness alone should stop or even slacken his efforts. After the first few miles, however, he could do little damage. His cavalry could make small progress along the flanks, in consequence of the nature of the ground, and besides were too heavily encumbered with their arms to make much speed against fugitives who had thrown everything away. His infantry, even the foremost and the lithest, were still less able to gain ground; and his whole army, as well

as himself, were exhausted with the fatigues of so long an action. At dark, therefore, not more than half satisfied with what he had accomplished, he felt compelled to retrace his steps to Vittoria.

The loss of the French in men on this eventful day was computed at six thousand killed and wounded, and about one thousand captured. This is remarkably small compared to the extent of either the defeat, the disaster, or the results, and would be utterly unbelievable did we not advert to at once the suddenness, the abandonment, and the fleetness of the flight. But the loss in all other respects was conversely great. The whole camp equipage, together with a great proportion of the camp followers, was cut off. Joseph himself made a narrow escape; and had he not leaped from his carriage, to ride away on a swift horse with a powerful escort, which happened to be at hand, he would certainly have been taken. His travelling carriage, containing some insignia of his royalty and many articles of eminent value, was captured. Marshal Jourdan's baton, embroidered with imperial eagles, the symbol of the military power which had marshalled the battle, and which swayed Joseph's armies, was obtained. And all the military equipments of the armies of Portugal, the Centre, and the South, except only two guns, were among the spoils,—comprising 151 brass ordnance, 415 caissons, 14,219 rounds of ammunition, 1,973,400 musket-ball cartridges, 40,668 pounds of gunpowder, 56 forage waggons, and 44 forge waggons, together with all the appurtenances for pay and drill and discipline. Or, to use Gazan's own words, "these armies lost all their equipages, all their guns, all their treasure, all their stores, all their papers, so that no man could prove how much pay was due to him; generals and subordinate officers alike were reduced to the clothes on their back, and most of them were barefooted."

"No estimate," says Alison, "can be formed of the amount of private plunder which was taken on the field; but it exceeded anything witnessed in modern war; for it was not the produce of the sack of a city or the devastation of a province, but the accumulated plunder of a kingdom during five years, joined to the arrears of pay of the invader's host for two, which was now at one fell swoop reft from the spoiler. Independent of private booty, no less than five millions and a half of dollars in the military chest of the army were taken; and of private wealth the amount was so prodigious, that for miles together the pursuers may be almost said to have marched upon gold and silver without stooping to pick it up. But the regiments which followed, not equally warmed in the fight, were not so disinterested. Enormous spoil fell into the hands of the private soldiers; and the cloud of camp followers and sutlers who followed in their train swept the ground so completely, that only a hundred thousand dollars of the whole taken was brought into the military chest. So vast also was the number of ladies of pleasure who were among the carriages in the train of the French officers, that it was a common saying afterwards in their army, that it was no wonder they were

beaten at Vittoria, for they sacrificed their guns to save their mistresses. Wives and concubines, nuns and actresses, arrayed in the highest luxury and fashion, were taken by hundreds. Rich vestures of all sorts, velvet and silk brocades, gold and silver plate, noble pictures, jewels, laces, cases of claret and champagne, poodles, parrots, monkeys, and trinkets lay scattered about the field in endless confusion, amidst weeping mothers, wailing infants, and all the unutterable miseries of warlike overthrow." Lord Wellington and his principal officers exerted their utmost power to maintain order, restrain excess, and afford protection; and next day his Lordship sent forward the wife of Gazan, and a number of other wives of French officers, with a flag of truce, to the French army. He was able to secure some of the most costly and most useful articles of the general plunder,—particularly a collection of pictures from the royal palace of Madrid, which he afterwards made arrangements to restore, and a large amassment of the original and secret correspondence of Napoleon, which made important contributions to the political history of the previous years.

The loss of the allies in the battle comprised 740 men killed, 4,174 wounded, and 265 missing. But the British alone had 501 killed and 2,807 wounded, so that they, as usual, bore the brunt of the action. The missing, in general, were not captured by the enemy, but only straggled from their regiments in the heat of the pursuit. Many of the troops, also, during the momentary disorganization after the victory, broke wildly away from discipline, plunged into riotousness, and ran off in a course of plundering, dissipation, and temporary desertion, occasioning an amount of diminution in Lord Wellington's force greater than the loss in the battle. His Lordship, writing eight days afterward to Earl Bathurst, in reference to the resumed pursuit, said,—“We started in the campaign with the army in the highest order, and up to the day of the battle nothing could get on better; but that event has, as usual, totally annihilated all order and discipline. The soldiers of the army have got among them about a million sterling in money, with the exception of about a hundred thousand dollars, which were got for the military chest. The night of the battle, instead of being passed in getting rest and food to prepare them for the pursuit of the following day, was passed by the soldiers in looking for plunder. The consequence was, that they were incapable of marching in pursuit of the enemy, and were totally knocked up. The rain came on and increased their fatigue, and I am quite convinced that we have now out of the ranks double the amount of our loss in the battle, and that we have lost more men in the pursuit than the enemy have, and have never in any one day made more than an ordinary march. This is the consequence of the state of discipline of the British army. We may gain the greatest victories; but we shall do no good until we shall so far alter our system, as to force all ranks to perform their duty. The new regiments are as usual the worst of all.” Again, on the 2d of July, when sending an exact ac-

count of the numbers who were missing, he called all his rank and file, "the ruin of the earth," and said,—“It is really a disgrace to have anything to say of such men as some of our soldiers are.” And further on the 9th of July he said,—“I do not know what measures to take about our vagabond soldiers. By the state of yesterday, we had 12,500 men less under arms than we had on the day before the battle. They are not in the hospitals, nor are they killed, nor have they fallen into the hands of the enemy as prisoners. I have sent officers with parties of the cavalry staff corps in all directions after them; but I have not yet heard of any of them. I believe they are concealed in the villages in the mountains.”

The stubborn immorality of Lord Wellington's troops, every time it has compelled our attention, has suggested weighty thoughts respecting both the elements of our hero's character and the principles of moral military government; and never was it more suggestive than when thus intruding itself in connexion with the brilliant victory of Vittoria. See how it tarnished that victory,—how it embarrassed the great victor,—how it wrung his heart with a grief far greater than all the joy of his triumph! He felt almost stultified by it; and well he might. For he had all along employed his utmost strength and invention to suppress it; he had all along laboured as strenuously by moral means to make his troops good men, as by military means to make them good soldiers; he had, at the commencement of the last winter's repose, roused the whole body of his officers to act as moral reformers, and added to the establishments of his head-quarters the apparatus of both a judiciary and a police; and he seemed at last, in the grand, orderly, beautiful march from Portugal to Vittoria, to have reached complete success. Yet his troops, the finest soldiers in the world, perfect paragons of military obedience, moving in the ranks with the precision of a chronometer, no sooner struck an opportunity of fleeing into rapine than, like a porcelain vase beneath the blow of a hammer, they went instantly to pieces, proving themselves as destitute of moral cohesion and in all respects as viciously fragile as ever. Why was this? Manifestly because the measures for improving them had all been far too tactical and coercive,—far too near akin to the methods for training dogs and horses,—with immensely too little of the pure moral element. Lord Wellington himself, in one of the very letters from which we have quoted, ascribes the failure entirely to recent relaxations in the sternness of martial government,—that “of late years Englishmen had been doing everything in their power, both by law and by publications, to relax the discipline by which alone the common soldiers could be kept in order,”—clearly showing that what he mainly desiderated was more severity, more terror, more of the office of the provost-marshal. Yet, during the six or seven months immediately preceding the battle of Vittoria, his judge-advocate-general, Mr. Larpent, as we infer from that functionary's own journal, had so rigorously brought up arrears of accusations

and trials as to have produced a much greater number of breakings and hangings and other punishments than had ever before been known in the army in the same space of time, and moreover was on the spot, at Vittoria, with all his agency of detection, capture, conviction, and execution, to give the speediest possible award to crime. The schoolmaster and the preacher, however, were a-wanting, and had all along been a-wanting, or at least had been so few and hampered as to be practically inefficient. Lord Wellington, however, was not to blame for this; he had even endeavoured, as we formerly saw, to obtain a supply of clergymen, but had not succeeded; and if he erred in his notions of moral government, he at any rate had some of the best ends of it deeply at heart.

The victory of Vittoria, in the meanwhile, was not marred in either its military or its political results. This, in all desirable respects, with the exception only of Waterloo, was the grandest of Wellington's victories; and, in breadth of influence on the true liberties of mankind, it was one of the greatest victories ever achieved. It put an end to the French oppression of the Peninsula; it struck the usurped crown from the head of Joseph; it contributed largely to the overthrow of Napoleon; and it was a main cause in arousing Europe from the nightmare awe of the arms of France. It suddenly inspirited all Germany to resist the French, firmly and for ever; it transferred the supremacy of martial fame, and of political influence, at once and brilliantly, from France to Britain; and it was practically both a prelude and a pattern, first to Leipsic and next to Waterloo, the two victories which secured the equipoise of the powers of Europe and the prolonged peace of the civilized world. Hence did Mr. Canning, with equal truth and eloquence, say in parliament, soon after the news of it arrived in Britain,—“It is not to Spain alone that the effects of this victory will be confined. Spain has been the theatre of Lord Wellington's glory, but it will not be the boundary of the beneficial results of his triumph. The same blow which has broken the talisman of the French power in Spain has disenchanted the North. How is the prospect changed! In those countries where at most a short struggle has been terminated by a result disastrous to our wishes, if not altogether closing in despair, we have now to contemplate a very different aspect of affairs. Germany crouches no longer, trembling at the feet of the tyrant, but maintains a balanced contest. The mighty deluge by which the Continent has been overwhelmed begins to subside. The limits of nations are again visible, and the spires and turrets of ancient establishments begin to reappear above the subsiding wave. It is this victory which has defined those objects so lately involved in inextricable confusion.”

Lord Wellington's supereminent generalship was now universally acknowledged. His fiercest detractors could no longer demur to his enrolment in the book of fame. His most churlish critics, though disposed to magnify to the

Almost the important fact that he had a stronger army and a feebler foe in this campaign than in any previous one, yet could not deny that he was still much inferior in force to the French, and nevertheless had defeated and overwhelmed them. All nations and classes in Europe, not excepting the French themselves, at length regarded him as an undoubted conqueror; while many who had already for a long time thought him a very great captain, now pronounced him to be absolutely the greatest. The nations whom he served, in particular, and most of all his own Britain, began to be intensely proud of him,—unanimous in his praises, and warm with desire to obliterate all former aspersions on him; and though they had already, in previous bursts of admiration, done more to mark their sense of his services than they had done to almost any other man, even to the extent, in the case of Spain and Portugal, of bestowing upon him all the public honours in their power, and offering him a hundredfold more substance than he would accept, they tried yet again to give deep expression to their respect and gratitude. The Regency of Spain, on the proposition of the Cortes, promoted to him the fine estate of Soto de Roma in Grenada; the British parliament gave him an unusually fervent vote of thanks; and the Prince Regent of Britain, with the concurrence of the Duke of York as Commander-in-chief of the British forces, promoted him to be a Field-Marshal of the United Kingdom.

The Prince Regent's letter to him bears date the 3d of July, and runs as follows:—"My Dear Lord, Your glorious conduct is beyond all human praise, and far above my reward. I know no language the world affords worthy to express it. I feel I have nothing left to say, but devoutly to offer up my prayer of gratitude to Providence, that it has, in its omnipotent bounty, blessed my country and myself with such a general. You have sent me, among the trophies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French Marshal," the baton of Marshal Jourdan, "and I send you in return that of England. The British army will hail it with enthusiasm, while the whole universe will acknowledge those valorous efforts which have so imperiously called for it. That uninterrupted health and still increasing laurels may continue to crown you through a glorious and long career of life, are the never-ceasing and most ardent wishes of, my dear Lord, your very sincere and faithful friend, G. P. R." Lord Wellington in reply said,—“I trust your Royal Highness will receive graciously my humble acknowledgments for the honour which your Royal Highness has conferred upon me by your approbation, for the terms in which it is conveyed, and for the last distinguished mark of your Royal Highness' favour. Even if I had not been supported and encouraged as I have been by your Royal Highness' protection and favour, the interest which I feel for the cause which your Royal Highness so powerfully supports would have induced me to make every exertion for its success. I can evince my gratitude for your Royal Highness' repeated favours only by devoting my life to your service.”

CHAPTER XII.

THE RETREAT OF THE FRENCH FROM VITTORIA—THE ALLIES' PURSUIT OF JOSEPH BUONAPARTE, FOY, AND CLAUSSEL—THE BLOCKADE OF PAMPLONA—LORD WELLINGTON'S OCCUPANCY OF THE WESTERN PYRENEES—SIR JOHN MURRAY'S DISASTER AT TARRAGONA—LORD WELLINGTON'S POLITICAL DIFFICULTIES WITH THE SPANIARDS—THE FIRST SIEGE OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

JOSEPH BUONAPARTE, during all the night after the battle of Vittoria, retreated up the valleys of Borundia and Araquil. He went lightly along in spite of drenching rains and heavy roads, having nothing whatever to encumber him; and he endeavoured to obstruct the pursuit by setting fire to the villages. He arrived on the 22d at Yrursun, a town among the mountains from which roads radiate to Pampeluna, Tolosa, and San Estevan, and there he remained on the 23d, sending orders to different places on the French frontier for succours and provisions to his army. Reille, with the army of Portugal, marched rapidly by way of San Estevan toward the Bidassoa; and Gazan and Drouet, with the armies of the South and the Centre, marched upon Pampeluna with the view of entering France at St. Jean Pied de Port. These armies, on reaching Pampeluna, were in so disorderly a condition that the governor would not suffer them to enter the town; so that they bivouacked on the glacis of the fortress. Joseph was with them on the 24th, and immediately sent them off toward France, posting only a rearguard at a strong pass about six miles from the town; and at the same time, he increased the garrison of the fortress to three thousand men, and succeeded in throwing in a large supply of provisions from the circumjacent country.

On the 22d, Lord Wellington brought up his sixth division from Medina de Pomar, posted a strong detachment at Vittoria, and resumed the pursuit of Joseph. But, in consequence of the bad state of the weather, of the roads, and of his troops, he made very indifferent progress; and he was obliged also to make arrangements against Foy, coming up with a strong mixed corps from Guipuscoa, and against Clausel, coming up with the greater part of the army of the North from Arragon. Both these generals, as we formerly noted, were on the march to join Joseph for some days before the battle was struck. Foy commanded various field detachments amounting to about sixteen thousand men, besides the garrisons of several fortresses; and he was so near as Durango, concentrating his forces, on the day of the battle. Clausel commanded a compact moving body of about fourteen thousand men; and was supposed by the allied generals to be about Tudela.

Sir Thomas Graham's corps was detached against Foy, by Lord Wellington, on the 28d, through the pass of Adrian. Foy retreated to Tolosa, but made a stout stand there, first on strong ground in front of the town, and next within the town itself, aided by a block-house and by barricades. The fighting was very severe, occasioning a loss of at least four hundred men on each side. Foy retired under the darkness of the night, and retreated in good order to the Bidassoa, throwing by the way a garrison of 2,600 good troops into San Sebastian. Graham halted two days at Tolosa, to get intelligence of Lord Wellington's progress, and afterwards, as we shall by and by see, laid siege to San Sebastian; but a corps of Gallicians, together with a strong body of guerillas, gave chase to Foy, got up to him before he crossed the Bidassoa, and took from him six pieces of artillery. Reille, however, having arrived on the Bidassoa about the same time, and immediately receiving ammunition and artillery from Bayonne, made too strong dispositions on that river, the boundary-line between Spain and France, to admit any further annoyance.

Clausel, in total ignorance of Joseph's defeat, approached close to Vittoria on the day after the battle, but instantly, on learning what had happened, commenced a rapid retrograde movement to Logrono; and there he halted till the 25th to receive intelligence. Lord Wellington was then at Pampeluna, making preparations for a siege: but on getting note that Clausel was so near, and thinking it possible to catch him, arranged all the forces who were with him into three corps, left one of these under Hill before Pampeluna, sent another toward Logrono by way of Salvatierra, led the third in person toward that place by way of Tafalla, and at the same time sent instructions to the powerful guerilla chieftain Mina to fall into the chase. Clausel, by means of some treacherous native, got intelligence of his danger just in time to escape being surrounded; and getting up and away with all the characteristic celerity of a Frenchman's flight, he reached Saragossa, a distance of sixty miles, in the brief period of forty hours; and thence he deflected to the north, up the pass of Jacca, and so onward through the Pyrenees to France. Lord Wellington meanwhile made a flank movement to his own left, so that if he had chosen he could have blocked the pass against him: but he thought it better to draw up, and leave the way open for him into France, rather than incur the risk of forcing him on to the seaboard into junction with Suchet. Mina, however, got close up to Clausel, and hung severely on his skirts, making him believe that the whole allied army was at hand, taking from him three hundred men and a large portion of his heavy artillery and baggage, and chasing him so hotly as to allow him not a single breathing-time till he reached the further side of the Pyrenees.

Lord Wellington, on returning to Pampeluna, found that his contemplated siege of that place was impracticable. The works of the fortress were very strong, in excellent order, protected by strong natural features of the ground,

surmounted by two hundred pieces of ordnance, and defended by four thousand effective soldiers. To bring up sufficient equipments for a siege would consume three weeks, and to devote a sufficient force for the operations would require from fifteen to twenty thousand of the best of Lord Wellington's men; but these were conditions utterly inconsistent with the other objects of the war. The place, however, notwithstanding all its importance and strength, as the chief interior key of the Pyrenees, could be shut up from present mischief, as well as eventually reduced, by a numerous blockading body of the least efficient Spaniards. Lord Wellington, therefore, ordered nine large redoubts to be constructed on all sides of it, at distances of from 1,200 to 1,500 yards from its walls, armed with the French guns taken at Vittoria; and as soon as these were completed, he committed the blockade to the Conde d'Abispal's Andalusian army of reserve, to be afterwards aided by the corps of Don Carlos D'Espana.

Joseph, with his armies of the Centre and the South, after leaving the vicinity of Pampeluna, went quick enough through the Pyrenees into France. But on finding that he was not pursued, or immediately menaced, he sent back the army of the South to occupy some strong positions in the very fertile and very defensible valley of Bastan. Sir Rowland Hill, with four brigades, then moved toward that valley through the difficult pass of Lanz; while Lord Dalhousie, with one division, moved to the left, by way of San Estevan, to menace an attack in flank. And so successful was Sir Rowland that he drove the whole army of the South from all their positions, completely out of the valley, right into France, with a total loss on his own part of only 120 men.

In the meanwhile, all the fortresses of the western Pyrenees, both great and small, together with all those in the neighbouring districts, both maritime and inland, excepting only Pampeluna and San Sebastian, came into possession of the allies. Some of them were evacuated while the allies were still at a distance; and the rest fell either by surrender the instant any of the allied corps approached, or by capitulation after very brief assault. Hence, when Sir Rowland Hill swept the valley of Bastan, Lord Wellington needed only to draw the main body of his troops forward to occupy the mouths of the Pyrenean passes leading into France. "And thus, after years of toils and combats which had been rather admired than understood, the British general, emerging from the chaos of the Peninsular struggle, stood on the summit of the Pyrenees, a recognized conqueror. On these lofty pinnacles the clangour of his trumpets pealed clear and loud, and the splendour of his genius appeared as a flaming beacon to warring nations."

This grand success of Lord Wellington, however, was suffering a severe back-stroke from the misconduct of Sir John Murray. Often had our hero's triumphs, at the very instant of achievement, been marred by the folly of some one or other of his lieutenants or coadjutors; but never more vexatiously than

Now? Had Sir John Murray acted rightly, the eastern side of the Pyrenees might have been swept as surely as the western; but he behaved in such a manner as to give the enemy there both a military and a moral triumph. He arrived off Tarragona on the 2d of June, landed on the 3d, opened his batteries against an outwork on the 6th, and made sufficient progress in the siege to be ready to storm the main body of the place on the night of the 11th; for the fortress had been greatly impaired in strength during some previous operations of the war, and was defended by only seven hundred men. But two ~~and~~ French corps were approaching, and close at hand, the one from Valencia under Suchet, the other from Barcelona under Maurice Mathieu; and Sir John, though fully resolved at first to resist these, and though bravely supported by Villalba under Admiral Hallowell right before the walls of Tarragona, as well as by Copon's corps of Spaniards on land, suddenly relinquished the siege, abandoned his guns, and ran precipitately to his ships, Admiral Hallowell the while remonstrating earnestly and angrily, but vainly, against the abandonment of the guns. Nor was this all; for without any change having occurred in the proportions of the antagonist forces, he disembarked again, partly on the 12th and wholly on the 13th, at a place a few miles to the south-west, and remained there inactive till the 17th, allowing Suchet to slip back to Valencia, when Lord William Bentinck, his superior in command, arrived from Sicily and re-embarked the troops, to go after Suchet.

Lord Wellington, kindling into unwonted ire on first hearing of this affair, said,—“It will create a devil of a breeze.” And then, writing coolly and officially respecting it, five weeks afterwards, to the military secretary of the Duke of York, he said,—“I entertain a very high opinion of Sir John Murray's talents; but he always appeared to me to want what is better than abilities, namely, sound sense. There is always some mistaken principle in what he does. Raising the siege I do not care about; it might have been necessary when the enemy approached him. Nor do I care much about his embarking; his instructions would warrant his doing so if he raised the siege, and did not think he could fight a decidedly successful action. But what I cannot bear is his leaving his guns and stores; and strange to say, not only does he not think he was wrong in so doing, but he writes of it as being rather meritorious, and says he did it before at Biar. It appears that he knew on the 7th and 8th that Suchet was approaching him on one side, and Maurice Mathieu on the other. I shall charge him with having omitted then to make arrangements to raise the siege and to embark his guns and stores. I shall then charge him with disobedience of his instructions, in not having gone to Valencia to join the Duke del Parque, when he raised the siege and embarked. If he had raised the siege on the 7th or 8th, or rather had then discontinued to disembark his guns and stores, and had afterwards embarked his corps on the 12th or 13th, upon Suchet approaching

him, and thinking the enemy too strong for him, and had then sailed for the west of Valencia, he would have obeyed his instructions, and the manœuvre would have answered; that is to say, he would have gained the lines of the Jucar, and probably more ground in Valencia, without a battle. Instead of that, after losing his guns, he staid till the evening of the 17th; then Lord William embarked the army, which since the 12th had been disembarked at the Coll de Balagner; and in fact Suchet, after having obliged Sir John Murray to raise the siege of Tarragona, returned and forced the Duke del Parque to abandon the Jucar, before he could be supported by Lord William Bentinck. The best of the story is that all parties ran away. Maurice Mathieu ran away; Sir John Murray ran away; and so did Suchet,"—who continued ignorant of the raising of the siege till made aware of the fact by the common rumour of the country. Sir John Murray was tried by a court-martial, at the close of the war, on the charges thus indicated by Lord Wellington; but was acquitted of all intentional disobedience, and found guilty only of abandoning his artillery and stores, without necessity,—the court ascribing his misconduct to mere error of judgment.

But the triumph at Vittoria, while much marred by the disaster at Tarragona, at the same time served materially to repair it. Suchet could no longer dare to remain in Valencia, "where he had ruled for eighteen months with the authority and state of a sovereign;" but, leaving there only two garrisons, led all the rest of his army to the districts north of the Ebro, closely followed by both Lord William Bentinck and the Duke del Parque. His aristocratic Spanish partisans—indeed all rich natives who had adhered to his cause, exchanging allegiance to Ferdinand for allegiance to Joseph—also felt compelled to flee. And so many of the same class throughout Castile, and in all other parts just evacuated by the French armies, as had not been able to run to the French frontier, suddenly found themselves in peril of condign punishment as traitors,—a punishment involving variously confiscation, imprisonment, exile, and death. Lord Wellington regarded this last event as a dire evil, not only to the victims, but to their country; and while yet at the Pisuerga, in mere mid-career of his conquering march from the Agueda, he distinctly foresaw it, and made an earnest appeal to the Cortes to prevent it.

"At the same time," said he, "that I can appreciate the merit of the patriotic Spaniards who have served their country at the risk of their lives, I can forgive the weakness of those who have been induced by terror, by distress, or by despair to pursue a different line of conduct. I entreat the Government to advert to the circumstances of the commencement and of the different stages of this eventful contest, and to the numerous occasions in which all men must have imagined that it was impossible for the powers of the Peninsula, although aided by Great Britain, to withstand the colossal power by which they were assailed and nearly overcome. Let them reflect upon the weakness of the country at

the commencement of the contest, upon the numerous and almost invariable disasters of the armies, and upon the ruin and disorganization which followed; and let them decide, whether those who were witnesses of these events, are guilty, because they could not foresee what has since occurred. The majority are certainly not guilty in any other manner; and many, now deemed guilty in the eye of the law as having served the pretended King, have, by that very act, acquired the means of serving, and have rendered important services to their country. It is my opinion that the policy of Spain should lead the Government and the Cortes to grant a general amnesty, with certain exceptions. This subject deserves consideration in the two views of the effort now making, failing or succeeding in freeing the country from its oppressors. If the effort should fail, the enemy will, by an amnesty, be deprived of the principal means now in his hands of oppressing the country in which his armies will be stationed. He will see clearly that he can place no reliance on any partisans in Spain; and he will not have even a pretence for supposing that the country is divided in opinion. If the effort should succeed, as I sincerely hope it may, the object of the Government should be to pacify the country, and to heal the divisions which the contest unavoidably must have occasioned. It is impossible that this object can be accomplished, as long as there exists a large body of the Spanish nation, some possessing the largest properties in the country, and others endowed with considerable talents, who are proscribed for their conduct during the contest,—conduct which has been caused by the misfortunes to which I have above adverted."

The Spanish magnates, however, were not in a temper to pay much deference to Lord Wellington's suggestions. They were now pushing boldly out to its consequences the new born political liberalism which had so seriously embarrassed him on occasion of his visit to Cadiz. They threatened to become Frenchified; they seemed to be provoking a civil war; they proposed to republicanism their armies; they recalled Castanos from his command, because he appeared too aristocratic for their purposes; they were becoming careless about the alliance of Great Britain; and they put no restraint or discountenance on their licentious press, in regard to foul, virulent, pertinacious attacks which it made on some of their best friends. Hence did Lord Wellington, even amid the full fruits of his triumph at Vittoria, feel more difficulty in his connexions with the Spanish government than he had ever done at those critical times when they foolishly hurled their armies, one after another to destruction.

"We and the powers of Europe," wrote he to Earl Bathurst on the 29th of June, "are interested in the success of the war in the Peninsula; but the creatures who govern at Cadiz appear to feel no such interest. All they care about really is to hear the praise of their foolish Constitution. There is not one of them who does not feel that it cannot be put in practice; but their vanity is interested to force it down people's throats. The people in Galicia, are by no

means favourably disposed to the Constitution and new order of things. In Biscay the people positively refused last year to accept the Constitution, as being a breach of the privileges of their province. I mention this subject at present, in order to draw the attention of Government towards it. It appears to me that as long as Spain shall be governed by the Cortes acting upon republican principles, we cannot hope for any permanent amelioration. To threaten that you would withdraw your assistance, without withdrawing if there were no amelioration, would only make matters worse. You must be the best judges whether you can or ought to withdraw; but I acknowledge that I do not believe that Spain will be an useful ally, or at all in alliance with England, if the republican system is not put down." Again, on the 2d of July he wrote to the British ambassador at Cadiz,—“It will now rest with the Archbishop of Santiago whether or not we shall have a civil war in our rear. If we have, we must take leave of all our communications and our supplies of all descriptions, and we shall soon feel the consequences. To be sure it will be droll enough if, having commenced the war in Spain, and continued it to this moment, with the clergy and people in our favour, and against the French, they and we were to change sides, and after our victories we should be compelled to withdraw by having the clergy and people against us.”

Nor did Lord Wellington, when writing in this manner, want any of his characteristic coolness; for, so early as the 12th of July, after continuing to observe keenly the fitful changes in the political atmosphere, he wrote again to Earl Bathurst,—“I am inclined to advise the British government not to interfere in the internal concerns of Spain, at least directly. Any declaration of the British government against the Liberales, would give them more weight and power than they possess already or are likely to possess. I think it not unlikely that their violence and democratical principles will induce some of the provinces to declare against them; and then would be the time for the British government to come forward, particularly if its support or its opinions should be asked for. But if such a crisis should not occur, I rather believe that it is best for the British government to wait with patience for the termination of all this folly, till a regular government shall be established in Spain.”

Our hero, we may readily infer, continued to be scandalously thwarted in his efforts to render the Spanish armies properly efficient. This was a matter so tormenting to him as a general that no compensation could be made for it by any amount of honours heaped upon him as a man. Writing to the Earl of Liverpool on the 25th of July, he said,—“There is no doubt but that the Spanish armies may be very considerably augmented by recruits from the provinces. But when I tell Your Lordship that the Spanish army does not consist of much less than 160,000 men at present, you will probably be of opinion that we do not want men to defend such positions as the Pyrenees, but means to pay, feed,

and clothe these men, and to keep them in that state of efficiency and discipline in the field, in which soldiers ought to be to render any effectual service to the country which employs them. Your Lordship will see this, when I tell you that, of these 160,000 men, we have not much more than between a quarter and a third of the numbers employed against the enemy; and these are not in the state of discipline and efficiency in which they ought to be, or might be. Our efforts, therefore, should be directed to improve the financial resources of Spain, rather than increase the number of men at present in the Spanish armies. I have only this day had a proposition from Longa to go to the rear, as he can get neither pay nor food in front. The wants of all are of the same description; and as far as I have any knowledge, there are no troops paid in Spain at present, excepting those to whom I have been enabled to spare money out of our military chest, in payment of the Spanish subsidy. Your Lordship must have seen enough of the Spanish character, during the contest and our connexion with them, to be aware that it will not answer to press any measure upon them which they do not like. I have not seen among them the slightest inclination to employ English officers to discipline their troops, to such an extent as would answer any useful purpose; and I believe that one of the reasons for which they like me so well is that, contrary to their expectations, I have not pressed them to take English officers. Besides, as I have above stated to Your Lordship, the Spanish troops do not want discipline, if by discipline is meant instruction, so much as they do a system of order, which can be founded only on regular pay and food, and good care and clothing. These British officers could not give them; and notwithstanding that the Portuguese are now the fighting cocks of the army, I believe we owe their merits more to the care we have taken of their pockets and bellies, than to the instruction we have given them. In the end of last campaign they behaved in many instances exceedingly ill, because they were in extreme misery, the Portuguese government having neglected to pay them. I have forced the Portuguese government to make arrangements to pay them regularly this year, and everybody knows how they behave. Our own troops always fight, but the influence of irregular pay is seriously felt on their conduct, their health, and their efficiency; and as for the French troops, it is notorious that they will do nothing unless regularly paid and fed."

Lord Wellington, however, had occasion for still greater solicitude respecting negotiations which were then going on with Napoleon. An armistice had been concluded between that wily tyrant and the Northern Powers; a congress was about to be assembled at Prague, for investigating the disputes between him and his various antagonists; a proposal had been made by him, that plenipotentiaries from his brother Joseph and from the Cortes should attend that congress, to submit arrangements for the pacification of Spain; and the British government, as parties to the negotiations, consulted Lord Wellington and the

questions, whether, in the event of the renewal of hostilities in Germany, he would be willing to transfer his services to that quarter, and whether, in the event of the Congress being disposed to sanction a cession of some of the Spanish territory to France, he would think the Ebro a good or proper boundary-line for maintaining international peace. Lord Wellington's reply on these two points was as follows:—

“In regard to my going to Germany, I am the Prince Regent's servant and will do whatever he and his government please. But I would beg them to recollect, that the great advantage which I enjoy here consist in the confidence that every body feels that I am doing what is right, which advantage I should not enjoy, for a time at least, in Germany. Many might be found to conduct matters as well as I can, both here and in Germany; but nobody would enjoy the same advantage here, and I should be no better than another in Germany. If a British army should be left in the Peninsula, therefore, it is best that I should remain with it. You see that we have already settled the question of the Ebro for you; and by a letter from my brother of the 3d, I see that the Spanish government have settled for themselves the question of peace with Buonaparte. I recommend you not to give up an inch of Spanish territory. I think I can hold the Pyrenees as easily as I can Portugal. I am quite certain I can hold the position which I have got more easily than the Ebro, or any other position in Spain. I will go further; I would prefer to have Joseph as King of Spain, without any cession to France, (seeing how ready all the Buonaparte family are to separate from France, and notwithstanding that he is, I think, the least likely of any so to separate,) than to have Ferdinand with the Ebro as the frontier. In the latter case, Spain must inevitably belong to the French.”

Lord Wellington, in the meantime, resolved to carry on his military operations as vigorously as if neither doubt nor difficulties were in his way. To hold the Pyrenees was at present his great object; and as this could not easily or at all be done without obtaining possession of Pampeluna and San Sebastian, he immediately disposed his whole strength toward the reduction of these fortresses. Pampeluna, being far inland, as we have already seen, could at once be rendered innocuous, and eventually brought to surrender, by mere blockade; but San Sebastian, being on the edge of the sea, with ready means of eluding pressure and obtaining supplies both by sea and by land, required to be assailed by all the apparatus of a powerful siege; while the country in front of both fortresses, together with all the intermediate tract, on every point where the enemy might be able to push suddenly forward a strong relieving force, needed to be occupied by a covering army.

“The obstructions to this operation were singularly great. The two fortresses were farther from each other than from the advanced posts of the French armies; so that they could not jointly be invested and covered without an excessive

position of Lord Wellington's line. All the country between them, also, was continuous, with numerous passes extending parallel to one another direct toward France, but with few cross communications, and these few circuits, chiefly rearward, all narrow, and in some instances so bad as to be impracticable for a animal but a mule; so that the several divisions of the covering army would necessarily be placed in the fastnesses of the several passes, almost entirely cut from one another, or at least unable to maintain mutual communication except by very tedious and difficult routes, and incapable of supporting one another against attack in any manner but by retiring into concentration toward the rear of the entire position.

But a more extraordinary difficulty than any, and at the same time a more embarrassing one, was the want of sufficient co-operation on the part of the British navy. Store ships which were fully cargoes with the military appointments at Lisbon on the 12th of May, in readiness then to bring these round to the new base of operations on the coast of the Bay of Biscay, could not, for want of convoy, set sail till toward the end of June. Provisions and military stores which Lord Wellington expected to find waiting for him at Santander, at the first moment of his opening a communication with that place, did not arrive there till some time in July. The ships of war which ought to have blockaded the coast were few and remiss that, not only were convoys a-wanting when needed, but the magazines of stores were not safe even after being landed. American privateers freely swept the coast from Lisbon to Corunna; and French armed vessels of all kinds, maintained a mastery, or at least were in a great measure unmolested, throughout the Bay of Biscay, even to the extent of holding free intercourse with San Sebastian, supplying it with every thing it wanted, and carrying away its wounded soldiers and superfluous population.

"Of some kinds of ammunition," wrote the British field-marshal to the British Secretary of State on the 2d of July, "we have none left; and I have been obliged to carry French ammunition of a smaller calibre than ours in our reserve. Surely the British navy cannot be so ~~short~~ run as not to be able to keep up the communication with Lisbon for this army. The same want of security on the coast affects us in other ways. Our money cannot arrive by land in much less than two months, and we cannot get it by the sea. The captured ordnance and stores cannot be sent away; and if any accident were to happen to us, the whole would be lost." Next day also he wrote,—"I beg Your Lordship to observe in what manner the blockade of the coast is kept up, and wish to make the siege of San Sebastian, which is one of quite a different description from that of Pampeluna; but I cannot undertake it till I shall know whether we are secure at sea. I really believe that this is the first time, of late years, that any British commander on shore has had reason to entertain a doubt on this point." And again on the 10th of July he wrote,—"I am afraid you

will think me very troublesome about our want of ships of war on these coasts. I am certain that it will not be denied that, since Great Britain has been a naval power, a British army has never been left in such a situation, and that at a moment when it is most important to us to preserve, and to the enemy to interrupt, the communication by the coast. If they only take the ship with our shoes, we must halt for six weeks."

Our hero, however, waited not an hour for the rectification of these evils, but at once, after completing the blockade of Pampeluna in the manner we have already noticed, made all the requisite dispositions of his covering army, and pushed forward his preparations with the utmost possible speed for commencing the siege of San Sebastian. Byng's brigade of the second division of British infantry and Morillo's division of Spanish infantry were posted in the pass of Roncesvalles, in the extreme right of the front of his position. Cole's division was posted at Viscarret, four miles behind these troops, to support them. Hill, with the rest of the second British division and with Silveira's Portuguese division, was posted in the valley of Bastan, ten miles to the left of Byng. Campbell's Portuguese brigade was pushed forward to Les Aldudes, within the French territory, as an advanced-post communicating by separate lines with at once Byng, Cole, and Hill. Picton's division was placed in reserve at Olague, six miles behind Cole, with the same range of advance from the rear which Campbell had of retreat from the front. The seventh and the light divisions occupied a chain of mountains, averaging about twelve miles to the left of Hill, and extending from the flank of the valley of Bastan, by way of Echallar, to an elbow of the Bidassoa in the vicinity of Vera. The sixth division was placed behind these as a reserve at San Estovan. Longa's Spanish division was posted to the left of the light division, at Lesaca in the valley of the Bidassoa. Giron's Spaniards occupied the great road leading along the coast to the Bidassoa at Irun. The fifth division, part of the first division, some marines, some sappers and miners, and Wilson's and Bradford's Portuguese brigades, formed the corps under Sir Thomas Graham, for besieging San Sebastian. Thirty-six pieces of light artillery and several regiments of cavalry were distributed among the corps on the right and in the centre; but the heavy guns and the great body of the cavalry were extensively cantoned in the country between Pampeluna and Tafalla.

The entire position was about sixty miles in length, and from twenty to fifty miles in breadth. The broadest part was on the extreme right, and the narrowest part on the extreme left. The whole was stupendously alpine, sternly rugged, tormentingly intricate, such as only a supereminent genius like Wellington's could generalize into any practicable or even conceivable scene of combined military operation. The chief gun roads through it traversed respectively the pass of Roncesvalles, the valley of Bastan, and the great coast road or royal causeway;

but the paths by which masses of men might operate were so numerous and eccentric as to render the entire region a strategical puzzle. Yet only one gun road led from Pampeluna to San Sebastian and Irun, and even this fell upon the royal causeway so far up as Tortosa, and ran all the way thither in the rear of the whole position. Nor was Lord Wellington's care confined merely to these limits; for he had strong bodies, chiefly guerillas, detached far to his right, to embarrass or intercept the movements of Suchet. His position, too, in addition to all its severe intrinsic difficulties, was relatively bad; for the tract in front of it was everywhere of such a character as to permit the enemy to accumulate very easily a strong attacking force at any point he might please, and at the same time to afford almost impenetrable masks to his movements; while there were at hand two strong fortresses, which gave him a remarkably short, easy, and effective base of operations, the one at St. Jean Pied de Port, immediately in front of the pass of Roncesvalles, the other at Bayonne on the coast, at a junction of convergent roads from almost every part of the position. The hero of Torres Vedras, however, was not likely to feel either fear or perplexity among the enemies. Yet he acted there with the same cool caution, the same penetrating foresight, the same minute scrutinous nicety of arrangement, which had ever characterised his military preparations, carefully examining every part of his extensive position, in its own features, and in its relations to all the other parts, onward from Pampeluna, down the several passes, across the mountain spines, on to the sea at San Sebastian, and then placing his head-quarters at Lesaca, not far from the extreme left, where the heaviest duties of his immediate supervision were most likely to be required.

San Sebastian was invested on the 11th of July. That town stands on a low peninsula, extending northward between the sea on the west and the river Urumea on the east. A rugged rock, called Monte Oguello, nearly 400 feet high, about 1,200 feet broad, and about 1,800 feet long, occupies the extremity of the peninsula, rising steeply to a conical summit, which was crowned by a small castle called La Mota. The southern face of this height was separated from the town by a line of defensive works near its foot, and was covered with batteries. The land front of the town was 1,050 feet long, extending quite across the middle of the peninsula, and consisted of a lofty solid rampart, with half-bastions at the ends, and a high casemated flat bastion in the centre, covered by a regular horn-work, having the usual counterscarp, covered way, and glacis. A ridge, called the height of San Bartolomeo, occupies the neck of the peninsula, about 1,800 feet south of the horn-work; and this, having been extemporaneously fortified by the construction of a redoubt and the strengthening of a convent, was held by the garrison as an advanced post. A circular field-work also had been thrown up on the causeway, midway between the horn-work and San Bartolomeo. The east flank of the town was defended by a simple rampart, overlooking deep sea

water, with a rocky islet about 1,500 feet distant, occupied by a post of twenty-five men. The west flank also was defended by a simple rampart, twenty-seven feet high, together with two old towers and the half-bastion of San Elmo, the latter situated at its northern extremity, contiguous to the base of Monte Orgullo; but this rampart was never washed, even in the highest tide, by more than four feet of water, and stood exposed, over its whole surface, from the base upward, to a smashing fire from a range of sand-hills, called the Choffrea, some of them only 1,500 or 1,800 feet distant, on the opposite side of the Urumea. During two hours before and after low water, too, the Urumea down to its mouth was everywhere fordable; while a considerable strand lies dry adjacent to the rampart, by which troops could march all the way from the south-eastern extremity of the horn-work on to the half-bastion of San Elmo. Most of this strand, however, could be raked by the easternmost battery on the southern face of Monte Orgullo. The fortress was under the command of General Rey; the garrison comprised upwards of three thousand men; only such of the inhabitants as could support themselves or render service had been allowed to remain; and seventy-six pieces of heavy artillery were mounted on the walls.

Lord Wellington personally superintended the investing of the place on the 11th of July, and remained in the vicinity, making arrangements and giving orders, till the 14th; but then left the conduct of the siege entirely to Sir Thomas Graham. The troops were in high spirits; the equipments were far superior to those of ~~any other~~ previous sieges; a fine new battering train, with abundant number and plentiful variety of pieces, was on the spot; the engineers and artillery had at last obtained every desirable appliance, together with the assistance of a regular body of sappers and miners; and had the operations been well managed, swift and signal success might have been fairly expected. But Lord Wellington, in forming the plan of the siege, allowed himself to be unusually and unduly influenced by the opinions of some of his engineers; and Sir Thomas Graham, in superintending the execution of the plan, was not sufficiently vigilant and vigorous to repress a tendency, which had then become very common among the British officers, especially at critical moments and on great occasions, to neglect or disobey orders. "The officers," wrote Lord Wellington about this time to the military secretary of the Duke of York, "never attend to an order with an intention to obey it, or sufficiently to understand it, be it even so clear, and therefore never obey it when obedience becomes troublesome or difficult or important." Hence, in spite of all superior advantages, the siege of San Sebastian proved a very inferior series of operations to the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Burgos.

The plan of the siege was first to capture the advanced works on the heights of San Bartolomeo, and next to breach the eastern wall of the town from the Choffrea sand-hills, and to storm the breach by a bold advance along the left of

The besiegers busily plied their fire during the 24th, partly to maintain command of the first or great breach, partly to widen the second breach, and partly to attempt the formation of a third breach to the south of the first. The besieged were still busier in extending defences which they had already formed behind the breaches, and in multiplying means, at all available points, for defeating the expected assault. Fourteen pieces of artillery, variously on the towers, on the bastions, and on Monte Orgullo, were so pointed as either to rake the strand or to play upon the breaches; a collection of live shells was placed on the summit of the retaining-wall, along the flank of the horn-work, to be hurled on the advancing assailants; and a large body of musketeers were appointed to occupy all the parapets and other places which overlooked the strand, and all the windows, loopholes, and other covers which confronted either the breaches or the descents thence into the town. The garrison continued on the alert all night, some still working on to increase the defences, and the rest at their respective posts in readiness to start up at any moment into instant action.

In the night, also, the destined assailants, to the number of two thousand men, filed into the trenches on the isthmus. Their movement thence to the great breach, a distance of more than three hundred yards along the strand, was to be covered by a cannonade from the Choffres. A detached body of musketeers, posted in a trench within sixty yards of the ramparts, was likewise to endeavour to divert from them the fire of the horn-work. A mine had been formed in the mouth of a drain leading below the counterscarp and glacis; and this was to be fired in order to throw the garrison into confusion as a prelude to the assault. But though Lord Wellington had said that "fair day-light must be taken for the assault," the mine unhappily was fired some time before dawn, while the darkness was still dense. The tide, too, was not then sufficiently out, leaving only a narrow piece of strand, or narrow passable space of any kind, close to the wall; and even this, in some parts, was beset with deep pools, and everywhere entangled with rocks and sea-weed. And to add to these evils, the conflagration which had occasioned the postponement of the assault on the previous morning, was still raging.

At the firing of the mine, the garrison were astounded and the assailants moved forward. But the former instantly rallied, and the latter were speedily impeded. The mere sea-weed, rocks, pools, and narrowness of the way were excessively vexing. The hot shells from the top of the *fausse-braye* were dreadfully shattering. The musketry from the parapets was so galling that entire companies halted to reply to it, so as to establish a temporary local combat totally alien to the purposes of the assault. But, worst of all, the shot from the Choffres was pointed so low as to strike, not the garrison on the ramparts, but the columns on the strand, doing them more harm than all the fire of the enemy. The dense darkness, too, prevented any signal from being used to correct errors,

and likewise aided powerfully to throw the columns into confusion. The regiments, and even the companies, therefore, lost formation. All, while yet on the way, were rustled into a broken, attenuated, hesitating line of movement; and those appointed to assail the little breach could not at all get forward. "The whole assaulting column marched on a narrow front and a long line, making an uneasy progress and trickling onwards to the great breach, instead of dashing with a broad surge against it."

They arrived at the scene of achievement only in handfuls, out of wind, and away from command. The foremost handfuls, as also the succeeding ones, ran up the breach, less by military tact, than by mere impulse of individual bravery; and the moment they reached the top, they were arrested by the view of a profound descent on the other side, and by ascending volumes of flames and smoke which "awed the stoutest." Some leaders plunged into the abyss, and reappeared among the burning houses, only to make a useless fatal display of personal heroism. Others either stood fearfully exposed on the verge, to collect little bodies of followers who very slowly arrived, or ran back to the obstructed crowd to attempt to draw it more quickly on. But most, both officers and men, fell everywhere on the breach, half as fast as they went up, under demon-showers of musket-balls, hand-grenades, grape, and heavy shot, descending from all points of a semicircular sweep between the land-front bastions and the half-bastion of St. Elmo. Many of the survivors ran back; many of the more eager in the advancing crowd struggled strongly to get forward; the plan of the assault and the posts of the leaders became lost; and the whole body of the assailants, front, rear, and centre, was turned into weltering turmoil.

"Thus swayed by different impulses," says Napier, "and pent up in the narrow way between the horn-work and the river, the mass reeling to and fro could neither advance nor go back, until the shells and musketry, constantly plied both in front and flank, had thinned the concourse, and the trenches were regained in confusion. At day-light a truce was agreed to for an hour, during which the French, who had already removed the wounded men from the breach, now carried off the more distant sufferers lest they should be drowned by the rising of the tide. Five officers of engineers, including Sir Richard Fletcher, and forty-four officers of the line, with five hundred and twenty men, had been killed, wounded, or made prisoners in this assault, the failure of which was signal, yet the causes were obvious, and may be classed thus,—deviation from the original project of siege and from Lord Wellington's instructions,—bad arrangements of detail,—want of vigour in the execution."

Lord Wellington, than at Lesaca, was promptly informed of the failure, and was expeditiously on the spot. "I went to the siege on the 25th," says he, "and having conferred with Lieut. General Sir T. Graham, and the officers of the engineers and artillery, it appeared to me that it would be necessary to in-

crease the facilities of the attack before it should be repeated. But, upon advertising to the state of our ammunition, I found that we had not a sufficiency to do any thing effectual till that should arrive for which I had written on the 26th June; which I had reason to believe was embarked at Portsmouth, and to expect every hour. I therefore desired that the siege should for the moment be converted into a blockade,—a measure which I found to be more desirable when I returned to Lesaca in the evening.” News of an arousing kind indeed awaited him at Lesaca; insomuch that San Sebastian became for a time a very secondary object, the siege equipage was put on ship-board, and the besieging corps, now the blockading one, was held in readiness to co-operate with the whole army, in a far-spread series of stubborn sanguinary combats.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REAPPOINTMENT OF SOULT TO SPAIN—HIS IRRUPTION INTO THE PYRENEES—THE COMBATS OF RONCEVAULT AND MALA—THE BATTLE OF SORAUREN—THE COMBATS OF BUENZA, SORAURIN, DONNA MARIA, YANZI, AND ICHAILAR—THE EXPULSION OF SOULT FROM SPAIN—THE GENERAL CHARACTER AND RESULTS OF THE BATTLES OF THE PYRENEES.

NAPOLEON, immediately on hearing at Dresden that Wellington had crossed the Ebro, sent off Soult to assume the supreme command in the Spanish war. He gave him the name, and invested him with the powers, of Lieutenant of the Emperor. Soult was to supersede Joseph, and if necessary put him aside by force, but found that feeble monarch too glad to resign the perils of command. He arrived at Bayonne on the 13th of July, and instantly commenced a series of vigorous operations. His first care was to restore Bayonne to a state of complete defence; for though that place was the chief fortress on the south-western frontier of France, it had been presumptuously neglected, and was at that moment liable to be taken by a mere stroke. His next care was to reorganise the armies of Portugal, of the North, of the Centre, and of the South, or rather the wrecks of these armies, into one grand body called the army of Spain. Suchet's army, amounting to about sixty-six thousand men, remained separate. About seventeen thousand men also either continued in the fortresses of Pampeluna, San Sebastian, Santona, and Bayonne, or belonged to foreign battalions employable only in reserve. But irrespective of these, Soult had seventy thousand infantry, seven thousand cavalry, and eighty-six pieces of artillery,—the soldiers all men of mark and likelihood, and the guns as good as the best which Joseph lost at Vittoria. The infantry he disposed in three corps and a reserve,—the cavalry in two heavy divisions and a light one; and the left corps, under Clausel, he posted at St. Jean Pied de Port,—the centre corps, under Drouet, on the heights near Espelette and Ainhua, with an advanced-guard behind Urdax,—the right corps, under Reille, on the mountains of the French frontier overlooking Vera,—and the reserve, under Villatte, on the lowest reach of the Bidassoa around Irun.

So rapid were his preparations that in twelve days he was ready to take the field. But, with his characteristic subtilty, on the tenth day, in order to raise the sunken spirits of his troops, he issued the following proclamation, to be read at the heads of companies in each regiment,—a proclamation which needs not the aid of any commentary to strike every British reader by at once its adulation of Napoleon, its flattery of the French soldiers, its depreciation of the unwarlike Joseph, its

obliviousness of Soult's own defeats, its profusion of gasconade, its reluctant homage to the British conqueror, and its dexterous blending of all these properties, in nimble eloquence and with flashing effect, into subservience to the purposes of the moment—contrasting so marvellously as a whole to the artless heavy, matter-of-fact addresses of Wellington:—

“Soldiers,—The recent events of the war have induced His Majesty, the Emperor, to invest me, by an imperial decree of the 1st instant, with the command of the armies of Spain, and to honour me with the flattering title of his ‘Lieutenant.’ This high distinction cannot but convey to my mind sensations of gratitude and joy; but they are not unalloyed with regret at the train of events which have, in the opinion of His Majesty, rendered such an appointment necessary in Spain. It is known to you, Soldiers, that the enmity of Russia, roused into active hostility by the eternal enemy of the Continent, made it incumbent that numerous armies should be assembled in Germany early in the spring. For this purpose were many of your comrades withdrawn. The Emperor himself assumed the command; and the arms of France, guided by his powerful and commanding genius, achieved a succession of as brilliant victories as any that adorn the annals of our country. The presumptuous hopes of aggrandizement entertained by the enemy were confounded; pacific overtures were made; and the Emperor, always inclined to consult the welfare of his subjects, by following moderate councils, listened to the proposals that were made.

“While Germany was thus the theatre of great events, that enemy, who, under pretence of succouring the inhabitants of the Peninsula, has in reality devoted them to ruin, was not inactive. He assembled the whole of his disposable force—English, Spanish, and Portuguese—under his most experienced officers, and relying on the superiority of his numbers, advanced in three divisions against the French force assembled on the Douro. With well provided fortresses in his front and rear, a skilful general, enjoying the confidence of his troops, might, by selecting good positions, have braved and discomfited this motley levy. But unhappily at this critical period, timorous and pusillanimous councils were followed. The fortresses were abandoned and blown up; hasty and disorderly marches gave confidence to the enemy; and a veteran army, small indeed in number, but great in all that constitutes the military character, which had fought, bled, and triumphed in every province of Spain, beheld with indignation its laurels tarnished, and itself compelled to abandon all its acquisitions,—the trophies of many a well-fought and bloody day. When at length the indignant voice of the troops arrested this disgraceful flight, and its Commander, touched with shame, yielded to the general desire, and determined upon giving battle near Vittoria, who can doubt, from this generous enthusiasm, this fine sense of honour, what would have been the result had the General been worthy of his troops, had he, in short, made those dispositions and movements which would

have secured to one part of his army the co-operation and the support of the other? Let us not, however, defraud the enemy of the praise which is due to him. The dispositions and arrangements of their General have been prompt, skilful, and consecutive. The valour and steadiness of his troops have been praiseworthy. Yet do not forget that it is to the benefit of your example they owe their present military character; and that whenever the relative duties of a French general and his troops have been ably fulfilled, their enemies have commonly had no other resource than flight.

"Soldiers, I partake of your chagrin, your grief, your indignation. I know that the blame of the present situation of the army is imputable to others,—be the merit of repairing it yours. I have borne testimony to the Emperor of your bravery and zeal. His instructions are to drive the enemy from those lofty heights which enable him proudly to survey our fertile valleys, and chase him across the Ebro. It is on the Spanish soil that your tents must next be pitched, and from thence your resources drawn. No difficulties can be insurmountable to your valour and devotion. Let us, then, exert ourselves with mutual ardour; and be assured, that nothing can give greater felicity to the paternal heart of the Emperor, than the knowledge of the triumphs of his army, of its increasing glory, of its having rendered itself worthy of him and of our dear country. Extensive but combined movements for the relief of the fortresses are upon the eve of taking place. They will be completed in a few days. Let the account of our success be dated from Vittoria, and the birth of his Imperial Majesty be celebrated in that city. So shall we render memorable an epoch deservedly dear to all Frenchmen."

Soult's preparatory movements were well known to Lord Wellington. But it is Soult's order of position along the frontier exactly corresponded to Wellington's assumed line of defence, no change in the latter's dispositions seemed to be required. For the French left pointed to the pass of Roncesvalles, where Byng and Cole were posted; the centre, to the valley of Bastan, where Hill was posted; the right, to the valleys of Eschallar and Vera, where the seventh and the light divisions were on the alert; and the reserve to the great coast road, where Giron and Graham were posted. The several opposite masses, too, while appearing likely to be involved in independent combats, seemed to be as well proportioned, each allied one to the corresponding French one, as circumstances would allow; or at least whatever disproportion might be produced on any part of the allied line, in virtue of concentration or manœuvring by the enemy, seemed to be readily rectifiable by means of the near reserves and the interior communications. The respective ~~heads~~ of the antagonist forces, also, were so near one another, the picquets in some instances within 150 yards, and the encampments almost within cannon-shot, that any risk of surprise seemed very improbable.

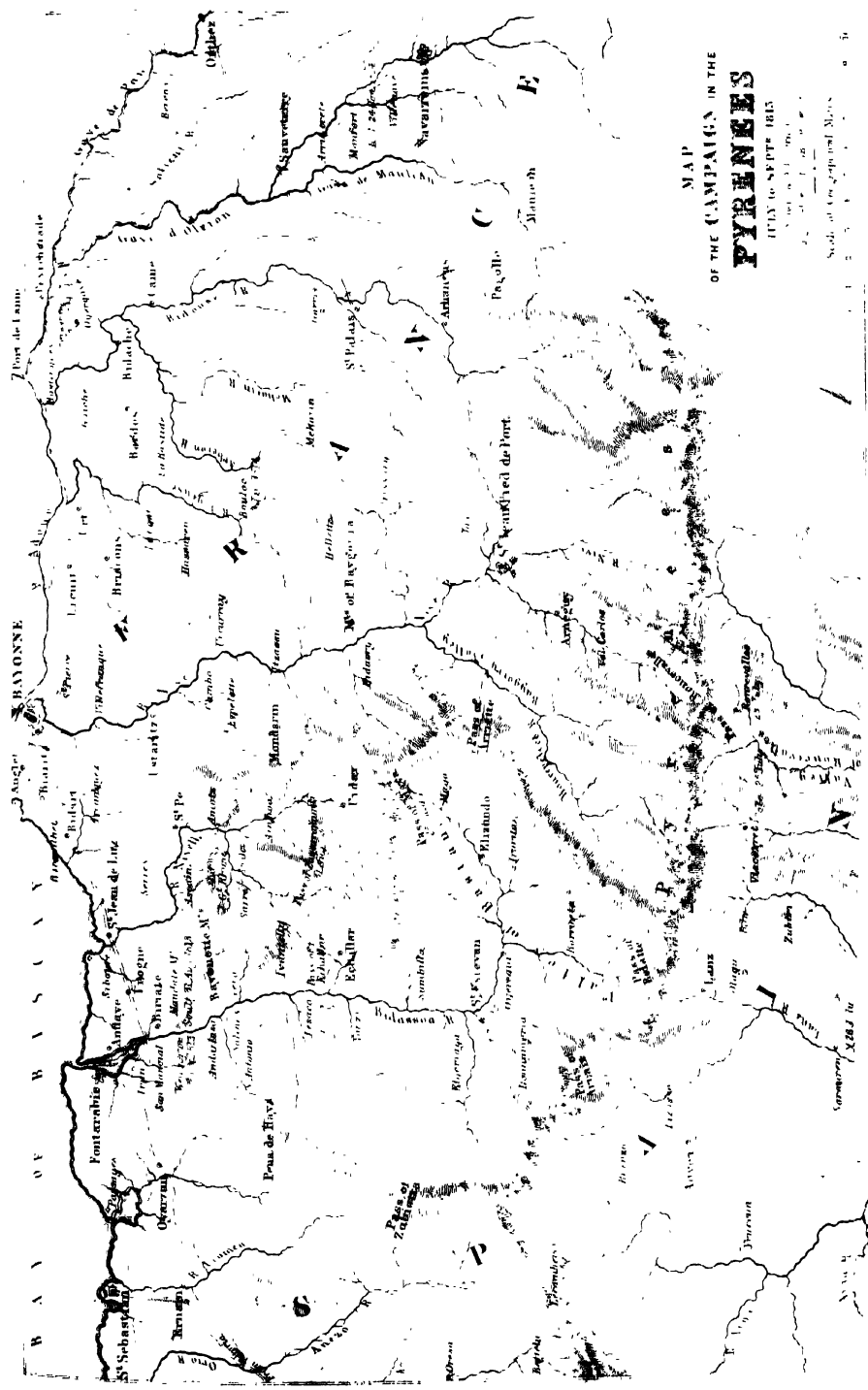
Soult, nevertheless, played so astute a game as very nearly to outwit his

MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN IN THE PYRENEES

ITALY TO NORTHERN

FRANCE

Scale of the Campaign Map



opponent. His first purpose of battle was to strike for Pampeluna, and to take footing there; and this, till it was not far from being accomplished, he managed completely to conceal. Taking advantage of the masking facilities of his ground, and making demonstrations against all the chief inlets into Spain, but especially against that along the coast, he silently collected all Clausel's corps, most of Reille's corps, one division of Drouet's corps, and two divisions of cavalry, amounting altogether to between 30,000 and 40,000 combatants, at St. Jean Pied de Port. He made the concentration swiftly, and at the same time had all means in readiness to make a rapid march up the long steep ascent to the summit of the pass of Roncevalles, and to take forward an ample supply of provisions, not only for the use of his army in the field, but for revictualling the garrison of Pampeluna. He scarcely doubted being able to reach that place before there could be a sufficient counter-concentration to offer him any effectual resistance; yet, with the threefold design of masking his grand move to the last possible moment, of overwhelming all the allies' right wing in detail, and of suddenly acquiring beneath the walls of Pampeluna indisputable power to sweep all the Spanish side of the Pyrenees onward to San Sebastian and to Vittoria, he ordered Drouet, with about 20,000 men, to strike for the entrance into the valley of Bastan at the same instant that he himself should strike for the summit of the pass of Roncevalles. He thus grasped at two of the great gun-roads through the mountains; but as these, at some miles' distance beyond the passes, converged into one road to Pampeluna, he sought to combine the immediate advantage of a diffusive attack upon the allies while they lay in far-extended posts of observation, with the eventual advantage of a movement in one line to confront them before they could be concentrated.

At daybreak of the 25th of July, Soult moved into collision with the troops of Byng and Morillo. The scene was a series of rocky gorges, five thousand feet or more above the level of the sea, overhung by cliffs and peaks, and affording little scope for any kind of fighting except close musketry and the thrust of the bayonet. Sir Lowry Cole, getting prompt notice of Soult's advance, led his division early forward so as to increase the defenders of the pass to about ten thousand combatants, and at the same time succeeded in so manœuvring them as to impress the French marshal with the belief that they were much more numerous. Their bravery too was at the highest; and, the ground being so favourable for them, they made stubborn fight. But the French troops also were in a blaze of energy, partly from Soult's presence with them, partly from an eagerness for revenge; and, the ground being little less favourable for them, they fought with the ferocity and the tenacity of hungry wolves. A mountain fight was established among the mists of the clouds, as fierce and weltering as ever took place between equal hosts on the fairest battle-field, accompanied by reverberating clangours louder and shriller than would have arisen from an

THE COMBAT OF MAYA.

quake. "The roar of musketry seemed incessant, as every volley was echoed by the mountain echoes, until, like the grumbings of distant thunder, a louder crash rendered the fainter sounds inaudible." And on went the tortured fight from morning till noon, and from noon toward evening, till suddenly a dense fog rolled down the mountains, and wrapped the contending hosts in impenetrable folds. And welcome was that fog to Sir Lowry Cole; for he was just being out-flanked through a lateral glen, which could no longer be held, and he had even been compelled to yield much ground foot by foot in his direct front; so that he took advantage of the providential covering which was thrown over him to retire to a preconcerted rendezvous in the vicinity of Viscarret. His loss in killed and wounded in that day's fighting, amounted to 380 men, and the loss of Soult, according to that marshal's own admission, amounted to 400 men.

The contemporaneous combat at the pass of Maya, occasioned by Drouet's attempt to penetrate from Urdax into the valley of Bastan, was quite as stubborn as that of Roncesvalles, as long-continued, and far more bloody. We may relate it in the clear curt terms of Lord Wellington's own official despatch. "Two divisions of the centre of the enemy's army attacked Sir R. Hill's position in the Puerto de Maya at the head of the valley of Bastan, in the afternoon of the 25th. The brunt of the action fell upon Major-General Pringle's and Major-General Walker's brigades in the second division, under the command of Lieutenant-General the Hon. W. Stewart. These troops were at first obliged to give way; but having been supported by Major-General Barnes' brigade of the seventh division, they regained that part of their post which was the key of the whole, and which would have enabled them to reassume it if circumstances had permitted it. But Sir R. Hill, having been apprised of the necessity that Sir R. Cole should retire, deemed it expedient to withdraw his troops likewise to Iruirita; and the enemy did not advance on the following day beyond the Puerto de Maya. Notwithstanding the enemy's superiority of numbers, they acquired but little advantage over these brave troops during the seven hours they were engaged. All the regiments charged with the bayonet." The loss of the allies in this combat was 1,400 men in killed and wounded, and four guns; and the loss of the French, according to their own statement, was 1,500 men.

On the morning of the 26th, Soult led the larger half of his main body in the track of Cole, and detached the rest under Reille to his right, to make such a detour as should prevent Hill and Picton from forming a junction with each other or with Cole, and at the same time bring himself into speedy junction with Drouet. But he was greatly retarded by a continuance of the fog, inso-much that, before he could overtake Cole's rear-guard, Picton was across the mountain at Zubiri directly behind Cole, moving forward to succour him, and to assume the chief command. Reille too became entangled among the mazes of the mountains, without any competent guide to lead him, and had no alter-

native, after hours of wandering, but to grope his way back to the main track, and follow his chief at a distance. Soult, on coming up to Cole, skirmished with him and drove him along, but could not do him any material injury. Picton, on falling in, did not recede far till, with characteristic vigour, he formed array upon a piece of strong ground, to resist any further progress. Soult, however, declined to do battle with him till he should be reinforced by some of Reille's or Drouet's divisions; and feeling obliged to lie inactive and chafing till night-fall without any of these divisions arriving, he then uttered some brief invectives which indicated the stirring of apprehension within him that his mighty plot might fail.

Picton intended at first to stand firm in the vicinity of Zubiri against any odds. Lord Wellington also expected that he would stand there. But, on examining closely the position he had taken up, together with the surrounding ground, he judged the place untenable. He, therefore, on the morning of the 27th, retired slowly to a stronger position which he knew of, behind the village of Sorauren, four miles in front of Pampeluna, and there drew up his force in battle order. Soult, who had then been joined by Reille, compactly followed him. But Lord Wellington also, as we shall immediately see, was then in a whirl of energy, sweeping most of the allied divisions into one grand concentration, from San Sebastian onward. "These various movements," says Napier, "spread fear and confusion far and wide. All the narrow valleys and roads were crowded with baggage, commissariat stores, artillery, and fugitive families. Reports of the most alarming nature were as usual rife. Each division, ignorant of what had really happened to the other, dreaded that some of the numerous misfortunes related might be true. None knew what to expect, or where they were to meet the enemy; and one universal hubbub filled the wild regions through which the French army was now working its fiery path towards Pampeluna." Nor, in the immediate rear of Picton, where the real state of things was best known, was the agitation any less. The garrison of Pampeluna, taking advantage of the alarm, made a sally; and the Conde D'Abispa! instantly spiked some of his guns, destroyed his magazines, and, but for a vigorous counter-movement by Don Carlos D'España, would have totally raised the blockade under heavy loss.

Lord Wellington, on the night of the 25th, at Lesaca, after his return from San Sebastian, first heard of Soult's irruption. But he heard then only of the combat at the pass of Maya, with the false addition, too, that Drouet was beaten; and, still believing that the main thrust would be made across the lower Bidassoa, with the view of raising the siege of San Sebastian, he regarded Drouet's attack as a feint. In the course of the night and of the following morning, however, he got intelligence respecting the combat of Roncesvalles, and further intelligence respecting the combat of Maya, and then he at once penetrated all the truth,—the profound stratagem of Soult, the stupendous con-

penetration toward Pampeluna, the stern necessity for every possible effort on his own part to meet so imminent a crisis. He sent a brief message to Sir Thomas Picton, and was instantly on horse and away. He rode at racing speed from his post of his vast position, gathering intelligence, issuing orders, and directing his divisions piecemeal toward a rendezvous in the valley of the Lanz against Zubiri. But he reached that valley himself before being able to get news of Picton's movements; and then, galloping forward to the village of Sorauren, he there descried the French columns moving over the crest of a mountain, while his own troops under Picton battled on an opposite height. All the divisions behind him were now turned aside from the valley of the Lanz, and brought by a detour to the immediate vicinity of Pampeluna. But he had only a few seconds to write fresh orders, and no better place to write them than the parapet of the bridge, and moreover had ridden so furiously, on his horse of prime mettle, that only one of his aides-de-camp, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, had been sufficiently well mounted to keep up with him. Nevertheless, the orders were instantly produced, and away.

"Lord Fitzroy Somerset," says Napier, "galloped with these orders out of Sorauren by one road, the French light cavalry dashed in by another, and the English general rode alone up the mountain to reach his troops. One of Campbell's Portuguese battalions first descried him, and raised a cry of joy; and the shrill clamour caught up by the next regiments swelled, as it ran along the lines, into that stern and appalling shout which the British soldier is wont to give upon the edge of battle, and which no enemy ever heard unmoved. Lord Wellington suddenly stopped in a conspicuous place: he desired that both armies should know he was there; and a double spy who was present pointed out Soult, then so near that his features could," with the aid of a telescope, "be plainly distinguished. The English general, it is said, fixed his eyes attentively upon this formidable man, and speaking as if to himself said, 'Yonder is a great commander, but he is a cautious one, and will delay his attack to ascertain the cause of these cheers; that will give time for the sixth division to arrive, and I shall beat him.' " Soult, indeed, about six o'clock began a fire of musketry along all the forward part of his line,—and this he continued till dark; he likewise made a sharp, stiff, unsuccessful assault upon one salient point of the allied position. But, as Lord Wellington justly conjectured, he was awed by the loud cheering of the allied troops,—he also felt repressed by a sudden tempestuous outburst of the weather; so that neither on that night nor at any early hour of the following day, did he attempt any general onset.

Part of the allied cavalry under Sir Stapleton Cotton, and part of the Spanish blockading corps under the Conde D'Abisbal, were brought forward during the night; and the sixth British division, then under General Pack, but a few hours afterwards under General Packham, arrived in the morning. Lord

Wellington's total force now in hand amounted to about twenty-eight thousand men,—ten thousand of whom were Spaniards. Soult's force immediately in front was between thirty and thirty-five thousand. The ground on which the antagonist armies stood was very favourable for both on the defensive, but correspondingly unfavourable to either which might assume the offensive. The greater part of it consisted of two hills extending parallel to each other from the Lanz river to the Guy river, and separated from each other only by a narrow dingle. Each hill is about two miles in length, and breaks abruptly down at both ends to the beds of the streams. But that occupied by the allies recedes considerably to the right, and at the same time sends out there a large salient knoll. The Guy river also makes a semicircular sweep round the rear of that hill, receives there the Lanz river, deflecting toward it along a ravine, and combines with that river to form the Arga, which thence runs near the base of another hill, and almost strictly continuous one, to the walls of Pampeluna. The road from the valley of Bastan by way of Sorauren passes down the course of the Lanz; and that from Roncesvalles and Zubiri passes down the course of the Guy; so that the two roads curve round the flanks of the two hills, and form a junction at the confluence of the streams.

One of Clausel's divisions was in the village of Sorauren, on the low ground of the valley of the Lanz, ready to attempt to turn Lord Wellington's left flank, and to penetrate by the Lanz road to Pampeluna. Clausel's other two divisions, and two of Reille's divisions, occupied the whole line of the French hill. Reille's other division and a division of cavalry were placed well forward on the opposite side of the Guy, partly on high ground, partly in villages, both to menace Lord Wellington's right flank, and to seek an opportunity to communicate with Pampeluna by the Guy road. The French guns too were placed in the most advantageous situations, particularly on that flank, but were found to be too low to send their shot sufficiently upward, so that they did little execution. The British sixth division was formed across the valley of the Lanz, in the rear of the front part of the British hill, with its wings resting on the heights skirting the valley, in a situation where it lay well concealed from the view of the French, ready to repel and defeat every advance which they might make from the village of Sorauren. Ross's brigade of Cole's division occupied the extreme left of the front of the British hill. Campbell's brigade and Anson's brigade prolonged that front. Byng's brigade stood behind Campbell and Anson in reserve. The 40th British regiment, a Portuguese battalion, and two Spanish regiments held the abutting knoll on the right. The Conde D'Abispa's corps was formed in second line about two miles behind the sixth division, all on the right side of the Lanz, and somewhat parallel to the Arga. Morillo's Spanish division prolonged this second line all the way between the Lanz and the Guy to a point immediately above where the latter river commences its semicircular sweep. Picton's

~~They~~ extended continuously with Morillo to a by-road about a mile beyond ~~the~~ ready to repel all the efforts which might be made on that side to ~~reach~~ to Pampeluna. The cavalry all stood behind Picton, the ground thereabout being the only piece of the battle-field where they could have sufficient facility to act. Guns were placed in effective positions on the right of the front and on the right of Picton.

† Soult, on the morning of the 28th, knew not that the British sixth division had arrived; and he therefore felt little doubt that he could surely and speedily turn Wellington's left flank, and thereby obtain an easy victory. His troops also were in high spirits, imagining that they were once more on a career of triumph, and about at last to overcome the British. Wellington, on the other hand, though tolerably hopeful of success, anticipated it with all his usual doubtfulness, caution, and care. He regarded the impending battle as eminently critical, both because the number of his soldiers on whose discipline and valour he could rely was little more than half of Soult's, and because he could stand only on the defensive to effect the twofold object of repelling the enemy, and of preventing communication with Pampeluna. He therefore adopted earnestly and rapidly every inventible means in his power, by improvements on his disposition and otherwise, to deserve success. And never before was his genius in the forming of a battle-array more remarkably evinced; for, in spite of the comparative smallness of his force, his second line was stronger in men than the first, nearly as strong in position, and abundantly able to repair any disaster which might break or overwhelm the first, even to the amount of offering the enemy an entirely new battle; and yet, though the conflict proved as fierce an one as ever was fought, the services of this second line, at not even one point, or even for the purposes of a reserve, were never required. The allied troops, too, were in high enthusiasm, partly because that day was the anniversary of the victory of Talavera, partly because they felt all strong in the recent fame of Vittoria, and partly because they were once more under the immediate leading of Lord Wellington, whom they now regarded as invincible.

Soult seems to have marked the confident bearing of the allies, and ~~not~~ have suspected the existence of some adequate cause for it; for he ~~delayed too long~~ to attack, and assumed at length such an appearance of hesitation, ~~that the~~ British field-marshal began to question whether he would attack at all. ~~But~~ about mid-day, his tirailleurs suddenly swarmed forth from his whole ~~front~~ ~~between the two~~ rivers, spread onward to the hill of the allies, and "worked upward like a conflagration." Clausel's division around Sorauren, at the same time, pushed down the valley of the Lantz in one impetuous mass, determined at one run to turn Cole's left flank, and to wheel into the rear of the allied position. But suddenly a brigade of the sixth division appeared on a ridge on its right, the rest of that division rose up as if by magic across its front, and two of Cole's brigades pressed

THE BATTLE OF SORAUREN.

close upon its left. Thus was the intending encompasser encompassed, - the clever manœurer more cleverly out-manœuvered,—the column that purposed to vanquish by one stroke vanquished by a counter-stroke more adroit than its own. Yet, though instantly overpowered, at once and irretrievably beaten, it retired most sullenly, yielding ground only by inches, and leaving all the track of its retreat thickly strewn with its dead and wounded.

A fearful conflict meanwhile was raging on the allies' centre and left-centre. "With the utmost valour, Clausel's other divisions rushed up the steep face of the hill, and reached the summit. The *caçadores* shrunk from the encounter, and the French for a few minutes were established on this part of the ridge. But Ross's British brigade, advancing coolly and steadily to the onset, charged them at the point of the bayonet, and with loud cheers hurled them down the steep. The French, however, again mounted with great valour, and attacking another Portuguese regiment drove it back, and thus, penetrating Ross's right flank, compelled him to give ground. But the eagle eye of the British general was fixed on this point. He ordered up Byng's brigade. The 27th and 48th descended from higher ground; and ~~then~~ united, falling with indescribable fury on the enemy's crowded masses, ~~through~~ them with wild confusion over the rocks. Half of their number were destroyed by the British bayonet; and their slain and wounded strewed the face of the hill even to the bottom. The 47th, 20th, and 23d, charged on this occasion four times, with the same irresistible weapon, and the gallant Ross had ~~two~~ horses killed under him."

During these operations, Reille's two divisions on the right of the Guy environed the abutting knoll on the allies' right, ascended it unchecked, and compelled one of the two Spanish regiments there to give way. The 40th British regiment in consequence was unflanked; but, being immediately afterwards supported by the Portuguese battalion in its vicinity, it waited in stern silence the close approach of the French in their ascent toward its position. "But when the enemy's glittering arms appeared over the brow of the hill," says Napier, "the charging cry was heard, the crowded mass was broken to pieces, and a tempest of bullets followed its flight. Four times this assault was renewed, and the French officers were seen to pull up their tired men by the belts, so fierce and resolute they were to win. It was however the labour of *Sisyphus*. The vehement shout and shock of the British soldier always prevailed; and at last with thinned ranks, tired limbs, hearts fainting, and hopeless from repeated failures, they were so abashed that three British companies sufficed to bear down a whole brigade."

This battle, in proportion to the numbers engaged in it, was the sternest, the bloodiest, and the most honourable to British valour, which had yet been fought in the Peninsula. Lord Wellington afterwards pronounced it the fiercest he had ever seen, and characterised it as "fair bludgeon work." Not more than

THE BATTLE OF SORAUREN.

twelve thousand of the allied troops fought in it; and these were in grips with at least twenty-five thousand of the French. The loss of the allies in it, in killed and wounded, was 2,600; and the loss of the French was stated by themselves to be 3,800, but was believed by the allied officers to be very much greater.

Lord Wellington, throughout this battle, made a large display of his usual rapidity and coolness. He could nowhere command such a view of it as he wished except on the top of the hill where most of it occurred; and there he remained during all the hottest of it, even though repeatedly within close musket-range of the enemy. But then, as on many former occasions, "God covered his head in battle." He was writing to Sir Thomas Graham at the moment when the battle began, having said in the commencement of the letter, that Soult was in his front, but did not appear inclined to attack him; and, immediately after the battle ended, at half-past three o'clock, he drew the sheet toward him, and resumed, "Although I told you in the commencement of this letter, that I did not think Soult would attack us, he did attack our left in three minutes afterwards, and the writing of this letter was interrupted. The enemy were repulsed at all points with considerable loss. We have also lost a considerable number of men, particularly of the fusiliers and 4th Portuguese. The latter gave way, and the enemy broke through our line, which principally occasioned the loss of the fusiliers. But upon the whole, I never saw the troops behave so well."

Soult, at the end of the battle, withdrew all his troops to their former ground. He then regarded the position of the allies as impregnable, yet had equal confidence in the unpregnability of his own. He saw that, in so rugged a country, against so skilful an antagonist, he could not hopefully attempt any further operation, except by rapid stratagem and light mountain warfare. Had he not been committed to the problem of retrieving the fortunes of France in the Peninsula, he probably would have commenced an instant clean retreat; and situated as he was, far from his supplies, in a barren region, among wild mountains, without any facilities for heavy action, in front of a victorious opponent whose forces were momentarily concentrating to a superiority in numbers, he felt that he must make himself subtle in thought and light of foot, and trust to some nimble exploit for success. He therefore sent off to France all his sick and wounded, all his artillery, most of his cavalry, and even great part of his baggage; and sat down to contrive some scheme of rapid, eccentric, dashing strategy which might outwit his adversary.

Sir Rowland Hill, with about ten thousand men, who at that time constituted his corps, arrived in the vicinity of Sorauren, at the time of the battle; and was ordered by Lord Wellington to take post at Lizasso, about six miles to the northwest, where there is a divergence of roads leading up to most of the passes through the Pyrenees. Lord Dalhousie, with the seventh division, arrived on



W. H.

the same day; and was ordered to take post on the heights overhanging the right side of the valley of the Lanz, about midway between Lizasso and Sorauren. The light division, under General Charles Alten, ought to have arrived at the same time at Lecamberri, nearly midway between Lizasso and San Sebastian; but it lost itself on a dark night in one of the wildest regions of the Pyrenees, so as to fall a-wandering for many hours as helplessly as in a dream; and did not reach its destination till the morning of the 30th. Drouet, with the whole of his strong corps from the pass of Maya, arrived in the vicinity of Sorauren on the 29th, and halted in the rear of Soult's extreme right in the valley of the Lanz.

Thus, for the present, notwithstanding the allies' concentration, the balance of forces around Sorauren was not materially altered; so that considerable scope existed for Soult's intended play of ingenuity. And right dexterously did he avail himself of that scope. He remained perfectly quiet during all the 29th, as if he purposed nothing. But during the following night and morning he stealthily drew all his troops on the left bank of the Guy, past the rear of his centre, into junction with Drouet on the Lanz,—sent forward that general, thus strengthened, by a route considerably north of Lord Dalhousie's position, and out of view of it, to the vicinity of Lizasso,—put Clausel in motion up the heights on the right side of the Lanz, in the track of Drouet,—and ordered Reille, with two divisions, to hold firmly the original position between the Guy, and the Lanz as long as might be necessary for maintaining a mask, and then to glide off with all possible expedition in the track of Clausel. The design of all this was suddenly to shoulder Sir Rowland Hill aside with a crushing fall,—then to make a run, in total force, to San Sebastian, to crush Sir Thomas Graham there,—and then to face round and browbeat Lord Wellington. This certainly was an audacious scheme,—fitted to elude the British hero's penetration by the very excess of its audacity,—the more so that he had an erroneous estimate of the strength of Drouet's corps, supposing it to be weaker by an entire division than it really was; and had not Soult trusted too much to the imagined impregnability of his original position between the rivers, some awkward consequences might have followed.

Drouet's corps, headed by Soult himself, appeared in the front of Hill at an early hour of the morning of the 30th. Hill was arrayed in battle order on an extensive ridge, south-west of Lizasso, with his left wing resting on Buenza. Soult made simultaneous attack on the extremes of the line, with the view of doubling up Hill at a stroke. He was obstinately resisted at both ends, and completely repelled from the right; but in consequence of a weakness in the ground, he succeeded on the left. Yet Hill was not thrown into any confusion, but only retired slowly and in good order to another position on a stronger ridge, two or three miles to the south. There he was joined by Campbell's Portuguese

and Morillo's Spaniards, who, though they had been recently under the command of Picton, belonged properly to his own corps; there also he learned that part of the Conde D'Abispa's corps was coming forward to assist him; so that he faced firmly about to renew the combat. Practically, however, he was already beaten,—inasmuch as not for the present to be an object of any further attention to Soult, except only to keep him where he was; for he no longer held control over the road to San Sebastian, or over any other road leading to the Pyrenean passes; so that he had ceased to be an impediment in Soult's way. And as he knew nothing of that wily marshal's project of a run to the west, and expected that the line of pursuit, in the event of victory, would lie along the valley of Bastan, he could do no better than stand where he was till he should receive further orders from his chief. His loss on the height of Buenza comprised about 400 men.

While Soult was thus triumphing at Buenza, Lord Wellington triumphed much more at Sorauren. Perceiving early in the morning that the enemy's line before him was much altered,—the part on the left of the Guy evacuated, the part between the rivers diminished, and the part on the right of the Lanz extended,—he resolved instantly to assail it. "I ordered Lieutenant-General the Earl of Dalhousie," says he, "to possess himself of the top of the mountain in his front, by which the enemy's right would be turned; and Lieutenant-General Sir T. Picton to cross the heights on which the enemy's left had stood, and to turn their left by the road to Roncesvalles. All the arrangements were made to attack the front of the enemy's position, as soon as the effect of these movements on their flanks should begin to appear. Major-General the Hon. E. Pakenham with the sixth division turned the village of Sorauren as soon as the Earl of Dalhousie had driven the enemy from the mountains by which that flank was defended; and the sixth division, and Major-General Byng's brigade, which had relieved the fourth division, on the left of our position, instantly attacked and carried that village. Lieutenant-General Sir L. Cole likewise attacked the front of the enemy's main position with the 7th caçadores, supported by the 11th Portuguese regiment, the 40th, and the battalion under Colonel Bingham, consisting of the 53d and Queen's regiments. All these operations obliged the enemy to abandon a position which is one of the strongest and most difficult of access that I have yet seen occupied by troops."

This combat was prodigiously slashing on the part of the assailants, and correspondingly disastrous on the part of the assailed. All the masses of the allies went on like whirlwinds, and would not be stopped by either ravine or cliff. Five hundred men, of the seventh division swept away two regiments at the first brush. The troops of Picton and Cole dissevered eight thousand of Reille's soldiers from the rest of the army, and drove them up the road toward Roncesvalles in irretrievable separation. The sixth division of Byng's brigade smashed

two of Clausel's divisions into utter disorganization, and pursued them with thick a fire that the white smoke of it appeared to Dalhousie's men on the heights like an agitated lake of foam. Fifteen hundred of the allied soldiers themselves, many of them in consequence of their own impetuosity, were either killed, wounded, or captured; but at the very least two thousand of the enemy were killed or wounded, three thousand were captured, and very many were dispersed in the woods and ravines. Lord Wellington gave vigorous pursuit, up the valley of the Lanz, as far as to Olague; and there, being stopped by nightfall, he called a halt among the rocks till the morrow. But, in the meantime, supposing the whole French army to have been broken into fragments, and that these would probably run all toward France as separate bodies by separate passes, he sent such orders to his several generals of division, to pursue by various routes, as would lead them into nearly the same position which they had severally occupied at the French irruption on the 25th.

Soult was immensely too much beaten to think of prosecuting his project against San Sebastian. He was even in such extremity as to have no practicable line of retreat to France, for such troops as he could hold together, except through the pass of Donna Maria into the valley of San Estevan, whence he might either ascend the Bidassoa toward the frontier pass of Maya, or descend that river, along a narrow, dangerous, cliff-screened defile toward the pass of Echallar. He would have a longer march by that route than his pursuers might have by parallel roads along its flanks, and was liable to be intercepted at the frontier passes both by them and by Longa's and Giron's Spaniards. And had he been disposed to flee from dire peril in any such fashion as his master afterwards did at Waterloo, or had already done in Russia, he would not have consumed a moment in attempting to rally the routed masses of Reille and Clausel, but would have gone off at once, in utmost speed, with only the unbroken divisions of Drouet. With his characteristic subtilty and skill and rapidity, however, he successfully drew toward him during the early part of the night nearly all his troops, of every kind, who still remained on the Lanz, or to the west of it; and after moving all the fagged ones to the front and placing those of Drouet in the rear, he commenced his march at an early hour in surprisingly good order.

At ten o'clock of the 31st, Sir Rowland Hill and Lord Dalhousie, as they were about to cross each other's path toward their respective routes up the Pyrenees, came simultaneously upon Soult's rear-guard just as it was approaching the pass of Donna Maria. Drouet hastened to take post on very strong ground within the mouth of the pass, and there offered battle. Hill rushed against one wing, was buffeted off, rushed at it again, and broke it. Dalhousie, at the moment of Hill's second charge, struck at the other wing, and immediately succeeded. Drouet fled; but owing partly to an opportune fog, partly to the specific

Instructions which required Hill and Dalhousie to march by other routes, he was required. The loss of the allies in this affair amounted to upwards of three thousand men.

Lord Wellington, rising up in the morning at Olague, moved by a by-road toward the head of the valley of Bastan. But he discovered at an early hour how adroitly Soult was gliding off, and how his own plan of pursuit was likely to prove ineffective; and with his characteristic inventiveness, by one flash of genius, he suddenly so rearranged that plan as to draw most of his divisions in cordon around the exterior of the valley of Estevan, like a strong net round a shallow pond, in the clear hope of summarily catching "the Lieutenant of the Emperor" and all his men. "A few hours gained," says Napier, "and the French must surrender or disperse. Wellington gave strict orders to prevent the lighting of fires, the straggling of soldiers, or any other indication of the presence of troops; and he placed himself amongst some rocks at a commanding point from whence he could observe every movement of the enemy. Soult seemed tranquil, and four of his gens-d'armes were seen to ride up the valley in a careless manner. Some of the staff proposed to cut them off. The English general, whose object was to hide his own presence, would not suffer it; but the next moment three marauding English soldiers entered the valley, and were instantly carried off by the horsemen. Half an hour afterwards the French drums beat to arms, and their columns began to move out of San Estevan towards Sumbilla. Thus the disobedience of three plundering knaves, unworthy of the name of soldiers, deprived one consummate commander of the most splendid success, and saved another from the most terrible disaster."

But from San Estevan to Yanzi, which is about two-thirds of the way to Echallar, Soult's march led along the choking defile of the Bidassoa, where he was exposed to continuous assault from the cliffs, without the power of reply; and he had not proceeded above three miles when he began to be galled on both flanks by clouds of the allies' skirmishers; nor was he able to move quickly enough to let the rear of his army away from San Estevan before next morning,—the 1st of August. His columns, in consequence, burst asunder, and rolled onward like a mob. Twelve hundred men, by enormous exertion of himself and his staff, were reorganized into a rear-guard; but all the rest continued to think only of flight, and moved impetuously down in frantic confusion, "with the roar and whirl of a mighty rapid." Had Longa or Giron been prompt to block up the defile, or had the light division got duly forward to occupy its left flank, the effect would not have been very dissimilar to what had been contemplated at San Estevan. But Longa sent only a battalion, Giron sent nobody, and the light division once more lost its way, so as to arrive several hours too late.

Most of the fugitives escaped during the night toward Echallar. Yet many in the rear were overtaken next day with appalling havoc at Yanzi. The light

division then arrived at the edge of the overhanging rocks, and immediately commenced firing on the dense throng. "Indescribable confusion followed," says Alison. "The cavalry drew their swords, and charged through the pass; the infantry were trampled under foot; numbers, horses and all, were precipitated into the river; some in despair fired vertically up at the summit of the cliffs; the wounded implored quarter as they were rolled over the brink, and hung suspended, yet bleeding, on the branches of trees over the roaring torrent. So piteous was the scene that many even of the iron veterans of the light division ceased to fire, or discharged their pieces with averted gaze." Lord Wellington, writing on the evening of this day from San Estevan, said, "I imagine there are none of the enemy in Spain this night. We have taken many prisoners. We should have taken many more, and struck some terrible blows this day, if it had not been for some mistakes and the great fatigue of the troops."

During that night, Soult rallied his rearmost battalions, to the number of about six thousand men, at Echallar; and next morning, he took post with them in a strong pass immediately beyond. Lord Wellington in person hurried forward to Echallar, with only half a company of the forty-third as an escort; and there he sent only a serjeant's party a short distance in front to watch, while he should examine his maps. A French detachment, who were close at hand, rushed instantly down, to make capture; they were strongly favoured by the nature of the ground; and so swiftly did they descend that, though the serjeant on the outlook leaped rather than ran to give Lord Wellington notice, they were in time to send a volley of shot after His Lordship as he galloped away. Three divisions, the fourth, the seventh, and the light, were now moving, according to Lord Wellington's orders, on separate lines, to dislodge Soult. Barnes' brigade of the seventh, comprising fifteen hundred men, arrived first at the foot of the mountain; and, without waiting for any of the rest, they climbed the steep, and made all the enemy flee. "Then was seen the astonishing spectacle of fifteen hundred men driving, by sheer valour and force of arms, six thousand good troops from a position so rugged that there would have been little to boast of, if the numbers had been reversed and the defence made good." The routed troops made another stand on the rocky ridge of Ivantilly, two or three miles farther on; but, in the afternoon, amid a sea of mist, nine companies of the light division drove them impetuously down toward the valley of the Nivelles. The loss of the allies in this day's fighting comprised about four hundred men.

The struggle consequent on Soult's irruption into the Pyrenees was now over. Lord Wellington thought at first to prolong the pursuit, until he should reap the utmost possible fruits of the enemy's discomfiture; but, having pondered long and anxiously the question of invading France, he saw good reason for the present to stop short at the frontier, and to resume there very nearly the same line of positions which he had formerly occupied. Soult, however, notwithstand-

ing this forbearance, was completely vanquished. His mighty enterprize, in all its parts and in all its objects, had utterly failed. His brilliant scheme, though grand in conception, vigorous in development, and so successful for a time as to amount to no less than an out-generalling of Wellington, had ended in signal disaster. The conflicts involved in it, as well to denote their character as to indicate their locale, have commonly been called the battles of the Pyrenees; they were not only quicker and sterner than any other series of conflicts during the war, but incomparably more strategic; they offered, amid such a maze of mountains, exactly the facilities for manœuvre and subtilty which best suited the peculiar genius of Soult. Yet never on plain or in valley or on any other ground, except perhaps at Oporto by our hero himself, was that ablest of Buonaparte's marshals more severely beaten. He lost in the battles of the Pyrenees no fewer than fifteen thousand men,—four thousand of whom were unwounded prisoners. His best soldiers, who had fought at Sorauren like tigers, became so stripped of their moral courage that, only four days afterward, they trembled and fled like sheep. The allies, on the contrary, became correspondingly valiant. The very Spaniards, for the first time, rose to the character of true field-heroes, very nearly equal in battle-behaviour to the trained Portuguese. Lord Wellington, indeed, lost fully seven thousand men in the struggle; and yet, at the end of it, he had as many men in hand, excepting only fifteen hundred, as at the beginning; for the multitudes who had straggled from the ranks after the battle of Vittoria, and had not yet returned, no sooner heard of Soult's irruption than they ran to their respective regiments, attracted impetuously thither by the hope of sharing in further victories, though they had doggedly resisted the previous influence of every lure and threat.

Lord Wellington's own conduct throughout the struggle was singularly brilliant. Never did he more urgently need all his high qualities as a general; and never did he more vigorously display them. Yet his most patent acts of generalship, the skill of his concentration on the Lanz, the firmness of his stand at Sorauren, the rapidity, tact, and energy of his combinations there and throughout the pursuit, though wonderful to all readers and specially instructive to military ones, do not appear to reflecting persons at all so remarkable as his Herculean performance of the drudgeries of generalship, involving merely an immense amount of common care and fatigue. "None of the battles previously fought by him," remarks Stocqueler, "had caused him half the anxiety and personal risk which attended the operations in the Pyrenees. It was truly a pursuit of victory under difficulties. Hitherto he had, with few exceptions, been able to keep his enemy in view, and to survey the ground on which his own army and that of his adversary were moving; he knew his orders as the movements, successes, or reverses of either suggested. But in the Pyrenees he groped in the dark. Sometimes he was with one division; sometimes with another.



Occasionally he caught a glimpse of the French battalions, and once was within a very short distance of their leader, Soult, and that was all. Rocks and ravines were ever in the way. What the telescope accomplished upon the broad and open plain, or from the summit of an overlooking height, was only to be achieved in the Pyrenean labyrinth by hard riding. He galloped from place to place with the speed of a hunter, and in his locomotion incurred continual hazards of surprise and capture; for it was impossible at any moment to ascertain with precision how near to him parties of the enemy might be." His perils at Sorrauren and Echallar, arising out of the rapidity of his movements, have been already related. "But the most striking example of his ubiquity, if the term may not be unfairly used, was a nocturnal visit to Pampeluna. The commander of the investing force required his advice and assistance. Wellington was asleep when the officer came to him, and the aide-de-camp in attendance declined to awake him. The matter was urgent, the officer importunate. At length Lord Wellington was aroused. He heard the message, and with the simple words, 'Go back to your regiment, sir,' turned again to sleep. The repose was but momentary. As the officer in melancholy mood wended his way along the mountain paths, his hack jaded, he himself half slumbering on his saddle, a horseman passed him at full gallop. He could not distinguish him in the darkness of the night; but the wildest flight of fancy never would have suggested that the horseman was Wellington. The next morning, however, His Lordship was met returning from Pampeluna, having given all the necessary instructions for the vigorous prosecution of the blockade."

CHAPTER XIV.

LORD WELLINGTON'S REASONS FOR NOT PURSUING SOULT INTO FRANCE—THE SECOND SIEGE OF SAN SEBASTIAN—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TOWN OF SAN SEBASTIAN, AND LIBELS RESPECTING IT ON LORD WELLINGTON AND HIS OFFICERS—THE COMBATS OF SAN MARCIAL AND VERA—THE CAPTURE OF THE CASTLE OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

LORD WELLINGTON, at the time of expelling Soult from the Pyrenees, had perfect power to invade France. The only force which could attempt to hinder him was the broken army which he was pursuing. Any reinforcements which Buonaparte might send could not arrive for several weeks. Suchet was too seriously occupied in Catalonia to be able to render Soult any assistance. The Duc de Berri made a written offer to Lord Wellington to join him with twenty thousand Bourbonite partisans, whom he represented as ready to rise on the frontier, and as even organized and armed. All Lord Wellington's own troops were expecting to enter France, and would have entered it exultingly at any time, but most of all when hot at the heels of the retreating foe; while many, in addition to the promptings of warfare, were so eager to exchange the hardships of the Pyrenees for the luxuries of the French plains that they were ready rather to steal away by night, and run on, than be restrained. All, from a variety of motives, but chiefly from the love of battle, would have moved as earnestly into France as if they had felt assured that every step would be a triumph. All other opponents of Buonaparte, everywhere else, too, were desiring the invasion; and all men whatever, who took any interest in the commotions of Europe, were expecting it. Had Lord Wellington thought only or largely of his personal fame, he would have chased Soult's broken columns right on beyond the Adour. Never had he, or any other general, a finer opportunity of easily and suddenly evoking the unanimous plaudits of the world. But with his characteristic, cool, comprehensive prudence, he looked, not merely at the foreground of events, but onward to the horizon; and then, in a spirit of moral heroism immensely greater than would have been the martial heroism of continuing the pursuit of Soult, he called in his legions; and on the 8th of August wrote as follows to Earl Bathurst:—

"I enclose you the copy of a letter which I have received from the Duc de Berri; and as the answer will involve the discussion of some military and political questions, upon which you may wish to know my opinion, and upon which Government must determine, and as I write with more facility in English than

in French, I think it best to write it to Your Lordship, and to refer the Duc de Berri to you.—It is a very common error, among those unacquainted with military affairs, to believe that there are no limits to military success. After having driven the French from the frontiers of Portugal and Madrid to the frontiers of France, it is generally expected that we shall immediately invade France; and some even here expect that we shall be at Paris in a month. None appear to have taken a correct view of our situation on the frontier, of which the enemy still possess all the strongholds within Spain itself; of which strongholds, or at least some of them, we must get possession before the season closes, or we shall have no communication whatever with the interior of Spain. Then in France, on the same great communications, there are other strongholds, of which we must likewise get possession. An army which has made such marches, and has fought such battles, as that under my command has, is necessarily much deteriorated. Independently of the actual loss of numbers by death, wounds, and sickness, many men and officers are out of the ranks for various causes. The equipment of the army, their ammunition, the soldiers' shoes, &c. require renewal. The magazines for the new operations require to be collected and formed, and many arrangements to be made, without which the army could not exist a day, but which are not generally understood by those who have not had the direction of such concerns in their hands. Then observe that this new operation is only the invasion of France, in which country every body is a soldier, where the whole population is armed and organized, under persons, not as in other countries, inexperienced in arms, but men who, in the course of the last twenty-five years, in which France has been engaged in war with all Europe, must, the majority of them at least, have served somewhere. I entertain no doubt that I could to-morrow enter France, and establish the army on the Adour; but I could go no further certainly. If peace should be made by the Powers of the North, I must necessarily withdraw into Spain, and the retreat, however short, would be difficult, on account of the hostility and the warlike disposition of the inhabitants, particularly of this part of the country, and the military direction they would receive from the gentry, their leaders. To this add, that the difficulty of all that must be done to set the army to rights, after its late severe battles and victories, will be much increased by its removal into France at an early period, and that it must stop short in the autumn if it now moves at too early a period."

Lord Wellington's proper course, then, according to his own judgment, was to resume his former operations at the point where Soult had interrupted them. He, therefore, once more laid siege to San Sebastian, and disposed the main body of his force as a covering army. But he could not proceed with vigour. Grossly inefficient co-operation on the part of the British navy continued still to embarrass him. So late as the 19th of August he wrote to the British Secretary

War, after having previously addressed to him about twenty similar remonstrances, ~~the~~ The supplies of all kinds from Lisbon and other ports in Portugal, and from ~~Coruna~~ ~~Coruna~~, are delayed for want of convoy; the maritime blockade of San Sebastian ~~is not~~ kept at all; the enemy have a constant communication with San Sebastian from St. Jean de Luz and Bayonne; and they have introduced, besides supplies of different kinds, reinforcements to the garrison of artillerymen and sapeurs. In ~~the~~ attack of a maritime place, some assistance has generally been received by ~~the~~ army from the navy; but the naval force on this coast is too weak to give us any of the description we require, and for the want of which we shall now be much distressed. The soldiers are obliged to work in the transports to unload the vessels, because no seamen can be furnished; and we have been obliged to use the harbour boats of Passages, navigated by women, in landing the ordnance and stores, because there was no naval force to supply us with the assistance which we should have required in boats. These harbour boats, being light and of a weak construction, have many of them been ~~destroyed~~; and we shall be put to much inconvenience, and there will be great delay, from the want ~~of boats~~ in the further operations of the siege; and the soldiers ~~are~~ obliged to load and unload the boats, the women who navigate them being unequal to the labour. I ~~have~~ never been in the habit of troubling Government with requisitions for force, but have always carried on the service to the best of my ability with that which has been placed at my disposal; and if the navy of Great Britain cannot afford more than one frigate and a few brigs and cutters, fit and used only to carry despatches, to co-operate with this army in the siege of a maritime place, the possession of which, before the bad season commences, is important to the army as well as to the navy, I must be satisfied, and do the best I can without such assistance. But I hope Your Lordship will let me know positively whether I am, or not, to have any further assistance in naval means."

The British Admiralty of the day, however, had little comprehension of our hero's views, plans, or character, or at any rate little inclination to support them; so that he was left to capture San Sebastian, and otherwise to carry on the war, as he best could, with the means already in his possession,—the sea open to his enemies, women and landsmen doing him the service of British seamen, and his whole army suffering a want of great-coats and other equipments till November. Even a battering-train which he ought to have had at the former siege, and the ammunition and stores which he had daily expected in July, and without which he could not commence the slightest effective fire against the fortress, did not begin to arrive till the 19th of August. The mere delay in his operations, produced by the remissness of these arrivals, was more obstructive to his ulterior objects in the war, and therefore more damaging to the aggregate effects of the campaign, than the entire series of interruptions, fatigues, conflicts, and losses

consequent on Soult's irruption into the Pyrenees. Such of the navy, however, as were in the vicinity, under the command of Sir G. Collier, rendered warmly and indefatigably whatever assistance was in their power, the seamen going ashore to the batteries, and working there with a zeal and an energy which could not be exceeded.

General Rey, the Governor of San Sebastian, made diligent use of the inactive period of the blockade to strengthen the fortress, by every possible means, against another assault. He received supplies by sea till his magazines were full; he received reinforcements till his able-bodied soldiers amounted to upwards of 2,600; he repaired old batteries and constructed new ones till he had sixty-seven pieces of artillery in a condition to play; he formed mines and accumulated missiles to increase the defence of the retaining sea-wall; and he formed retrenchments and traverses in the horn-work, on the ramparts of the curtain, opposite the breaches, and even in the streets, first to resist all attempts to enter the town, and next to obstruct the interior progress of any assailants who might force an entrance. The retrenchment behind the breaches was made particularly powerful, consisting of a sheer chasm twenty feet in depth, a strong loopholed wall fifteen feet in height, and massive traverses from the ends of the wall to the sound parts of the rampart. Sir Thomas Graham, on the other hand, besides keeping all the trenches open, did some things also to extend the works of assault. The heights of San Bartolomeo were strengthened; the convent of Antigua, standing on a sea-girt rock to the north-west of these heights, was converted into a fortalice to scour the harbour; and some of the mining operations of the garrison were stopped or rendered nugatory by countermining processes.

On the 24th of August, all the trenches were reoccupied, and a second siege begun. The same troops as before were intrusted with the operations; but they were to be aided in the assault by 750 veteran volunteers from the first, fourth, and light divisions,—“men,” as Lord Wellington said, “who could show other troops how to mount a breach.” The ordnance now in the possession of the besiegers amounted to 118 pieces,—12 of which were 68-pounders. Before daylight of the 25th, the enemy made a sortie from the horn-work, swept the left of the parallel, injured the sap, and carried away some prisoners. In the morning of the 26th, thirteen guns on the isthmus and forty-four on the Choffres commenced their action, by signal, with a general salvo; and thenceforth, till their work was done, aided by other pieces speedily added to them, they delivered their fire with astounding thunder and superlative rapidity. Those on the isthmus were directed to breach the left half-bastion of the main front, the end of the high curtain in continuation of the old breach, and the face of the left half-bastion of the horn-work, which were all seen in a line, one above the other; and those on the Choffres were directed to batter the two towers at the flanks of the old breach, to prolong that breach to the salient angle of the half-bastion,

and to batter the end of the high curtain above. On the night of the 26th, the high rocky islet of Santa Clara, in the mouth of the harbour, which gave seaward strength to the garrison and facilitated their receipt of supplies, was with some difficulty captured by a detachment of the 9th regiment. On the night of the 27th, the enemy made a sally against the works on the isthmus, but were driven back before they could do the slightest mischief.

Lord Wellington, whose head-quarters continued to be at Lesaca, came down from day to day to mark the progress of the siege. He urged forward the operations with his usual vigour, and saw occasion more than once to make important alterations. On the 30th, he judged the fortress to be assailable, and ordered a general assault to be made at eleven o'clock, which would be about the time of low water, on the forenoon of the following day. The old great breach had been increased to a total length of 500 feet, and extended to the half-bastion of St. John's; the old lesser breach had been improved; the half-bastion of St. John's, and the end of the high curtain above it, were in ruins; and the face of the half-bastion of the horn-work, together with the palisades there, had been destroyed. Three powerful mines also had been driven beneath the sea-wall; and these, being sprung at two o'clock on the morning of the 31st, blew a great part of that work to atoms, and formed a short, sheltered, transverse passage from the isthmus to the strand. The stormers were to proceed on the same general plan as on the occasion of the former siege. General Leith, (who had then become Sir James Leith, and had arrived from England only two days before to resume the command of the fifth division,) would not brook to let the 750 veteran volunteers lead the storm, but put one of his own brigades under the command of General Robinson into that post of honour, placed the volunteers behind, in the capacity of a supporting body, and posted the rest of his troops on the Choffres, under the immediate eye of Sir Thomas Graham, as a reserve. The narrative of the assault will be best given in Sir Thomas Graham's own words:—

"The column, in filing out of the right of the trenches, was exposed to a heavy fire of shells and grape shot; and a mine was exploded in the left angle of the counter-scarp of the horn-work, which did great damage, but did not check the ardour of the troops in advancing to the attack. There never was anything so fallacious as the external appearance of the breach; without some description, the almost insuperable difficulties of the breach cannot be estimated. Notwithstanding its great extent, there was but one point where it was possible to enter, and there by single files. All the inside of the wall to the right of the curtain formed a perpendicular scarp of at least twenty feet to the level of the streets; so that the narrow ridge of the curtain itself, formed by the breaching of its end and front, was the only accessible point. Great numbers of men were covered by intrenchments and traverses, in the horn-work, on the ramparts of



Lynch

the curtain, and inside of the town opposite to the breach, ready to pour a most destructive fire of musketry on both flanks of the approach to the top of the narrow ridge of the curtain. Everything that the most determined bravery could attempt was repeatedly tried in vain by the troops, who were brought forward from the trenches in succession. No man outlived the attempt to gain the ridge. And though the slope of the breach afforded shelter from the enemy's musketry, yet still the nature of the stone rubbish prevented the great exertions of the engineers and working parties from being able to form a lodgment for the troops, exposed to the shells and grape from the batteries of the castle; and at all events, a secure lodgment could never have been obtained without occupying a part of the curtain.

"In this almost desperate state of the attack, after consulting with Colonel Dickson, commanding the Royal Artillery, I ventured to order the guns to be turned against the curtain. A heavy fire of artillery was directed against it, passing a few feet only over the heads of our troops on the breach, and was kept up with a precision of practice beyond all example. Meanwhile I accepted the offer of a part of Major-General Bradford's Portuguese brigade to ford the river near its mouth. The advance of the 1st battalion, 13th regiment, under Major Snodgrass, over the open beach and across the river, and of a detachment of the 24th regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Macbean, in support, was made in the handsomest style, under a very severe fire of grape. Major Snodgrass attacked, and finally carried, the small breach on the right of the great one, and Lieutenant-Colonel Macbean's detachment occupied the right of the great breach. Observing now the effect of the admirable fire of the batteries against the curtain, though the enemy was so much covered, a great effort was ordered to be made to gain the high ridge at all hazards, at the same time that an attempt should be made to storm the horn-work. It fell to the lot of the second brigade of the fifth division, under the command of Colonel the Hon. C. Greville, to move out of the trenches for this purpose; and the 3d battalion of the Royal Scots, under Lieutenant Colonel Barns, supported by the 38th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Miles, fortunately arrived to assault the breach of the curtain, about the time when an explosion on the rampart of the curtain, (occasioned by the fire of the artillery) created some confusion among the enemy. The narrow pass was gained, and was maintained after a severe conflict; and the troops on the right of the breach, having about this time succeeded in forcing the barricades on the top of the narrow line wall, found their way into the houses that joined it. Thus, after an assault which lasted above two hours, under the most trying circumstances, a firm footing was obtained. It was impossible to restrain the impetuosity of the troops; and in an hour more, the enemy were driven from all the complication of defences prepared in the streets, suffering a severe loss in their retreat to the castle, and leaving the whole town in our possession."

The French loss in this sanguinary conflict was very great. The governor and many of his officers were wounded, most of his engineers were killed, about five hundred of his men were cut down, and about seven hundred were taken prisoners; so that, after the retreat to the castle, not more at the utmost than seven hundred soldiers remained to do duty. But the loss of the besiegers was greater. Sir Richard Fletcher, the chief officer of engineers, who had distinguished very prominently at the Lines of Lisbon, at Badajoz, and on other grand scenes of the war, was killed; Colonel Burgoyne, the next in command to him, and also Generals Leith, Oswald, and Robinson were wounded; an enormous proportion of the other commissioned officers of all classes fell; nearly one half of the men who assailed the breaches, even in the detachments which arrived the latest, were struck down; and, including the casualties in the precurrent operations of the second siege, a total loss of 2,503 was sustained.

Horrors beyond description followed the capture of the town. Conflagrations which had been kindled on the previous day were now immensely aggravated; a tremendous thunder-tempest accompanied the assault, and increased the confusion; many of the inhabitants, taking part with the shrinking garrison, did deeds of madness, by spreading the flames and otherwise, to aid their cause; and the surviving assailants, infuriated by the fierceness of the resistance, phrenzied by all the passions which commonly disgrace a siege-storm, and easily bursting away from discipline in consequence of the fall of so many officers, ran wildly into every kind of violent excess. "This storm," says Napier, "seemed to be the signal of hell for the perpetration of villany which would have shamed the most ferocious barbarians of antiquity. At Ciudad Rodrigo intoxication and plunder had been the principal object; at Badajoz lust and murder were joined to rapine and drunkenness; but at San Sebastian the direst and most revolting cruelty was added to the catalogue of crimes. One atrocity, of which a girl of seventeen was the victim, staggers the mind by its enormous, incredible, indescribable barbarity." "The wretched inhabitants, driven from house to house as the conflagration devoured their dwellings," says Alison, "were soon huddled together in one quarter, where they fell a prey to the unbridled passions of the soldiery. Attempts were at first made by the British officers to extinguish the flames; but they proved vain amid the general confusion which prevailed; and soon the soldiers broke into the burning houses, pillaged them of the most valuable articles they contained, and, rolling numerous spirit-casks into the streets, with frantic shouts emptied them of their contents, till vast numbers sank down like savages, motionless, some lifeless, from the excess. Nine-tenths of the once happy and smiling town of San Sebastian were reduced to ashes; and, what has affixed a yet darker blot on the character of the victors, deeds of violence and cruelty were perpetrated hitherto rare in the British army, and which cause the historian to blush, not merely for his country, but his species." On the third

day, the whole place was a ghastly ruin, the air all through and around it was tainted with exhalations from the heaps of the dead, and "the few inhabitants who were to be seen," says Southey, "seemed stupified with horror—they had suffered so much that they looked with apathy at all around them, and when the crash of a falling house made the captors run, they scarcely moved."

A great sensation was caused throughout Spain, and even in some degree throughout Europe, by the burning of San Sebastian. A high Spanish official declared that the destruction of the town was done intentionally and revengefully by the British, because the trade of the port had all been conducted with France, to the disadvantage of Britain; a Cadiz newspaper, edited by an agent of the Spanish government, repeated this calumny in a salvo of invective; and instantly all Spain, and much of the opposition press of Britain, catching up the echo, rang with clangours against Lord Wellington and Sir Thomas Graham. Absurd, furious libels upon our hero and his generals were at that time so common in the Spanish newspapers that he habitually "despised them, and continued on his road without noticing them." But in the present instance, he felt induced to make a rejoinder—not directly indeed, which would have been far beneath him, but in an official letter to the British ambassador at Cadiz—for the twofold reason, that it affected the character of his officers, whose reputation was dear to him, and that he believed it to have been written, as he elsewhere expressed himself, "under the direction of that greatest of all blackguards, the Spanish minister at war."

"I need not assure you," said he to the ambassador, "that this charge is most positively untrue. Everything was done that was in my power to suggest to save the town. Several persons urged me, in the strongest manner, to allow it to be bombarded, as the most certain mode of forcing the enemy to give it up. This I positively would not allow, for the same reasons as I did not allow Ciudad Rodrigo or Badajoz to be bombarded; and yet if I had harboured so infamous a wish as to destroy this town from motives of commercial revenge, or any other, I could not have adopted a more certain method than to allow it to be bombarded. Neither is it true that the town was set on fire by the English and Portuguese troops. To set fire to the town was part of the enemy's defence. I was at the siege on the 30th August, and I aver that the town was then on fire. It must have been set on fire by the enemy, as I repeat that our batteries, by positive order, threw no shells into the town; and I saw the town on fire on the morning of the 31st August, before the storm took place. It is well known that the enemy had prepared for a serious resistance, not only on the ramparts, but in the streets of the town; that traverses were established in the streets, formed of combustibles, with the intention of setting fire to and exploding them during the contest with the assailants. It is equally known that there was a most severe contest in the streets of the town between the assailants and the garrison;

that many of these traverses were exploded, by which many lives on both sides were lost, and it is a fact that these explosions set fire to many of the houses. In truth, the fire in the town was the greatest evil that could befall the assailants, who did everything in their power to get the better of it; and it is a fact that, owing to the difficulty and danger of communicating, through the fire, with the advanced posts in the town, it had very nearly become necessary at one time to withdraw those posts entirely.

"In regard to the plunder of the town by the soldiers, I am the last man who will deny it, because I know that it is true. It has fallen to my lot to take many towns by storm; and I am concerned to add that I never saw or heard of one so taken, by any troops, that it was not plundered. It is one of the evil consequences attending the necessity of storming a town, which every officer laments, not only on account of the evil thereby inflicted on the unfortunate inhabitants, but on account of the injury it does to discipline, and the risk which is incurred of the loss of all the advantages of victory, at the very moment they are gained. It is hard that I and my general officers are to be so treated as we have been by unrestrained libellers, because an unavoidable evil has occurred in the accomplishment of a great service, and in the acquirement of a great advantage. The fault does not lie with us; it is with those who lost the fort, and obliged us at great risk and loss to regain it for the Spanish nation by storm. Notwithstanding that I am convinced that it is impossible to prevent a town in such a situation from being plundered, I can prove that upon this occasion particular pains were taken to prevent it. I gave most positive orders upon the subject, and desired that the officers might be warned of the peculiar situation of the place, the garrison having the castle to retire to, and of the danger that they would attempt to retake the town, if they found the assailants were engaged in plunder. If it had not been for the fire, which certainly augmented the confusion, and afforded greater facilities for irregularity, and if by far the greatest proportion of the officers and non-commissioned officers, particularly of the principal officers who stormed the breach, had not been killed or wounded in the performance of their duty in the service of Spain, to the number of 170 out of about 250, I believe that the plunder would have been in a great measure, though not entirely, prevented."

Before San Sebastian was in extremity, Soult had sufficiently recovered his strength to think of striking again for the Pyrenees. But he could not dare to attempt another run through the pass of Roncesvalles; still less could he venture to assail the central passes of Maya, Echallar, and Vera; so that his only plan was to cross the lower Bidassoa between Vera and the sea, and try to raise the siege of San Sebastian. The distance by different roads, from the Bidassoa to Oyarzun is only eight miles; the distance from Oyarzun to San Sebastian is not so much; and all the tract on both sides of the river abounds with facilities for

cover and manœuvre. Hence did he hope that secret concentration, rapid movement, and whirling strategy might bring him success. And on the 29th of August, he was in position for enterprize; Reille, with his own three divisions and Villatte's reserve, comprising twenty-five thousand men and thirty-six pieces of artillery, being behind lofty hills opposite Irun, in readiness to move toward Oyarzun by the royal causeway; Clausel, with four divisions, comprising twenty thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery, being in woods behind mountains to the north-west of Vera, ready to move toward Oyarzun by a road which joins the royal causeway there nearly at right angles; and Drouet, with two divisions, and twenty pieces of artillery, being in camps in advance of Sarre and Ainhoa, to menace the passes of Echallar and Vera, and ready to aid Clausel by flank operations.

Lord Wellington had just been reinforced with five thousand men from Britain, and had likewise been joined by nearly all the rest of his soldiers who had gone a-straggling at Vittoria; so that he was now stronger than at the time of Soult's former assault. He also got intelligence of the present French concentration in sufficient time to be able to assume seasonable, well-arranged, powerful counter-positions. A Spanish corps of about six thousand men, formerly under the command of Don Giron, now under the command of Don Freyre, having all along, from the period of the expulsion of Joseph Buonaparte, held the heights of San Marcial, extending eastward from the town of Irun and controlling the royal causeway to Oyarzun, Lord Wellington allowed them now to retain that post, which was naturally a strong one, and was now becoming the post of honour, in the hope that they would acquit themselves so well in the approaching conflict as to reinflate the military spirit of their country. But he supported them by the first division of British infantry and Lord Aylmer's brigade in the rear of their left, and by Longa's Spanish division in the rear of their right. An isolated mountain, called the Pena de Haya, rose immediately behind Longa's position, sending down its northern skirts to the Bidassoa in continuation of the heights of San Marcial, and bearing on its eastern skirts, about the middle of them, a monastic pile, called the convent of San Antonio. The 9th Portuguese brigade, belonging to the fourth British division, was posted on the north-eastern extremity of this mountain, overlooking the Bidassoa. The two other brigades of that division were posted at the convent of San Antonio, overlooking the road from Vera to Oyarzun. General Inglis' brigade of the seventh division was posted at the bridge of Lesaca. The rest of that division were sufficiently near on the east to be available as a reserve. And the light division was posted on the right bank of the Bidassoa, above the great bend of that river, between Vera and Lesaca. Lord Wellington, at the same time that he made these arrangements for resisting a great expected attack on the Bidassoa, sent orders to his troops in the passes of Echallar, Zugarramurdi, and

Maya to assail the enemy's weakened posts in front of those positions. The conflict which followed may be told in His Lordship's own words:—

"The enemy crossed the Bidassoa by the fords between Andarra and the destroyed bridge on the high road, before day-light on the morning of the 31st, with a very large force, with which they made a most desperate attack along the whole front of the position of the Spanish troops on the heights of San Marcial. They were beat back, some of them even across the river, in the most gallant style by the Spanish troops, whose conduct was equal to that of any troops that I have ever seen engaged; and the attack, having been frequently repeated, was upon every occasion defeated with the same gallantry and determination. The course of the river being immediately under the heights on the French side, on which the enemy had placed a considerable quantity of cannon, they were enabled to throw a bridge across the river three-quarters of a mile above the high road, over which, in the afternoon, they marched again a considerable body, ~~who~~ with those who had crossed the fords, again made a desperate attack upon ~~the~~ ~~Spanish~~ positions. This was equally beat back; and at length, finding all their efforts on that ~~side~~ fruitless, the enemy took advantage of the darkness of a violent storm ~~to retire~~ their troops from this front entirely. Notwithstanding that I had a British division on each flank of the fourth Spanish army," Don Freyre's corps, "I am happy to be able to report that the conduct of the latter was so conspicuously good, and they were so capable of defending their post without assistance, in spite of the desperate efforts of the enemy to carry it, that, finding that the ground did not allow of my making use of the first or fourth divisions on the flanks of the enemy's attacking corps, neither of them was in the least engaged during the action." On one occasion, indeed, the Spaniards were pushed up to the summit of the heights, and seemed in imminent hazard of giving way; but, on Lord Wellington issuing an order for a body of British to succour them, and riding personally up with his staff to reinspire them, they suddenly felt new energy, stood firm, retaliated, and, before the succour could reach them, drove the enemy headlong to the river. Thus, while some portion of the new-found gallantry of the Spaniards was undoubtedly due to the recent training they had received in the British field-marshal's peculiar school of tactics, some portion also resulted directly from the influence of his generalship in the action.

"Nearly at the same time that the enemy crossed the Bidassoa in front of the heights of San Marcial," continues Lord Wellington, "they likewise crossed that river with about three divisions of infantry in two columns, by the fords below Salin, in front of the position occupied by the 9th Portuguese brigade. I ordered General Inglis to support this brigade with that of the seventh division under his command, and as soon as I was informed of the course of the enemy's attack, I sent to Lieutenant-General the Earl of Dalhousie, to request that he would likewise move towards the Bidassoa with the seventh division,—and to

the light division to support Major-General Inglis by every means in their power. Major-General Inglis found it impossible to maintain the heights between Lesaca and the Bidassoa; and he withdrew to those in front of the convent of San Antonio, which he maintained. In the meantime Major-General Kempt moved one brigade of the light division to Lesaca; by which he kept the enemy in check, and covered the march of the Earl of Dalhousie to join General Inglis. The enemy, however, having completely failed in their attempt upon the position of the Spanish army on the heights of San Marcial, and finding that Major-General Inglis had taken a position, from which they could not drive him, at the same time that it covered and protected the right of the Spanish army, and the approaches to San Sebastian by Oyarzun, and that their situation on the left of the Bidassoa was becoming at every moment more critical, retired during the night. The fall of rain during the evening and night had so swollen the Bidassoa that the rear of their column was obliged to cross the bridge of Vera. In order to effect this object, they attacked the posts of Major-General Skerrett's brigade of the light division, at about 3 in the morning, both from the Puerta de Vera, and from the left of the Bidassoa. Although the nature of the ground rendered it impossible to prevent entirely the passage of the bridge after daylight, it was made under the fire of a great part of Major-General Skerrett's brigade, and the enemy's loss in the operation must have been very considerable.

"While this was going on upon the left of the army, Mariscal de Campo Don P. A. Giron attacked the enemy's posts in front of the pass of Echallar on the 30th and 31st, Lieutenant-General the Earl of Dalhousie made General le Cor attack those in front of Zugarramurdi with the 6th Portuguese brigade on the 31st, and Major-General the Hon. C. Colville made Colonel Douglas attack the enemy's posts in front of the pass of Maya on the same day, with the 7th Portuguese brigade. All these troops conducted themselves well. The attack made by the Earl of Dalhousie delayed his march till late in the afternoon of the 31st; but he was in the evening in a favourable situation for his further progress, and in the morning of the 1st in that allotted for him. In these operations, in which a second attempt by the enemy to prevent the establishment of the allies upon the frontier has been defeated by the operations of a part only of the allied army, at the very moment at which the fort of San Sebastian was taken by storm, I have had great satisfaction in observing the zeal and ability of the officers, and the gallantry and discipline of the troops." The loss of the French in these conflicts amounted to about 3,600 men, including one general officer killed, and four general officers wounded; and the loss of the allies amounted to 2,683 men,—of whom 1,680 were Spaniards,—a proportion which both indicates the relative magnitude of the combat of San Marcial, and shows how resolutely the Spaniards fought.

The gallantry of the Spaniards at San Marcial was all the more remarkable

THE SIEGE OF THE CASTLE OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

in common with every other Spanish corps, they continued to be most ardently supported by their Government. British generals in command of Spanish troops did not firmly calculate for an hour on what they might do; and yet were viewed by the British public as wielding forces which were little short of miraculous. Hence, said Lord Wellington, on the 5th of September, say, in answer to a desponding letter of Lord William Bentinck, in reference to the Spanish troops in Catalonia,—“You may depend upon it that all the Spanish armies are equally *hors de combat* in point of supplies, pay, &c. &c., and that they always have been so. There is no man better aware than I am of the state of every officer's reputation who has to command troops with such miserable means of support as these have; particularly in these days in which such extravagant expectations are excited by that excessively wise and useful class of people, the editors of newspapers. If I had been at any time capable of doing what these gentlemen expected, I should now, I believe, have been in the moon. They have long ago expected me at Bourdeaux; nay, I understand that there many of their wise readers, amateurs of the military art, who are waiting to see the army till head-quarters shall arrive in that city; and when they shall hear of the late Spanish battle,” the combat of San Marcial, “I conclude that they will defer their voyage till I shall arrive at Paris. But you may depend upon this; first, that I shall neither myself form, nor encourage in others, extravagant expectations; secondly, that you shall have my full support in any measure that you think proper to adopt under your instructions; and thirdly, that if you do your own duty (as I am sure you will) according to the best of your judgment, and satisfy yourself, you will satisfy your employers, and eventually the British public.” He strongly cautioned Lord Bentinck, however, to beware of wounding the vanity or provoking the jealousy of the Spanish officers, and hinted not obscurely that the signal improvement of the Spanish armies under his own immediate command, had proceeded in no mean degree from his studious humouring of their personal foibles.

Lord Wellington visited San Sebastian on the 1st of September. He was prevented by Soult's close fighting position on the frontier from bringing up fresh troops to put an end to the appalling excesses which were then going on in the town; but he hoped both to expedite the business of the war, and to reduce the riotous soldiery to order, by making instant dispositions to assail the castle; and at the same time he gave directions to the provost-marshal to make use of his horrid powers in such time and manner as promised to be most efficient. Though His Lordship had refused to bombard the town, where women and children and other non-combatants would suffer, he felt no hesitation in bombarding the castle, where there were no persons but soldiers. A heavy bombardment from such of the besieging batteries as were within range was instantly commenced. The garrison at once shrunk under it, and made little reply. It

was continued day and night, till it almost overlaid the castle with shells. Yet so obstinate was the governor that, except for once making a haughty offer of surrender on inadmissible terms, he held out as firmly as though not a shot were firing. He was a stern old man with nerves of iron; and the retaliation he made was to place in exposed situations the allied soldiers whom he had taken during the siege, so that they might suffer fully more from the bombardment than his own men.

New batteries, by Lord Wellington's directions, were formed for breaching the defences of the castle. Great difficulties were experienced from the burning of the town, the riotousness of the soldiery, and the paucity of means of transport. But on the 8th, the new batteries were ready; and, at a signal, with simultaneous thunder, from fifty-nine pieces of heavy artillery, they began to vomit ruin upon the castle and everything which it contained. In two hours the surface of all the Monte Orgullo was strewn with debris or furrowed with shot. The governor then bowed to necessity, and surrendered; and next day he moved out with all his serviceable soldiers, then reduced to one third of their original number, leaving behind him five hundred wounded in the hospital. "Many of the French soldiers," says Southey, "wept bitterly; there was a marked sadness in the countenance of all; and they laid down their arms in silence. The commandant had been uniformly attentive to the officers who had been prisoners. When this kindness was now acknowledged, he said that he had been twice a prisoner in England, that he had been fifty years in the service, and on the 15th of the passing month should have received his dismissal; he was now sixty-six, he said, and should never serve again; and if he might be permitted to retire into France, instead of being sent into England, he should be the happiest of men. Sir Thomas Graham wrote to Lord Wellington in favour of the kind-hearted old man; and it may be believed that the application was not made in vain."

The siege of San Sebastian was the last of our hero's sieges, the most protracted, and, in proportion to the strength of the means used in it, the most sanguinary. Colonel Jones sums it up as follows,—“Thirty days open trenches, thirty days of blockade, 3,500 officers and men killed or wounded, 70,831 rounds of ammunition expended.” Yet the fortress was very far inferior in strength to Ciudad Rodrigo or Badajoz, and the means of reducing it very far superior. What a contrast was this concluding siege of Wellington in Spain to his commencing ones in India,—when he seemed to “walk over” the fortresses which were in his way! Nevertheless, the capture first of the town and next of the castle was a great exploit, eminently conducive to the final results of the war. And the British parliament duly appreciated it, placing it in the same rank with the great victories, and voting thanks, on the 8th of October, “for San Sebastian and the operations subsequent to Vittoria.”

CHAPTER XV.

LORD WELLINGTON'S PASSAGE OF THE BIDASSOA—HIS ORDERS TO HIS ARMY ON ENTERING FRANCE—THE COMBAT OF SARREL—THE SURRENDER OF PAMPELINA—THE BATTLE OF THE NIVELLE—THE POSITIONS OF THE ARMIES ON THE NIVELLE AND THE ADOUR—THE PASSAGE OF THE NIVEL—THE BATTLES IN FRONT OF BAYONNE—THE BATTLE OF ST. PIERRE.

LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK was scarcely more successful in Catalonia than Sir John Murray had been. Sir William Clinton soon succeeded him in command, with unimproved prospects. The allied troops, indeed, though much inferior in number to their opponents, had compelled Suchet to respect them, inasmuch that they promised still to keep him fully employed; but they had done no more, and seemed likely to do no more. Lord Wellington, immediately on obtaining a large increase of disposable force by the capture of San Sebastian, intended to deliver a sudden heavy blow upon Suchet, with the view of at once driving him from Spain, and concentrating all the allied corps into one front of operations. But he was requested by the British ministry rather to strike at Soult, and make aggression as speedily as possible to the north. He still, on military grounds, regarded the invasion of France as premature, yet saw the political reasons for it to be very strong, and viewed his Government's request as a command. Hence, in his habitual chivalric sense of duty, ever anxious to do the best he could with the means in his possession, he instantly made earnest preparations to obey.

The whole French frontier from the boundary to the Adour is very strong. A triangular tract, enclosed on one side by the boundary with Spain, on the second by the ocean, and on the third by the road from St. Jean Pied-de-Port to Bayonne, is all fitted to make powerful resistance to invasion. Soult was indefatigable in artificially strengthening every part of this tract which was naturally weak; and he purposed to hold the whole of it in successive lines, on nearly the same principle as Lord Wellington's famous Lines of Lisbon. The amount of field-works formed by his men was almost incredible; and the engineering skill displayed in the adaptation of each piece of work to each spot of ground was wonderful. His first line was the southern slopes and the summit of a series of ridges, overlooking the lower Bidassoa and the rest of the boundary with Spain, and extending from the sea to St. Jean Pied-de-Port. The key to this position, or at least the loftiest and strongest part of it, was the Rhune mountain, 2,800 feet high, in front of the passes of Vera and Echallar, faced on three sides

by insurmountable precipices, and accessible on the fourth or eastern side only by a narrow way over shelving rocks. Other heights between this and the sea were defended by entrenchments and batteries on the slopes; and the summit of the Rhune was crowned by a hermitage, which had been converted into a redoubt.

Lord Wellington purposed, in the first instance, to assail only the part of Soult's line from the sea to the Rhune mountain. Most of this was strongly covered by the Bidassoa, and even the rest was stronger than the part from the Rhune mountain to St. Jean Pied-de-Port. But the very strength of it was construed by Lord Wellington into an element of success. He calculated that his design against it was much less likely to be discovered than any other design which he could form; that the troops upon it were much more likely to be off the alert than those to the east; and that the capture of it would tend variously and powerfully to facilitate his subsequent operations. The number of troops upon it, too, was only about fourteen thousand. Soult's force, indeed, had recently been increased, by the arrival of conscripts, to a greater amount than at the time of his irruption into the Pyrenees; but the great bulk of it was disposed either in second line, labouring upon the field-works, or to the east of the Rhune mountain, expecting the main thrust of the allies to be made from the valley of Bastan. Wellington confirmed Soult's misconception by going personally to the east, bringing Mina's corps to the valley of Roncesvalles, ordering up a part of the Duke del Parque's army to Pampeluna, bringing the whole of D'Albispal's corps (then under the command of Giron) to the frontier, and ~~making~~ ^{making} some small skirmishing demonstrations in front of the pass of Maya.

His preparations on the sea-board were meanwhile going on. High tides, tempestuous weather, and floods in the Bidassoa prevented them from being completed till the 6th of October. One part of the attack was to be made near the river's mouth, where the tides rose sixteen feet; another part was to be made across a yawning gorge, which required to be commanded by artillery on the heights of San Marcial; and the whole was to be made so simultaneously, and at the same time was to consist of so many parts, at considerable mutual distances, over grounds out of view of one another, that much nicety was requisite in preconcerting the arrangements. Everything, however, was got ready regularly, and without alarm. Sir Thomas Graham, with the first division, the fifth division, and a Portuguese brigade, was to cross the Bidassoa in four columns on the left. Don Freyre, with the army of Galicia, was to cross in three columns at fords to the right of Graham. General Alten, with the light division and Longa's Spanish corps, was to assail the mountain opposite the elbow of the Bidassoa and in front of Vera. And Don Giron, with the Andalusian army of reserve, was to attack the entrenchments and posts on the Rhune mountain. The total of men in these assailing bodies was about forty-four thousand; a number which seemed to be required by the great strength of the enemy's position,

and which might possibly be rendered necessary also by such a prolongation of the conflict as should give time to the enemy to bring up reserves.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 7th was the destined hour of attack. The weather was dark and stormy. The tents of the allies were all left standing in the camps. The columns moved to the Bidassoa, or to the foot of the mountains, without being discovered or suspected. Some had to pass across pieces of plain or over the skirts of acclivities before they could get into action, and therefore were seen in sufficient time to meet a hot reception; yet even these took the enemy in great degree by surprise. Others, in the left centre, though not seen till very near the enemy's works, were instantly exposed, from the nature of the ground, to a shattering fire. The whole assault, at once from the purpose to be served by it, from the manner in which it was made, from the perils attending it, and from the amount of disaster which must have followed a repulse, resembled much more the storming of a fortress than the initiative of an open battle. A feigned attack, too, was made simultaneously with it, by the sixth division, on the posts in front of the pass of Echallar. The booming of the guns there was the first intimation to Soult that the allies were annoying him. He was then at Ezelette, about as far beyond the Rhune mountain as the Rhune mountain is beyond the sea, quietly reviewing some conscripts, in the full belief that everything around him indicated repose. He galloped first to the scene of the sixth division's false attack, and next to the Rhune mountain; but he arrived too late to be able to make any material abatement on his misfortune. His lieutenants also were utterly at fault; for both Reille, whose troops were next the sea, and Clausel, whose troops held the Rhune mountain, were unable to bring up reserves till they had sustained irretrievable defeat.

The allies, however, did not achieve success without great exertion, high bravery, and an aggregate loss of upwards of eight hundred men in killed, wounded, and missing. Graham's corps speedily carried all the works opposed to them, and took seven pieces of cannon. The 9th British regiment alone met obstinate resistance, and were obliged to make repeated bayonet-charges, under heavy loss to themselves, before they attained victory. Freyre's corps, according to Lord Wellington's own account of them, "behaved admirably, and turned and carried the enemy's entrenchments in the hills with great dexterity and gallantry." The light division charged with extreme ardour and resolution, performed some high exploits, and captured 22 officers, 400 common soldiers, and three pieces of cannon. But the Andalusian army of reserve, all Spaniards, quite recently enrolled, assailing the Rhune mountain in two columns without any assistance whatever from more experienced troops, performed the greatest feats. Their appointment to any such task, where there was such ample choice of other men, would not have been done by any ordinary generalissimo, and was done by Lord Wellington evidently out of profound penetration into the

peculiar influences of their training, coupled with a regard to the effect which their anticipated bravery would produce on the spirit of their country. Their conduct will be best told in the words of his own official despatch, written on the 9th:—

“These troops carried everything before them in the most gallant style, till they arrived at the foot of the rock on which the hermitage stands; and they made repeated attempts to take even that post by storm. But it was impossible to get up; and the enemy remained during the night in possession of the hermitage, and on a rock on the same range of the mountain with the right of the Spanish troops. Some time elapsed yesterday morning before the fog cleared away sufficiently to enable me to reconnoitre the mountain; which I found to be least inaccessible by its right, and that the attack of it might be connected with advantage with the attack of the enemy's works in front of the camp of Sarre,” situated to the east of the Rhune mountain, on the road leading to the pass of Echallar. “I accordingly ordered the army of reserve to concentrate to their right; and as soon as the concentration commenced, Mariscal de Campo Don P. A. Giron ordered the battalion De Las Ordenes to attack the enemy's post on the rock, on the right of the position occupied by his troops, which was instantly carried in the most gallant style. These troops followed up their success, and carried an entrenchment on a hill, which protected the right of the camp of Sarre; and the enemy immediately evacuated all their works to defend the approaches to the camp, which were taken possession of by detachments from the seventh division, sent by Lieutenant-General the Earl of Dalhousie through the Puerte de Echallar for this purpose. Don P. A. Giron then established the battalion of Las Ordenes on the enemy's left, on the rock of the hermitage. It was too late to proceed farther last night; and the enemy withdrew from their post at the hermitage, and from the camp of Sarre, during the night. It gives me singular satisfaction to report the good conduct of the officers and troops of the army of reserve of Andalusia, as well in the operations of the 7th instant, as in those of yesterday. The attack made by the battalion of Las Ordenes, under the command of Colonel Hore, yesterday, was made in as good order and with as much spirit as any that I have seen made by any troops; and I was much satisfied with the spirit and discipline of the whole of this corps. I cannot applaud too highly the execution of the arrangements for these attacks by the Mariscal de Campo Don P. A. Giron, and the general and staff officers under his direction.”

Thus at length was Lord Wellington in military possession of a portion of the French soil, with fair prospect of being able to make further aggression. His first care now, and a very earnest one, was to establish good moral order in the intercourse between his army and the natives. He had already, on the 9th of July, at Irurita, issued a general order on this subject; and he judged that he could not now do better than to issue it again. “The

Commander of the Forces," said he in that document, "is anxious to draw the attention of the officers of the army to the difference of the situation in which they have been hitherto among the people of Portugal and Spain, and that in which they may hereafter find themselves among those of the frontiers of France. Every military precaution must henceforward be used to obtain intelligence, and to prevent surprise. General and superior officers, at the head of detached corps, will take care to keep up a constant and regular communication with the corps upon the right and left, and with their rear: and the soldiers and their followers must be prevented from wandering to a distance from their camps and cantonments on any account whatever. Notwithstanding that these precautions are absolutely necessary, as the country in front of the army is the enemy's, the Commander of the Forces is particularly desirous that the inhabitants should be well treated, and that private property must be respected as it has been hitherto. The officers and soldiers of the army must recollect that their nations are at war with France solely because the Ruler of the French nation will not allow them to be at peace, and is desirous of forcing them to submit to his yoke; and they must not forget that the worst of the evils suffered by the enemy, in his profligate invasion of Spain and Portugal, have been occasioned by the irregularities of the soldiers and their cruelties, authorised and encouraged by their chiefs, towards the unfortunate and peaceful inhabitants of the country. To revenge this conduct on the peaceful inhabitants of France would be unmanly and unworthy of the nations to whom the Commander of the Forces now addresses himself, and at all events would be the occasion of similar and worse evils to the army at large, than those which the enemy's army have suffered in the Peninsula, and would eventually prove highly injurious to the public interests. The rules, therefore, which have been observed hitherto in requiring and taking and giving receipts for supplies from the country, are to be continued in the villages on the French frontier; and the commissaries, attached to each of the armies of the several nations, will receive the orders from the Commander-in-chief of the army of their nations, respecting the mode and period of paying for such supplies."

The re-issuing of this proclamation took place on the 8th of October, before the turmoil consequent on the passage of the Bidassoa had ceased; and Lord Wellington saw occasion to accompany it with the following declaration,—“According to all the information which the Commander of the Forces has received, outrages of all descriptions were committed” yesterday “by the troops in presence even of their officers, who took no pains whatever to prevent them. The Commander of the Forces has already determined that some officers, so grossly negligent of their duty, shall be sent to England, that their names may be brought under the attention of the Prince Regent, and that His Royal Highness may give such directions respecting them as he may think proper.” Thus earnestly determined was Lord Wellington, at so critical a juncture, to maintain good order; and he ob-

served that if he had five times as many men, and could not prevent them from plundering, he would not think it either right or safe to invade France.

Soult at first felt stunned by the loss of his lines of the Bidassoa; but, after four days, he made an attempt to recover a small part which his troops had needlessly abandoned in front of Sarre. "On the night of the 12th," says Lord Wellington, writing on the 18th of October, "the enemy attacked and carried the redoubt in the camp of Sarre, which was held by a picquet of 40 men of the army of reserve of Andalusia, who were taken, as well as 300 prisoners. There is reason to believe that they were surprised, as the reserve for the support of the redoubt had not time to give the picquet assistance. This redoubt was certainly more distant from the line, and from the ground from which it could be supported, than I had imagined it to be when I had directed that it should be occupied, and it is so near the houses of the village of Sarre as always to be liable to an attack by surprise. I have therefore not allowed it to be reoccupied. After having possession of the redoubt, the enemy made an attack, on the morning of the 13th, upon the advance posts of the army of Andalusia, with a view to regain possession of those works that they had lost on the 8th, which they had constructed in front of the camp of Sarre. It was at first imagined and reported that the real attack was on the side of the hermitage of La Rhune; but it was confined entirely to the advance posts of the reserve of Andalusia, and was repulsed by them without difficulty." The loss of the French in these affairs of the 12th and the 13th was about 200 men, and that of the Spaniards about 500.

Lord Wellington could not, on any principle of military prudence, either move forward his right wing or make a further push with his left, till he should procure the surrender of Pampeluna. He now reorganized his army into three corps. The right, extending from Roncesvalles to the Bastan, and having now attached to it the battalions of Mina, was under the command of Sir Rowland Hill. The centre, extending from the pass of Maya to the Bayonette mountain, in front of the pass of Vera, was given to Sir William Beresford. And the left, extending from the Mandale mountain, immediately west of the Bayonette, to the sea, was under the command of Sir John Hope. This last officer arrived on the 6th, from Ireland, where he had been Commander-in-chief; and next day, immediately after the battle of the Bidassoa, he superseded Sir Thomas Graham, who then, by previous arrangement, returned to England. "Commanding in chief at Corunna after Sir John Moore's death, Sir John Hope was superior in rank to Lord Wellington during the early part of the Peninsular war; but when the latter obtained the baton of field-marshal at Vittoria, Hope, with a patriotism and modesty worthy of the pupil of Abercromby, the friend and comrade of Moore, offered to serve as second in command; and Lord Wellington joyfully accepted him, observing that he was the 'ablest officer in the army.'"

The garrison of Pampeluna began now to be in extreme distress. In the

midst of October, Cassar, the governor, put them on scanty rations of horse-flesh. But in a week, he had no longer even this to give them, and could not offer or promise them any sustenance whatever, except such weeds as grew upon the cliffs, and such dogs, cats, and vermin as had not already been devoured. Nor had he any suitable appliances for great and increasing numbers who were passing through famine into pestilence. Yet he struggled on several days more, and then made offer of surrender only on the proud condition of being allowed to retire into France with six pieces of artillery. Both this offer and a following one of rather lower tone were peremptorily rejected. He then threatened to mine the city, blow it up, and cut his way through the beleaguering army, after the manner of Brennier at Almeida. But he was assured that, if he should attempt anything so horrible, he and his officers would be shot, and his private soldiers decimated. He took three days more to reflect, and then, on the 31st of October, surrendered at discretion. Don Carlos D'España's despatch to Lord Wellington, on that day, announcing the surrender, illustrates well the fanfaronade of even the best of the Spanish generals, and contrasts most edifyingly with the quiet simplicity of our hero's own despatches,—“Glory be to God, and honour to the triumphs of Your Excellency, in this ever memorable campaign. I have the honour and the great satisfaction of congratulating Your Excellency on the surrender of the important fortress of Pampeluna, the capitulation of which, having been signed by the superior officers intrusted with my powers, and by those delegated by the General commanding the place, I have, by virtue of the authority which you conferred upon me, just ratified. The garrison remain prisoners of war, as Your Excellency determined from the beginning they should, and will march out to-morrow, at two in the afternoon, in order to be conducted to the port of Passages.”

Soult had made earnest but vain attempts to concert a joint operation with Suchet, for saving Pampeluna, by a circuitous thrust at the allies' right flank. But though losing that place, he made a diligent use of the time which its prolonged defence afforded him for strengthening his lines along the basin of the Nivelle. The first of these lines was exceedingly strong. The part of it on his right, covering all access to St. Jean de Luz, and extending from the sea four miles south of that town to the left bank of the Nivelle near the bridge of Ascain, though protected at Uroque and elsewhere by only second-rate outposts, was in itself very nearly impregnable. The central part, extending from the bridge of Ascain to the bridge of Amotz, along the chord of a great northward curve of the Nivelle, possessed considerable natural strength, and was powerfully fortified, almost from end to end, by art. In the rear of this part was a grand, strong, facile road of retreat by the bridge of St. Jean, that bridge, as well as every other within the sweep of the lines, being commanded by *têtes de pont*; and in front were two magnificent outposts, the hill of Petite Rhune and the

camp before Sarre, the former a stupendous natural fortalice, and the latter one of the greatest of Soult's military works. The left part of the line, extending from the bridge of Amotz, behind the village of Ainhoe, curvingly to the summit of Mondarin, was a ridge of strong heights, partly forming the watershed between the Nivelle and the Nive, and powerfully covered, up the slope of Mondarin, by field entrenchments. Here terminated the first line, nearly opposite the pass of Maya; for the tract direct thence to St. Jean Pied de Port was a mountain-ridge too stern and rugged to admit any footing for the tug of war. A second line ran from the sea a little north of St. Jean de Luz to the Nive at Cambo; and this stood strong in finished redoubts, and embraced the camps of Serres and Espelette. A third line was projected from a point about midway between St. Jean de Luz and Bayonne eastward to Ustaritz on the Nive; but the natural strength of this was not great, and the artificial fortifications of it had been little more than commenced. Soult's soldiers in the field, including recent reinforcements, amounted to about seventy thousand; and the great bulk of them were posted in the first line, while the rest were either in the nearest and most supporting parts of the second line, or at certain points of the upper Nive which offered special facility for flank manœuvre. The French marshal for several days fully expected an attack, and guessed very exactly where and how it would be made; so that he contrived the best dispositions in his power to repel it.

Lord Wellington, while only anticipating the fall of Pampeluna, made all possible preparations for battle; and instantly on receiving intelligence of that event, he hurried forward the preparations to completion. He had several urgent motives for speed. The general calls of the war were peremptory. Soult's defensive operations were every hour becoming more formidable. Lord Wellington's own soldiers had become feverishly impatient in the mountains, looking down from their snowy bivouacs to the rich warm plains below, many of them even the British, deserting daily to the enemy. And now, when the corps of D'España and the corps of Hill were set free by the fall of Pampeluna to co-operate with the rest of the army, no material hinderance existed to the immediate deliverance of a general battle. Our hero, therefore, arranged as promptly as weather and other circumstances would permit to pierce the barrier-line of Soult, and advance with his whole army across the Nivelle. The absence or illness of an unusually large proportion of his best generals, indeed, was some discouragement; for Graham was away from the first division, Picton from the third, Leith and Oswald from the fifth, Pack and Pakenham from the sixth, and the Earl of Dalhousie from the seventh. But he still had generals, Spanish and Portuguese as well as British, on whom he could rely; nor did he hesitate, in one instance, to intrust a Portuguese general with the command of a British division. The number of men whom he led to battle,

respective of reserves, was about ninety thousand,—seventy-four thousand of whom were British or Portuguese. His plan was to penetrate the outposts between Soult's left and centre, and then to push aside the left, to drive back the centre, and to turn the right; and how he executed this let his own despatch tell,—written to Earl Bathurst on the 13th of November:—

"Pampeluna having surrendered on the 31st of October, and the right of the army having been disengaged from covering the blockade of that place, I moved Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill on the 6th and 7th into the valley of Bastan, as soon as the state of the roads, after the recent rains, would permit, intending to attack the enemy on the 8th. But the rain which fell on the 7th having again rendered the roads impracticable, I was obliged to defer the attack to the 10th; when we completely succeeded in carrying all the positions on the enemy's left and centre, in separating the former from the latter, and by these means turning the enemy's strong positions occupied by their right on the lower Nivelle, which they were obliged to evacuate during the night; having taken 51 pieces of cannon, and 1,400 prisoners.

"The object of the attack being to force the enemy's centre, and to establish our army in rear of their right, the attack was made in columns of divisions, each led by the general officer commanding it, and each forming its own reserve. Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill directed the movements of the right, consisting of the second division under Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir William Stewart, the sixth division under Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton, a Portuguese division under Lieutenant-General Sir John Hamilton, and a Spanish division under General Morillo, and Colonel Grant's brigade of cavalry, and a brigade of Portuguese artillery, under Lieutenant-Colonel Tulloch, and three mountain guns under Lieutenant Robe, which attacked the positions of the enemy behind Ainhoa. Marshal Sir William Beresford directed the movements of the right of the centre, consisting of the third division under Major-General the Hon. C. Colville, the seventh division under Mariscal de Campo Le Cor, and the fourth division under Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Lowry Cole. The latter attacked the redoubts in front of Sarre, that village, and the heights behind it, supported on their left by the army of reserve of Andalusia, under the command of Mariscal de Campo Don P. A. Giron, which attacked the enemy's positions on the right of Sarre, on the slopes of La Petite Rhune, and the heights behind the village on the left of the fourth division. Major-General Charles Baron Alten attacked, with the light division and General Longa's Spanish division, the enemy's positions on La Petite Rhune; and having carried them, co-operated with the right of the centre in the attack of the heights behind Sarre. General V. Alten's brigade of cavalry, under the direction of Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, followed the movements of the centre; and there were three brigades of British artillery with this part of the army, and

three mountain guns with General Giron, and three with Major-General C. Alten. Lieutenant-General Don Manuel Freyre moved in two columns from the heights of Mandale towards Ascain, in order to take advantage of any movement the enemy might make from the right of their position, towards their centre; and Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope, with the left of the army, drove in the enemy's outposts in front of their entrenchments on the lower Nivelle, carried the redoubt above Urogne, and established himself on the heights immediately opposite Siboure, in readiness to take advantage of any movement made by the enemy's right.

"The attack began at daylight; and Lieutenant-General Sir Lowry Cole having obliged the enemy to evacuate the redoubt on their right in front of Sarre by a cannonade, and that in front of the left of the village having been likewise evacuated on the approach of the seventh division under General Le Cor to attack it, Lieutenant-General Sir Lowry Cole attacked and possessed himself of the village, which was turned on its left by the third division, under Major-General the Hon. C. Colville, and on its right by the reserve of Andalusia under Don P. A. Giron; and Major-General C. Baron Alten carried the positions on La Petite Rhune. The whole then co-operated in the attack of the enemy's main position behind the village. The third and seventh divisions immediately carried the redoubts on the left of the enemy's centre, and the light division those on the right, while the fourth division, with the reserve of Andalusia on their left, attacked their positions in their centre. By these attacks, the enemy were obliged to abandon their strong positions which they had fortified with much care and labour; and they left in the principal redoubt on the height the 1st battalion 88th regiment, which immediately surrendered.

"While these operations were going on in the centre, I had the pleasure of seeing the sixth division, under Lieutenant-General Sir H. Clinton, after having crossed the Nivelle, and having driven in the enemy's picquets on both banks, and having covered the passage of the Portuguese division under Lieutenant-General Sir John Hamilton on its right, make a most handsome attack upon the right of the enemy's position behind Ainhoa, and on the right of the Nivelle, and carry all the entrenchments and the redoubt on that flank. Lieutenant-General Sir John Hamilton supported, with the Portuguese division, the sixth division on its right; and both co-operated in the attack of the second redoubt, which was immediately carried. Major-General Pringle's brigade of the second division, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir W. Stewart, drove in the enemy's picquets on the Nivelle and in front of Ainhoa; and Major-General Byng's brigade of the second division, carried the entrenchments and a redoubt further, on the enemy's left; in which attack the Major-General and these troops distinguished themselves. Major-General Morillo covered the advance of the whole to the heights behind Ainhoa, by attacking the enemy's posts on the slopes of

Mondarin, and following them towards Itzaeu. The troops on the heights, behind Ainhoa were, by these operations, under the direction of Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill, forced to retire towards the bridge of Cambo on the Nive, with the exception of the division on the Mondarin, which, by the march of a part of the second division, under Lieutenant-General Sir William Stewart, was pushed into the mountains towards Baygorry.

"As soon as the heights were carried on both banks of the Nivelle, I directed the third and seventh divisions, being the right of our centre, to move by the left of that river upon St. Pé, and the sixth division by the right of the river on the same place, while the fourth and light divisions, and General Giron's reserve, held the heights above Ascain, and covered this movement on that side, and Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill covered it on the other. A part of the enemy's troops had retired from their centre, and had crossed the Nivelle at St. Pé, and as soon as the sixth division approached, the third division, under Major-General the Hon. C. Colville, and the seventh division, under General Le Cor, crossed that river, and attacked and immediately gained possession of the heights beyond. We were thus established in the rear of the enemy's right; but so much of the day was now spent, that it was impossible to make any further movement; and I was obliged to defer our further operations till the following morning. The enemy evacuated Ascain in the afternoon, of which village Lieutenant-General Don Manuel Freyre took possession, and quitted all their works and positions in front of St. Jean de Luz during the night, and retired upon Bidart, destroying all the bridges on the lower Nivelle. Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope followed them with the left of the army as soon as he could cross the river; and Marshal Sir W. Beresford moved the centre of the army as far as the state of the roads, after a violent fall of rain, would allow; and the enemy retired again on the night of the 11th into an entrenched camp in front of Bayonne.

"In the course of the operations of which I have given Your Lordship an outline, in which we have driven the enemy from positions which they had been fortifying with great labour and care for three months, in which we have taken 51 pieces of cannon and 6 tumbrils of ammunition and 1,400 prisoners, I have great satisfaction in reporting the good conduct of all the officers and troops. Our loss, although severe, has not been so great as might have been expected, considering the strength of the positions attacked, and the length of time, from daylight in the morning till night, during which the troops were engaged." That loss comprised 843 men killed, 2,278 wounded, and 73 missing.

The French loss in killed and wounded was little greater than that of the allies, being only about 2,870. But, except for their holding the bridge of St. Jean de Luz, while the allies were retarded by foul roads and tempestuous weather, they would have lost the whole of their right wing. Even the rest of their army made a narrow escape from being chased to destruction. Only the

two great roads to Bayonne—the royal road near the coast and the road, from St. Jean Pied de Port—both still under the power of Soult's defensive works, could be readily traversed in any foul season by an army; while all the other roads, being formed on a deep mortary clay, were at present so pounded by long-continued rains that the infantry sank in them to the mid-leg, the cavalry to the horses' knees or even to the saddle-girths, and the artillery stuck entirely fast. Torrents of rain, also, descended on the 11th, and a thick fog on the 12th. These were the things, and only these, which at present saved Soult. The allies were so fiercely strong, fresh from the mountains, fresh into France, and flushed with victory, that, on any ordinary ground, they would have done now what they afterwards did at Waterloo. "If Wellington," says Napier, "could have let their strength and fury loose in the first days succeeding the battle of the Nivelle, France would have felt his conquering footsteps to her centre."

Lord Wellington fixed his head-quarters first at St. Pé and afterwards at St. Jean de Luz, and put his army into cantonments. His front extended from the sea at the heights of Baronillet to the Nive below Ustaritz, and bent back thence along the Nive to Itzassu. The part of it facing the north was only two miles from the enemy's position, and enjoyed little other protection than some ruggedness of ground and some sprawling lakes or ponds. But the whole circumjacent country, at that moment, was little else than a great clay morass, intersected in parts, especially toward Bayonne, with such enclosures and woods as presented serious obstructions to the movements of an army. The British infantry, the Portuguese infantry, and a few of the Spaniards were cantoned in the villages and farm-steads between the front-line and the Nivelle; while the great bulk of the Spaniards, for reasons which will afterwards be stated, were sent very far to the rear. The artillery also, and most of the cavalry, in consequence of the splashy clayey surface being impracticable for them, were not brought across the Nivelle. The weather continued for three weeks to be very wet and very cold, so as totally to prevent any important operation. Hence did the army during all that time, with the exception of some trivial skirmishes at the front, lie completely quiescent.

Soult's position, after he retreated to Bayonne, was very strong. Bayonne was then regarded by Buonaparte, with good reason, as one of the grand bulwarks of France. It had been allowed, indeed, as we formerly saw, to fall into neglect; but now, through Soult's three months' exertions on its behalf, it was in a most efficient condition. It stands at the confluence of the Nive and the Adour, has bridges over both these rivers, is strongly fortified, and commands the communications of a great extent of country both by road and by water. The citadel is on the north or right side of the Adour, overlooking the city and the anchorage. A strong bastioned wall extends, in a curve, on the south side, from the Nive to the left of the Adour, and encloses a large suburb. An en-

trenched camp had been formed in front of this, nearly parallel to the ramparts, and within protection of their guns. Soult's right wing, under Reille, was posted from the middle of the camp to a point on the Adour where lay a flotilla of gun-boats, and was covered by a swamp and an artificial inundation, along both sides of the royal causeway to Spain,—the only road by which Bayonne could be approached between the Nive and the sea. His central corps, under Clausel, extended from the middle of the camp to the Nive, and was covered variously by the same swamp as the right wing, by a large fortified house, and by an inundation and a watercourse toward the Nive. And his left wing, under Drouet, partly stood in reserve on a strong range of heights adjacent to the south-east parts of the city, from the Nive to the Adour, and partly extended up the right bank of the Nive to Cambo, along or near the road to St. Jean Pied de Port, the only road besides the royal causeway by which Bayonne could be approached from the south, and was supported immediately beyond Cambo to the vicinity of Itassu, on a strong hill, by a division of the army of Suchet which had recently come up from Catalonia to assist Soult. This wing communicated with the main body, both circuitously through Bayonne, and directly by a bridge of boats across the Nive immediately above the town.

Lord Wellington had as yet no intercourse with France beyond the tiny tract which he had won with his sword. He could not yet reap any of the political advantages of his inroad, by communication with the Bourbonists, or any military advantages, either in facilities of strategy or in increase of supplies. He was even so jammed between the Nive and the sea, and between Soult's position and the Nivelle, as not to have sufficient room for his army to canton. Soult, on the other hand, was on better ground at once for defence, for assault, and for forage than at any previous period, and at the same time discoursed at will for the feeding of his men over all the rich country east of the Nive and north of the Adour, from the foot of the Pyrenees to the centre of France, so that he could keep his whole force constantly in hand. Lord Wellington, therefore, resolved to drive in his outposts between the Nive and the sea, to drive in all his left wing between the Adour and the Nive, and to restrict him everywhere on the south and east to the narrow tract commanded by the cannon of Bayonne, with the twofold effect of cutting off all his supplies down the navigation of the streams, so as to oblige him to detach a considerable part of his army toward the north, and of gaining space for the allied forces to enjoy commodious quarters, to extend their intercourse with the natives, and to increase their means both of present subsistence and of future action.

He, accordingly, remained quiescent only till there was enough of fair weather to render the ground practicable; and then, bringing forward a large part of his artillery, collecting materials for extemporaneous bridges, crossed the Nive, and ordering his troops out of their cantonments on the 8th of September, he dis-

tributed among his generals a plan of simultaneous operation, from tip to tip of his army's wings, on the morning of the 9th. The plan, in outline, was that Sir John Hope, with all the left wing, should drive in all the outposts west of the Nive, and reconnoitre the entrenched camp; that Sir Rowland Hill, with all the right wing, should cross the Nive at Cambo, to force his way to a new position in the near vicinity of Bayonne, with its right resting on the Adour; and that Sir William Beresford should lead the third and the sixth divisions across the Nive at Ustaritz to assist Hill, and should leave the fourth and the seventh divisions in reserve, at a short distance in the rear, concealed from the view of the enemy, in readiness to support any part of either Hope's line or Hill's which might require their aid.

The signal for action was given at day-break on the 9th. Hope, with twelve guns and a swarm of skirmishers in front, led forward his whole line. The enemy's outposts retired fighting; but, except at one point, they were not strong enough, either in themselves or by succour, to attempt to make any stand. Hope arrived in front of the entrenched camp about one o'clock; and he found ample opportunity, and took ample time, to reconnoitre both that work and the lower Adour. He then returned to his original position, under heavy rain, in great fatigue, the very royal causeway being knee-deep of mud; and as he supposed that the French, from the easy manner in which they had yielded to his assault, were not likely to attempt any strong or speedy retaliation, he left only a part of his corps along the front of his position, and sent all the rest into their cantonments, some of them so far back as St. Jean de Luz.

Hill passed the Nive in three columns at Cambo, at the same moment that Beresford passed it with the third and the sixth divisions at Ustaritz. The French opposite Cambo were surprised,—insomuch that Foy, who commanded them, was driven to retrograde flight with only a few followers,—one of the regiments was separated from the main body, and sent adrift across the country, —and all the rest of the battalions, though retreating precipitately in the right direction toward Bayonne, made a narrow escape from being intercepted by Beresford's men. But a grand rally was made, and some support given, at Villefranque about two miles or less from Bayonne; and Soult was there in person, to inspirit the troops by his presence, and to array them in the most efficient battle-order. Hill did not get thither till near evening, sorely fatigued, in consequence of the dismally broken condition of the roads, and moreover was obliged to leave behind him a considerable part of his force, to watch Suchet's division above Cambo, and to protect the communications across the Nive. Yet only a sharp charge or two was made, chiefly by three light regiments, which the French gave way, and retired within the shelter of the fortifications of Bayonne.

Thus easily was the passage of the Nive won; so that on the morning of the 10th, Hill occupied the position intended for him, with his right toward the

Adour, his centre at the village of St. Pierre on the road from Bayonne to St. Jean Pied de Port, and his left at Villefranque, communicating by an extemporaneous bridge across the Nive with the rest of the allied army. On that morning also, the portion of Beresford's corps which had assisted Hill returned to the left side of the Nive. Soult, however, was far less cowed than cunning in so readily giving place to Hill. He meditated a tremendous backstroke, and was only during the allies into an unguarded attitude in order that he might deliver the blow with confounding effect. Their position, previously so much weaker than his own, was now additionally weakened, and very materially so, by the intersection of a river. And their concentrative communication from wing to wing, the shortest by which an accumulation of the greater part of their force could be made at either extremity of the position for either resistance or assault, was an exterior one, of about three leagues in length. Soult's, on the contrary, was interior, through a fortress, and only about three-fourths of a league long. Hence could he assail them, on the right or on the left, with superior forces, before they could possibly confront him with equal numbers; while, if he should fail to make quick impression, he could retreat expeditiously to the fortress, and bid defiance to molestation. Right well did he understand his advantages, and right dexterously did he attempt to turn them to account.

During the night between the 9th and the 10th, he massed all his troops to his right, excepting only such as were requisite to hold the works opposite the position of Hill; and at daylight of the 10th, he marched out with the whole, on the road toward St. Jean de Luz, led them rapidly forward, split them at a convenient spot into two columns, and, being all the while concealed by natural masks of the ground, hurled these columns simultaneously, and almost by surprise, on the two wings of Sir John Hope's front. Wonder it was that he did not at once annihilate these wings. The one of them next the sea, on the heights of Barouillet, consisted only of Campbell's Portuguese brigade in first line, and the fifth British division in second line, with no support nearer than six miles; and the other, on the ridge of Arcanguez, more than midway between Barouillet and the Nive, consisted only of the light division, with no support nearer than four miles. The positions indeed embraced considerable natural defences; but they were two miles asunder, on opposite sides of a valley, with no connecting force between; and not without prodigies of valour could they be held, even for an hour, by so few troops against about sixty thousand.

The Portuguese brigade, on being assailed by Soult's right column, fell back under destructive fire to rally on the fifth division; but it then stood firm, and combined with that division to make most obstinate fight. The enemy rushed fiercely on the whole front,—pushed hard also at the right flank,—even succeeded, at one point, through a wood and orchard, in penetrating the line; yet were so sternly met, so furiously combated, so whirled hither and thither by

a frenzy of resistance, that they did little or nothing more than maintain an equal conflict, at once confused, desperate, and bloody. Two battalions ejected the body who pierced the line; the wing in general, though all engaged, and without pause or succour, against such fearful odds, repelled every onset till the arrival of the first division and Lord Aylmer's brigade from St. Jean de Luz; and then these succours, with Sir John Hope in person at their head, though still a handful in comparison to the assailants, made severe reprisal on the latter for the mischiefs of the day, took five hundred of them prisoners, and drove all the rest in sullen discomfiture from the field. Hope did great things personally, but was too reckless of himself, and received a severe contusion, yet continued quite able to exercise the command.

Three strong picquets of the light division occupied the extremities of three low salient heights, which projected about a mile from the ridge of Arcanguez; and the main body of the division stood along the summit of the ridge, somewhat powerfully defended by a chateau, a church, and a village. The picquets, on being assailed by Soult's left column, retired swiftly, but firing all the way, to the main body; and then faced about to take part with the latter in a conflict of exactly the same character as that at Barouillet. The French came up with loud cries, intensely excited, imagining that victory was already on their standards, and bringing with them twelve guns, which immediately commenced a furious cannonade on the chateau and the village. But the brave brilliant light division, who had so often triumphed but never been beaten, who had known so many a peril and never quailed before one, were not to be vanquished now,—not to be broken, not to be moved: but held every inch of their ground firm, till their great chief arrived to arouse them to bid as much defiance to fatigue as they already bade to danger.

The British hero had spent the night on the other side of the Nive; but, instantly on hearing the boom of battle on his left, got into motion toward it with the utmost possible speed of his war-horse; and throughout this eventful day, there being no eminence whence he could obtain a view of any considerable extent of the sphere of conflict, he flew from place to place with a rapidity as if he had been ubiquitous, and with a recklessness of peril as if his skin had been ball-proof. He promptly sent orders to the third and the sixth divisions to move to the combat at Arcanguez, and to the fourth and the seventh divisions to place themselves in disposition, as need might be, toward either that point or Barouillet. But much faster than he could bring forward defendants did his antagonist send up new assailants. And though, at sight of the succouring divisions, Soult made a sudden prolonged pause in his attacks, so as to give a long breathing-time to both parties; yet, late in the afternoon, he developed a strong fresh force, and hurled it suddenly, with crashing effect, upon the allies' defences. "The allies then," says Alison, "were so worn out and reduced in number by incessant

fighting all day that the village and the chateau were both carried; the Portuguese broke and fled, and some of the British regiments began to waver. At that moment Wellington himself rode up to the troops at the foot of the church. 'You must keep your ground, my lads,' cried he; 'there is nothing behind you—charge!' Instantly a loud shout was raised; the fugitives on the rallied and re-formed line; a volley was poured in, the bayonets levelled, and the enemy were driven, still obstinately fighting, out of the village and chateau, which remained in possession of the British; as one bull, his horns close locked in his adversary's, is fairly mastered and pushed back by the superior strength of his antagonist."

In the evening, two German regiments, the one of Nassau and the other of Frankfort, came over from the French to the allies. Their officers, a short time before, had received secret instructions from Germany to change sides in the war, as their sovereigns had done; and they adroitly seized an opportunity, amid the confusion of Soult's defeat at Arcanguez, the men being all concurrent, to glide over to the allies. The fourth division, having a few minutes previously been apprised of their purpose, stood arrayed to receive them, with arms presented, drums beating, and joy unbounded. The two regiments soon afterwards embarked at St. Jean de Luz, and joined the ranks of their countrymen on the banks of the Rhine.

Soult did not regard the repulses of the 10th as at all decisive, but remained during the night only about a mile distant, with the intention of renewing his attacks on the morrow. Sir John Hope, judging at day-light that the great push would be made against Arcanguez, moved a considerable part of his corps to the support of that position. Soult then suddenly changed the direction of his columns, led them rapidly to Baronillet, and precipitated them upon the weakened front there, before a countermovement of Sir John Hope, promptly begun and skilfully executed, could be completed to repel them. A confused and furious conflict ensued. But soon was Sir John Hope up to give balance to the fight; "and that noble officer, whose overflowing courage ever led him to the front, where the fire was hottest and the danger greatest, was to be seen among the troops, his lofty figure overtopping all the motley throng with which he was surrounded, animating his men by his voice and example;" and by great exertions he at length restored order and repulsed the enemy.

Soult remained next night also in the near vicinity of Hope's front. A mutual misunderstanding of some slight movements about ten o'clock on the 12th, produced a line of skirmishing along all the outposts, and evoked a heavy mutual cannonade. The skirmishing soon ceased, and the main body of both armies lay quiescent; but the cannonade, though without an object, continued for many hours, with the effect of wounding or killing three or four hundred men on each side.

Soult now, leaving only a sufficiency of troops in front to mask his purpose, withdrew to his entrenched camp,—left there no more men than were necessary to hold the right of his position,—passed all the rest, during the night, through the fortress to his left,—and launched forth thirty-five thousand, in massive columns, at day-light on the 13th, under cover of a fog, to assault the position of Sir Rowland Hill. Lord Wellington so far anticipated this movement as to make important arrangements to defeat it. Even on the night between the 10th and the 11th, he placed the sixth division on the Nive, in the vicinity of Hill's position, and sent him discretionary power to order it directly at any moment to his aid; and in the evening of the 12th, he put also the fourth division and two brigades of the third in readiness to pass early next morning, if need should be, across the Nive. But the extemporaneous bridge was broken by a freshet during the night; and before it could be sufficiently repaired to let these succours pass, battle was struck with decisive effect on the field of St. Pierre.

"The corps of Sir Rowland Hill," says Sherer, "mustered about thirteen thousand British and Portuguese. The brigade of General Byng was on the right, in front of the village of Vieux Monguerre. It was drawn up on high ground, with the Adour upon its right, and several mill-dams on its left. The brigade of General Pringle was posted upon the ridge of Villefranche, on the left flank. The river Nive ran immediately below his left; and in the valley to his right were also several mill-dams. The brigade of General Barnes, and the Portuguese brigade of General Ashworth occupied a range of heights opposite the village of St. Pierre. A reserve of two Portuguese brigades was formed in rear of Villefranche. Soult's plan of attack was soon developed. He marched in full strength upon the centre, counting, by the united assault of superior numbers, to win the ridge of St. Pierre, carry the great road to St. Jean Pied de Port, and break through the position. The arrangements of Sir Rowland Hill to repulse this powerful attack were instantly and ably made. He directed General Byng to leave one battalion at Vieux Monguerre, and hasten with his brigade to the right of the centre. A Portuguese brigade from Villefranche was ordered up on the left of the centre. And he sent an aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton, desiring him to move the sixth division to his support.

"While these various movements were in progress, the French columns arrived upon the slopes which led up to the centre, and hastened up, at a bold rapid pace, in the firmest order. Disregarding the crushing bullets of a well-served artillery, the grape, and the musketry of the light troops, they pressed onward in the spirit and with the bearing of their best days. They established themselves on the advance of the position, and were gaining ground on their brave opponents by the force and weight of numbers, when the brigades marching from the flanks arrived at the very moment they were needed, and joined battle. The combat was long, bloody, and stubborn. The attacks, often repulsed, were as

often renewed with fury. The ~~French~~ fought with hope, with a knowledge of their strength, and with a city of France looking on. They struggled hard for victory; but they were finally beaten, and driven back with a terrible slaughter. The regiments of General Barnes' brigade behaved nobly; and the Portuguese troops were brave and true. Upon the right flank, the enemy at one time during the contest forced back the battalion and light companies from Vieux Monguerre. But Sir Rowland Hill ordered them to recover it; and the battalion, the Buffs, rushed instantly upon the village, and drove out the enemy. The left, under General Pringle, was no farther engaged than by a lively fire of the French light infantry, and by cannonade; and the sixth division was not up till the day was already won.

"Soult, having exhausted all his efforts against Sir Rowland in vain, now upon all sides drew off. But his conqueror pursued him on the open ground, and did considerable execution on his retiring columns. However, he attempted to make a stand, in great force, upon favourable ground in front of his entrenchments, and occupied a hill upon his left in great strength. This hill was most gallantly assaulted and carried by the brigade of General Byng, who led up in person, under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry. The French infantry were beaten from the position, and two guns were taken. They made a stout effort to retake this hill; but they were again driven down; and a brigade of Portuguese being ordered to reinforce Byng, they made no further attempt on the allies." The loss of the French in this action was about 3,000 men; and that of the allies about 2,500.

Scarcely, if at all, considering the different quality of the antagonists, was Sir Rowland Hill's victory of St. Pierre inferior to General Wellesley's (Lord Wellington's) victory of Assye. Lord Wellington, on receiving intelligence of Soult's outburst, judged, as well he might, that all the allotted succours would be requisite to prevent defeat. And when, on riding up in advance of them, he found that defeat had been already averted and a vigorous victory won, his delight was very much greater in outward expression, and perhaps no less at heart, than if he himself had done the exploit. He shook Hill warmly by the hand, remarking to him, "Hill, the day's your own;" and on examining the ground, he observed that he had never seen so many dead French soldiers in so small a space. Immediately afterwards also, in letters which he had occasion to write to Sir John Hope, to Sir J. Kennedy, and to Castanos, he said,—“Hill has beat the French completely”—“He has given them a terrible beating”—“It is a long time since I have seen so many of their dead on a field of battle.”

Our hero, in fact, as must often have appeared in the course of our narrative, was always as quick to see his lieutenants' merits in the field as he was slow to see his own. A striking instance of this occurred on the present occasion, in reference to Sir John Hope, whose recklessness of personal safety in the battles

of Barouillet and Arcanguez appeared to Lord Wellington perfectly excessive, though both then and hundreds of times before the same quality had, quite unconsciously to him, been as largely displayed by himself. "I have long," said he, "entertained the highest opinion of Sir John Hope, in common, I believe, with the whole world; but every day's experience convinces me of his worth. We shall lose him, however, if he continues to expose himself in fire as he did in the last three days. Indeed his escape was then wonderful. His hat and coat were shot through in many places, besides the wound in his leg. He places himself among the sharpshooters, without, as they do, sheltering himself from the enemy's fire. This will not answer; and I hope that his friends will give him a hint on the subject. I have spoken to Macdonald about it, and I will to Sir John Hope himself, if I should find a favourable opportunity; but it is a delicate subject."

The total loss of the allies in the passage of the Nive, the battles in front of Bayonne, and the battle of St. Pierre, comprised 650 men killed, 3,907 wounded, and 504 missing; and among the wounded were five generals,—Hope, Robinson, Barnes, Ashworth, and Le Cor. The loss of the French, including the two German regiments who came over in the night of the 10th, amounted to 8,500 men,—of whom about 6,000 were killed or wounded. The series of conflicts was exceedingly severe and not a little critical,—eminently damaging to the morale of the French strength, and correspondingly honouring to the bravery of the allied troops. Lord Wellington, in advancing to so perilous a position, openly conceded to his antagonist very important advantages; but, having calculated to a nicety the balance of the forces, he judged—and as the event proved, he judged correctly—that that measure was both a sure one and the shortest, at once for giving invigoration during the winter to his own army, for paralyzing Soult's hold on the fortifications of Bayonne, and for creating a predisposition to success, prompt and sparkling, at the commencement of next campaign.

CHAPTER XVI.

~~LORD WELLINGTON'S VIGOROUS MEASURES AGAINST PLUNDERING—HIS SITUATION WITH REFERENCE~~
~~TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE AND GOVERNMENT—HIS POLITICAL AND FINANCIAL EMBARRASMENTS—~~
~~HIS CANTONMENTS ON THE NIÈVE—BOUT'S CHANGE OF POSITION ON THE ADOUR—THE COMMENCE-~~
~~MENT OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1814—THE BATTLE OF ORTHÈZ.~~

LORD WELLINGTON'S Spanish troops, on entering France, paid little attention to his orders against plundering. All continued to be neglected by their Government, 'in want of pay and of all kinds of supplies; so that they had scarcely any resource but pillage. Most also had been injured by the French devastations in Spain, either in their own persons or in the persons of their relatives; so that they now felt strong temptation to retaliate. Entire corps likewise, particularly those of Longa and Mina, had lived for years as guerillas, alternately making spoliation on the enemy and levying contributions from their countrymen; so that, by force of habit, in all their modes of subsistence, without much other motive than the mere law of hunger, they were now, and had long been, men of prey. Nevertheless, Lord Wellington's orders against plundering were peremptory, and could not be put in abeyance. He secretly might pity all the Spaniards in their work of pillage,—might even see great excuses for most; but publicly he could not tolerate any,—could not allow impunity to one. Nay, the very strength of their temptations, the certainty that these were all but irresistible, compelled him to be the more stern, to act inexorably, to adopt the most summary and sweeping means of both punishment and prevention. He therefore ordered to be put to death all the Spanish soldiers who should be caught in the act of marauding; and sent back all the Spanish corps, except Morillo's, far to the rear within their own territory,—Freyre's Gallicians into Biscay, Giron's Andalusians into the valley of Bastan, Longa's battalions beyond the Ebro, and Mina's bands, disarmed and mutinous, beyond the central Pyrenees.

Great was the sacrifice which Lord Wellington thus made of his military strength. The Gallicians and the Andalusians, from the manner in which they had recently behaved in battle, the former in the combat of San Marcial, the latter at the passage of the Bidassoa, were now nearly as valuable to him as the best of his Portuguese or his British. And he was at a critical juncture of the campaign, with great difficulties before him, urgent demands for action, and the utmost need for every battalion which could be mustered. Yet, in his usual

clear sound judgment, he vividly saw that a habit of plundering would be a paralysis of his army, forboding death to his enterprize, at once because it would relax military discipline, because it would permit free play to every kind of moral disorder, and because it would provoke the hostility of the French people, and render them all, in some manner or other, either obstructing or fighting foes. Hence did he say to Don Freyre, the leader of the best of the remanded Spanish corps,—“Where I command, I declare that no one shall be allowed to plunder. If plunder must be had, then another must command. You have large armies in Spain, and if it is wished to plunder the French peasantry, you may enter France; but then the Spanish government must remove me from the command of their armies. It is a matter of indifference to me whether I command a large or a small army; but whether large or small, the army must obey me, and above all must not plunder.”

Lord Wellington's firmness on this occasion, his justice, his prudence, his philanthropy, were all the more remarkable that he had a large appreciation of the excuses of the Spaniards, and a sharp sense of the importance of their services,—and also was suffering serious embarrassment in his own commissariat. Hence did he, on the 21st of November, write to Earl Bathurst,—“I must tell Your Lordship that our success in everything depends upon our moderation and justice, and upon the good conduct and discipline of our troops. Hitherto these have behaved well, and there appears a new spirit among the officers, which I hope will continue, to keep the troops in order. But I despair of the Spaniards. They are in so miserable a state, that it is really hardly fair to expect that they will refrain from plundering a beautiful country, into which they enter as conquerors; particularly adverting to the miseries which their own country has suffered from its invaders. I cannot, therefore, venture to bring them back into France, unless I can feed and pay them; and the official letter which will go to Your Lordship by this post, will show you the state of our finances and our prospects. If I could now bring forward twenty thousand good Spaniards, paid and fed, I should have Bayonne; if I could bring forward forty thousand, I do not know where I should stop. Now I have both the twenty thousand and the forty thousand upon this frontier; but I cannot venture to bring forward any, for want of means of paying and supporting them. Without pay and food, they must plunder; and if they plunder, they will ruin us all.”

Our hero, from the first, took forward Morillo's battalions, because they were tried troops,—having been constantly with Sir Rowland Hill since some time before the fall of Badajoz. He also, on the eve of his passage of the Nive, called up the corps of Freyre and Giron to the Nivelle, to stand there as a reserve, but made arrangements to have them fed from his own magazines so long as he should need their services. He reckoned that, in the new circumstances, after the examples that had been made, these corps might at length be trusted. But

he was mistaken. Even Morillo's corps burst now into marauding and cruelty, and Morillo himself became insolent. The British hero had once more to take the Spanish bull by the horns, and to contort it roughly; and on the 23d of December, he wrote to Morillo,—“I did not lose thousands of men to bring the army under my command into the French territory, in order that the soldiers might plunder and ill treat the French peasantry, in positive disobedience to my orders; and I beg that you and your officers will understand that I prefer to have a small army that will obey my orders and preserve discipline, to a large one that is disobedient and undisciplined; and that, if the measures which I am obliged to adopt to enforce obedience and good order occasion the loss of men and the reduction of my force, it is totally indifferent to me; and the fault rests with those who, by the neglect of their duty, suffer their soldiers to commit disorders which must be prejudicial to their country. I cannot be satisfied with professions of obedience. My orders must be really obeyed, and strictly carried into execution; and if I cannot obtain obedience in one way, I will in another, or I will not command the troops which disobey me.”

Even the remanded bodies of the Spanish troops, together with such as had not been taken into the French frontier, continued to exercise their predatory habits in ways very injurious to the campaign, and did so with the connivance of the local magistrates. Hence did Lord Wellington say to Earl Bathurst on the 27th of November,—“The Spanish troops plunder everything. Neither their own nor our magazines are sacred. But, till lately, there was some semblance of inquiry, and of a desire to punish the offenders. Lately these acts of disorder have been left entirely unnoticed, till I have interfered with my authority as Commander-in-chief of the Spanish army to enforce it. The civil magistrates in the country have not only refused us assistance, but have positively ordered the inhabitants not to give it for payment; and where robberies have been discovered, and property proved to belong to the commissariat, the law has been violated, and possession withheld. This was the case lately at Tolosa. Then, what is more extraordinary, and more difficult to understand, is a transaction which lately occurred at Fuente-Arabia. In the arrangement of the cantonments, and station for general hospitals, it was settled that the British and Portuguese hospitals should go to that town. There is a building there which had been a Spanish hospital; and the Spanish authority who gave it over to our person, who was to have charge of the hospital, wanted to carry off, in order to burn as fire-wood, the boards, &c., which are the beds, in order that our soldiers might not have the use of them. And these are the people to whom we have given medicines, instruments, &c., whose wounded and sick we have taken into our hospitals, &c., and to whom we have rendered every service in our power, after having recovered their country from the enemy!” Two or three weeks later, also, on a most flimsy pretext, and without an hour's notice, the local

authorities placed Santander under quarantine, with the effect of entailing fearful sufferings on Lord Wellington's sick and wounded, and of closing against him the only harbour on which he could depend for receiving his current supplies from England.

Never could the subordinate rulers have dared to behave so vexatiously unless they had known that their conduct would be agreeable to their masters. The supreme rulers were worse than they. The perverse spirit which formerly bore sway at Cadiz was still in the ascendant, making mistakes like a madman, living in a day-dream of delusion, indulging jealousies against the deliverer of the Peninsula as though he had been its enemy, and behaving with such inconsideration toward Britain, or with such positive ingratitude and insolence, as seemed either to court or to threaten a dissolution of the alliance. Lord Wellington urged the British cabinet to remonstrate strongly, to modify existing relations, to threaten the withdrawal of British support, and to demand the military possession of San Sebastian as a security; and, on his own part, he threw up his command of the Spanish armies, with a declaration that he would not resume it except on conditions which should render it effective. Happily, this vigorous conduct shook the dreamers into their sober senses. "The Spanish authorities," remarks Alison, "had still sufficient recollection of their defeats to appreciate the consequences of being left to their own resources; the resignation of Wellington was not accepted; the stern measure of sending back the marauders to Spain restored discipline to the Peninsular armies; and Wellington was again enabled, with undiminished forces, to renew the career of victory in the south of France."

Our hero's rigid public justice speedily produced excellent effects on the French population. He issued a proclamation on the 1st of November, assuring the French people that he would protect their property, and requesting them to arrest, and to bring to his head-quarters for punishment, any of his soldiers who might do them an injury. He afterwards declared St. Jean de Luz, when it became the grand depot for his army, a free-port for the vessels of all nations, the French as well as others. And he enforced a vigorous discipline among his troops, general good behaviour toward the natives, and prompt fair payment in ready money for all things obtained in the local markets or elsewhere, either by individual soldiers or by the commissary officers. The French, in consequence, very soon acquired confidence in the invaders, began to respect and to love them, brought all sorts of wares to them for sale, and even in many instances withdrew their merchandise from Bayonne to make offer of it at St. Jean de Luz. "I am happy to state," said Lord Wellington to Earl Bathurst so early as the 21st of November, "that the conduct of the Portuguese and British troops has been exactly what I wished, and that the natives of this part of the country are not only reconciled to the invasion, but wish us success, afford us all the supplies in their power, and exert themselves to get for us intelligence. In no

part of Spain have we been better, I might say so well, received; because we really draw more supply from the country than we ever did from any part of Spain. The inhabitants, who had at first left their habitations, have in general returned to them, many of them at the risk of their lives, having been fired at by the French sentries at the outposts; and they are living very comfortably and quietly with our soldiers cantoned in their houses."

An exception to this conduct, however, occurred in the districts of Bidarré and Baygorry, among the skirts of the Pyrenees. Mina's troops, before being sent back to Spain, had lashed the people there to fury by atrocious devastations; and the nearest French general officers had skillfully fed the fury, trained it into form, and rendered it the vehicle of a partisan war. The natives were too exasperated to be able to see beyond their immediate circumstances, to penetrate Lord Wellington's true policy; and they went on, for two months or upwards, in violent hostility, doing such of the invaders as were near them more harm than was done by the French army. Lord Wellington long refrained from noticing them, but he could not always refrain, without ruinous leniency; nor, when at length compelled to strike terror into them, did he impose the horrible alternative which Buonaparte had so often imposed in Spain and Italy and the Tyrol,—the alternative of death or of renouncing their country. He only said to them, in a formal proclamation,—“The conduct of the people of Bidarré and Baygorry has given me the greatest pain. It has been different from that of all the other inhabitants of the country; and they have no right to act as they have done. If they wish to make war, let them join the ranks of the enemy. But I will not permit them to play the part alternately of peaceable inhabitants and soldiers. If they remain quietly at home, no one will molest them; they shall, on the contrary, be protected like all the other inhabitants of this country which my armies occupy. They ought to know that I have done everything in my power to fulfil the engagements which I have undertaken towards the country. But I give them warning that, if they persist in making war, they must join the enemy's ranks and become soldiers; they must not remain in their villages.” Lord Wellington, indeed, sent along with the printed copies of this proclamation the following instruction to Sir William Beresford, who happened at the time to be his lieutenant in command nearest the hostile districts,—“I shall be obliged to you if you will read the proclamation and have it explained to the gentry you have with you, and send off one of them with an officer of the staff corps, to give it to the people of Bidarré and Baygorry. You may also give the person you will send to understand, that if I have further reason to complain of these or any other villages, I will act toward them as the French did towards the towns and villages in Spain and Portugal; that is, I will totally destroy them, and hang up all the people belonging to them that I shall find.” The people,

however, were instantly overawed; so that no need occurred to carry these measures into effect.

Lord Wellington, from the moment of entering France, used every fair means in his power to ascertain the state of popular feeling in reference to Buonaparte; and he soon found himself in condition to communicate to the British Secretary of State ripe information on that subject, accompanied with views of policy both comprehensive and striking. So early as the 21st of November, he wrote from St. Jean de Luz,—“I have had a good deal of conversation with people here, and at St. Pé, regarding the sentiments of the people of France in general respecting Buonaparte and his government; and I have found it to be exactly what might be supposed from all that we have heard and know of his system. They all agree in one opinion, namely, that the sentiment throughout France is the same as I have found it here, an earnest desire to get rid of him, from a conviction that as long as he governs they will have no peace. The language common to all is, that although the grievous hardships and oppression under which they suffer are intolerable, they dare not have the satisfaction even of complaining; that, on the contrary, they are obliged to pretend to rejoice, and that they are allowed only to lament in secret and in silence their hard fate. I have not myself heard any opinion in favour of the house of Bourbon. The opinion stated to me upon that point is, that twenty years have elapsed since the princes of that house have quitted France, and they are equally, if not more unknown to France than the princes of any other royal house in Europe; but that the allies ought to agree to propose a sovereign to France instead of Napoleon, who must be got rid of, if it is hoped or intended that Europe should ever enjoy peace, and that it was not material whether it was of the house of Bourbon or of any other royal family. I have taken measures to open correspondence with the interior, by which I hope to know what passes, and the sentiments of the people, and I will take care to keep Your Lordship acquainted with all that I may learn. In the mean time, I am convinced more than ever that Napoleon's power stands upon corruption, that he has no adherents in France but the principal officers of his army, and the *employés civils* of the government, and possibly some of the new proprietors; but even these last I consider doubtful. Notwithstanding this state of things, I recommend to Your Lordship to make peace with him, if you can acquire all the objects which you have a right to expect. All the powers of Europe require peace, possibly more than France; and it would not do to found a new system of war upon the speculations of any individual on what he sees and learns in one corner of France. If Buonaparte becomes moderate, he is probably as good a sovereign as we can desire in France; if he does not, we shall have another war in a few years. But if my speculations are well founded, we shall have all France against him; time will have been given for the supposed disaffection to his government to produce its effect; his

diminished resources will have decreased his means of corruption; and it may be hoped that he will be engaged single-handed against insurgent France and all Europe."

Buonaparte in person, together with the majority of his marshals, was now as surely though stubbornly yielding ground to his antagonists of Germany and the North, as Soult was yielding ground to Wellington. A grand alliance of nearly all Europe was organizing an assault upon his empire, from the Swiss alps to the North sea. The British government, questioning whether they would not employ Lord Wellington's army most efficiently against him, by transporting it in ships to the Netherlands, to act there as the right wing of the vast army of invasion, wrote to His Lordship himself to ask his opinion and advice. "In regard to the scene of the operations of the army," replied Lord Wellington on the 21st of December, "it is a question for the Government and not for me. By having kept in the field about 30,000 men in the Peninsula, the British government have now, for five years, given employment to at least 200,000 French troops of the best Napoleon had, as it is ridiculous to suppose that either the Spaniards or Portuguese could have resisted for a moment if the British force had been withdrawn. The armies now employed against us cannot be less than 100,000 men,—indeed more, including garrisons; and I see in the French newspapers that orders had been given for the formation at Bourdeaux of an army of reserve of 100,000 men. Is there any man weak enough to suppose that one third of the numbers first mentioned would be employed against the Spaniards and Portuguese, if we were withdrawn? They would, if it were still an object to Buonaparte to conquer the Peninsula; and he would succeed in his object. But it is much more likely that he would make peace with the powers of the Peninsula, and then have it in his power to turn against the allied armies the 200,000 men, of which 100,000 men are such troops as those armies have not yet had to deal with. Another observation which I have to submit is, that in a war in which every day offers a crisis, the result of which may affect the world for ages, the change of the scene of the operations of the British army would put that army entirely hors de combat for four months at least, even if the new scene were Holland; and they would not then be such a machine as this army is. Your Lordship, very reasonably, however, asks what objects we propose to ourselves here which are to induce Napoleon to make peace? I am now in a commanding situation, on the most vulnerable frontier of France, probably the only vulnerable frontier. If I could put 20,000 Spaniards into the field, which I could do if I had money and was properly supported by the fleet, I must have the only fortress there is on this frontier, if it can be called a fortress, and that in a very short space of time. If I could put 40,000 Spaniards into the field, I should most probably have my posts on the Garonne. Does any man believe that Napoleon would not feel an army in such

a position more than he would feel 30 or 40,000 British troops laying siege to one of his fortresses in Holland? If it be only the resource of men and money of which he will be deprived, and the reputation he will lose by our being in this position, it will do ten times more to procure peace than ten armies on the side of Flanders. But, if I am right in believing that there is a strong Bourbon party in France, and that that party is the preponderating one in the south of France, what mischief must not our army do him in the position I have supposed, and what sacrifices would he not make to get rid of us!"

Lord Wellington's conjecture, that Buonaparte might attempt to "make peace with the powers of the Peninsula," was worthy of his sagacity. The wily Corsican, at this moment, was actually in the mazes of an intrigue with all the chief authorities of Spain, for the restoration of Ferdinand, in order that all the Spanish supports might be suddenly withdrawn from the allies, and that all Suchet's army and all the French prisoners of war in Spain might suddenly become available for the general defence of France. The intrigue was profound and comprehensive,—based on a formal treaty with Ferdinand, and aiming to bring within its sweep all the chief officers of the Spanish armies; and it was conducted with at once confidence, secrecy, and expedition. Lord Wellington, of course, was intended to be kept in ignorance of it; but he discovered it long before it could be matured, and then said,—“I have long suspected that Buonaparte would adopt this expedient; and if he had less pride and more common sense, and could have carried his measure into execution as he ought to have done, it would have succeeded. I am not certain that it will not succeed now; that is to say, so much of the misery felt in Spain is justly attributed to the vices and constitution of the Government, that I think there must be many who would desire to put an end to them even by the sanction of this treaty of peace.” “The Spanish military here also have all some notion of what has occurred; but not a word has any one of them said to any one of us; and I have repeated intelligence and warning from the French of some act of treachery meditated by the Spaniards.” The Cortes, however, more free from delirium than they had been for upwards of a twelvemonth, and still smarting under the terrible wrongs which they had endured from Gallic oppression, refused to accede to the treaty, assigning as their reason, that no act of their legitimate monarch was binding on them so long as he was held in captivity.

In the very midst of our hero's doubts as to whether the Spaniards would desert him, and whether Suchet's army would be let loose against him, he suffered serious disappointment respecting reinforcements from home. In the same letter in which he gave his opinion against his own army going to Holland, he said to Lord Bathurst,—“It is the business of the Government, and not my business, to dispose of the resources of the nation; and I have no right to give an opinion on the subject. I wish, however, to impress upon Your Lordship's

mind, that you cannot maintain military operations in the Peninsula and in Holland with British troops. You must give up either the one or the other; as, I am not mistaken, the British establishment is not equal to the maintenance of armies in the field. I began last campaign with 70,000 British and Portuguese troops; and taking away from me the German troops, and adding to me what could be got from the militia, and by enabling me to bring up the Portuguese recruits, I expected this year to take the field with 80,000 men. But this is now quite out of the question. If you should form the Hanoverian army, which is in my opinion the most reasonable plan to go upon, I shall not take the field with much more than 50,000 men, unless I shall receive real and efficient assistance to bring up the Portuguese recruits; and it will then be about 55,000, or if our wounded recover well, and we have no more actions, about 60,000 men. Then I beg you to observe that, whenever you extend your assistance to any country, unless at the same time fresh means are put in action, the service is necessarily stunted in all its branches on the old stage." The ministry, however, took their own way, to the sad justification of Lord Wellington's opinion,—sent an expedition to Holland under the command of Sir Thomas Graham, devoted to it troops which had been designed to reinforce Wellington, "stunted" proportionably all the operations "on the old stage," and produced no good impression on the new one, but only entailed disaster.

Lord Wellington was particularly embarrassed now, as he had so often been before, by the want of money. His government were lavishing subsidies to a stupendous amount over great part of the continent. They were also conducting very expensive operations in Italy and against America. They necessarily found enormous difficulties in obtaining a sufficiency of specie to meet their obligations in places, such as the south of France itself, where their paper money was useless. They likewise looked as if they had acquired a habit of thinking that Lord Wellington, in spite of being left occasionally without a shilling, would get on and prosper by means of some inexplicable witchery. At all events, they once more most direfully neglected him. "Your Lordship," wrote he on the 21st of December to the Secretary of State, "is acquainted with the state of our financial resources. We are overwhelmed with debts, and I can scarcely stir out of my house on account of the public creditors waiting to demand payment of what is due to them. Some of the muleteers are twenty-six months in arrears; and only yesterday I was obliged to give them bills upon the Treasury for a part of their demands, or lose their services; which bills they will, I know, sell at a depreciated rate of exchange to the sharks who are waiting at Passages, and in this town," St. Jean de Luz, "to take advantage of the public distresses. I have reason to suspect that they became thus clamorous at the instigation of British merchants." On the 27th of January, 1814, also he wrote,—“We are short £18,000 for the last month's pay to the troops, and there is not a shilling

in any of the military chests. 'We are just as bad as the Spaniards. I yesterday wanted to send off a courier to General W. Clinton in Catalonia, and the money for his expenses was borrowed from those who happened to have a little to lend.'

Soult's embarrassments, however, were much greater than Wellington's. He received large accessions of conscripts, indeed; but he had to send off a considerable proportion of his veterans to the Rhine; and he suffered a fearful lack of every suitable appliance for the vigorous working of his army. His new troops were sullen. Some of his old ones were treacherous. Most of his civilian countrymen who possessed the means of supporting him either wanted the will, or were positively hostile. "Above all," says Alison, "his forced requisitions excited universal indignation, and inclined the peasantry, at all hazards, to desire the termination of so execrable a system. France now felt what it was to make war maintain war. Her people experienced the practical working of that system which, when applied to others, had so long been the source, to themselves, of pride and exultation. The people of Bearn learned what it was, as so many provinces of Spain had so long done, to feed, clothe, lodge, and pay an army of eighty thousand of Napoleon's soldiers. Such was the magnitude of the requisitions, and so unbounded the exasperation produced by them, especially standing as they did in bright contrast to the strict discipline of the English army, and the invariable payment for every article taken by them, that numbers of the peasantry passed with their horses, carts, and implements of husbandry into the British lines, to obtain an enemy's protection from the rapine of their own government; and one of the commissioners at the moment wrote from Bayonne,—'The English general's policy, and the good discipline he maintains, do us more harm than ten battles. Every peasant wishes to be under his protection.'

The French marshal, however, lost not an atom of his vigour, but displayed all, and more than all, his usual skill and energy in attempting to compensate his political disadvantages by the strength of his military dispositions. After his defeat at St. Pierre, concluding that the valley of the Nive was irretrievably lost to him, he resolved to make his stand on lines farther inland, which, while still preserving his communications with Suchet, would afford him successive defences among the numerous, strong, intricate head-affluents of the Adour and the Garonne. He designed Bayonne still to be the post of his right wing, garrisoned and defended by the entire corps of Reille; but he disposed his centre along the right bank of the Adour to Port de Lanne, a distance of eighteen miles from Bayonne, distributed his left wing along the right bank of the Bidouse river to St. Palais, with two divisions of cavalry still farther up, and posted the Catalonian division, together with a body of national guards, at St. Jean Pied de Port. His line from Bayonne to Port de Lanne was covered with redoubts, and

armed with cannon. A bridge, with a strong *tete de pont*, was formed at Port de Lanne. The passages over the Bidouse at Guiche, Bidache, and Came were secured by *tetes de pont*. Dax, on the Adour, above Port de Lanne, was powerfully entrenched, and made the grand depot of the army. The works at St. Jean Pied de Port were strengthened. The fortress of Navarreins, on the Gave d'Oleron, was put in high order. And Hastingues, Oyergave, and Peyrehorade, on the Gave de Pau, were variously and amply fortified. Thus, in one great sweep, up the Adour and its affluents, from sea-embouchure to mountain-source, was there a strong continuous front, with fortresses on the flanks and a chain of military works in the rear. Drouot now commanded in the centre, Clausel on the left, and Harispe at St. Jean Pied de Port.

Lord Wellington, if he had been able, would have prevented the maturing of Soult's defences. But for many weeks the country was so miry in some parts and so flooded in others from incessant rains that he could not make any effective movement. His position continued to extend in a curve from Barouillet to the Adour, with the centre at Arcanguez, and head-quarters at St. Jean de Luz. "Although the centre at Arcanguez," says Gurwood, "passed the communication between head-quarters and the right. It was also the centre of everything that was impassable; for there was a space of boggy ground which required a detour of a league or two to avoid it, and then only by a doubtful track through a country of the same soil. From November to February the constant communications had well worked up this boggy ground into a hasty-pudding mixture that became the dismay of every one who had to pass it. In this place, the antipodes of Macadam, dead asses, mules, and horses, who had stuck fast in attempting to get through, might be counted in hundreds in all stages of decomposition. Even Lord Wellington himself, who in his rides was seldom dismayed by difficulty, thought twice on going to the right, and rarely passed this rubicon of mud." The rest of the country, though not nearly so bad for individuals, was scarcely better for an army. Any attempt at a great hostile movement would have been defeated by mere pools and mire. Even the mere withdrawal of the troops from their cantonments might have been almost as destructive as the fire of a general battle. "In military operations," wrote Lord Wellington on the 21st of December, "there are some things which cannot be done. One of these is to move troops in this country during or immediately after a violent fall of rain. I believe I shall lose many more men than I shall ever replace, by putting any troops in camp in this bad weather; but I should be guilty of an useless waste of men, if I were to attempt an operation during the violent falls of rain which we have here. Our operations, then, must necessarily be slow, but they shall not be discontinued."

Toward the end of December, the bridges formed on the Nive to facilitate the communication between the right wing and the centre, were carried away by floods, but were soon restored. About the same time, a detachment marched

to Hasparen, situated on an affluent of the Joyeuse, to drive back Clausel's cavalry from foraging in that district. On the 1st of January, 1814, a small island in the Adour, near Monguerre, which had still continued in possession of the French, was captured. At that time the whole of Soult's army was beginning to be distressed by scarcity of provisions; insomuch that the right wing was obliged to lean still farther back on the countries in the rear, while the left wing felt induced to attempt to regain possession of some of the country in front.

On the 3d of January, Clausel drove in the allied picquets between the Joyeuse and the Bidouse, and attacked the post of Buchan's Portuguese brigade near La Bastide on the Joyeuse, and that of the third division in Bouloc. He turned the right of Buchan's brigade on the height of La Coste, compelling it to retire toward Briscous; and he established two divisions of infantry on that height and in La Bastide, and at the same time had all the rest of his corps on the Bidouse and on the Gave d'Oleron. The centre and the right of the allies were immediately concentrated, and put in readiness to move. Lord Wellington reconnoitred the enemy on the 4th, and intended to attack them on the 5th, but was obliged, by the severity of the weather and the swelling of the rivulets, to defer the attack till the 6th. The attack was made on that day, by the third division under Picton and the fourth division under Cole, aided by Buchan's Portuguese brigade, and by the cavalry under Fane. These forces, by a single push and without loss, dislodged the enemy, and replaced the allied posts.

No further operation could be attempted on either side, for upwards of a month, in consequence of the state of the weather. But Lord Wellington was not idle. Having received large supplies of money, he re coined it in the French form in order to make it more readily current, and employed it in forming magazines, in extending his correspondence with the Bourbonists, in reorganizing the Spanish corps, and in putting his whole army into a condition of the utmost possible efficiency. He likewise excogitated to maturity his plan of the coming campaign, and pushed energetically forward every ancillary preparation for achieving it. The plan was a bold one, of many parts, with intricate contingencies, combining several great, independent, mutually distant operations into one aim, and requiring for the performance of the most important one of them considerable aid from the navy; so that his preparations for it during the present period of inaction were similar, in magnitude and number, to his preparations at Frenada for the campaign of Vittoria. The grand feature of it was to pass the Adour, both above the Gaves and below Bayonne, so as, in the event of either passage, but especially in the event of both, to cut off Soult's communication with Bourdeaux, and double him up to destruction, or at least to embarrassment, among the cradling-valleys of the Garonne.

Frost set in on the 8th of February, and soon rendered all the country

practicable. • The allied right wing, under Sir Rowland Hill, concentrated around Hasporen and Urcurray on the 13th, and commenced operations on the 14th. Harispe, in anticipation of attack, moved out with all his field force from St. Jean Pied de Port, and took post at Hellette. Hill drove in his picquets, turned the left of his position, cut off his direct communication with St. Jean Pied de Port, and compelled him to retire in the direction of Meharin. Mina's troops were immediately brought down from the valley of Bastan to invest St. Jean Pied de Port. Harispe sat down for the night on the hills above Meharin, but fell back next day, into junction with a considerable body of Clausel's corps, on the hill of Garris, on the left bank of the Bidouse. Hill, accompanied by Wellington, did not arrive there till late in the afternoon, and even then had no greater force in hand than the second division and Morillo's Spaniards. But Lord Wellington, seeing the importance of taking the place before any reinforcement could come from Clausel, made instant dispositions to assail it.

Morillo's Spaniards were ordered to move toward St. Palais by a ridge parallel to that on which Harispe was posted, driving in his outposts there, turning his flank, and intercepting his retreat to St. Palais; and the second division was directed on to give the stroke of victory in front. Pringle's brigade, consisting only of the 28th and the 39th regiments, led. They were a small body compared to the enemy, and had to ascend rough ground to a very strong position. But they were among the bravest of the brave, and were to do their present deed before the gaze of the British conqueror, in isolation from all their fellows, under circumstances which promised them the highest fame; so that every one man had kindled within him an extemporaneous energy which made him feel as strong as three. "You must take the hill before dark," said Lord Wellington to them; "you must take the hill before dark," echoed their regimental officers; and away, with loud shouts, went the two regiments. They rushed down the gloomy declivity of a ravine, climbed up the wooded steeps of the opposite hill, and all the while made such noise and reverberation as seemed to the enemy the clangour of an immense multitude. Hence, when they emerged from the woods toward the summit of the hill, the enemy fled. But on their wheeling into line, so as to show their real strength, the enemy halted, had a revulsion of feeling, returned in high heroism, received unflinchingly a cool volley, and made trial once and a second time of a charge with bayonets. Never, however, could Frenchmen withstand Britons, no matter under what odds, in close fighting with cold steel; and Harispe's soldiers, on this occasion, were no better than their countrymen, but speedily gave way with heavy loss. Harispe did not attempt to rally them; but, seeing his retreat endangered by the advance of Morillo round his flank, he drew them off in great haste, marched rapidly away so as to outhead Morillo, destroyed the bridges on the Bidouse after passing that stream, and got safely into St. Palais.

At the withdrawal of Sir Rowland Hill, from his winter position between the Nive and the Adour to commence his operations against Harispe, the sixth and the eighth divisions belonging to Sir William Beresford's corps moved into that position to watch there the upper sides of Bayonne. But the rest of Beresford's corps, on the 14th and the 15th, made movements eastward, across the Joyeuse and toward the Bidouse, corresponding to the movements of Sir Rowland; and drove before them the troops of Clausel, without any encounter, to the further side of the Bidouse. On the night of the 15th, therefore, while Hill's troops lay down on the left bank of that stream, after their achievement of Garris, Beresford's troops bivouacked in line with them along the stream's course thence toward the Adour. The castle of Jacca among the Pyrenees, which commanded Soult's directest communication with Suchet, was isolated by these movements, and immediately afterwards surrendered to the Spaniards.

On the 16th, Hill repaired the bridge of St. Palais, passed the Bidouse, and skirmished with the enemy's rear-guard. On the 17th, aided by part of Beresford's corps, he drove the enemy across the Gave de Mauleon. Two French battalions were posted at the bridge of Arriverete on that river, to destroy it; but the 92d British regiment crossed by a ford, fell upon them, and put them to flight, with considerable loss, before they could accomplish their object. Soult, by this time, was in great alarm about the rapid blows inflicted on him, and in much perplexity to discover Wellington's design. He thought at first that the great thrust would be made at his centre, directly on the Adour, some short distance above Bayonne; but now, getting into consternation for his left, he accumulated the main mass of his troops thither, leaving only ten thousand to defend Bayonne and the lower Adour, and ordered the rapid formation of a strong chain of dispositions, along the right bank of the Gave d'Oleron, all the way from Navarreins near the sources of the stream to Hastings below the influx of the Gave de Pau. Accordingly, on the night of the 17th, Harispe and Clausel retired across the Gave d'Oleron; and on the 18th, Hill's corps and part of Beresford's pushed forward their posts to that river's left bank. But as they had no means of passing till the pontoon train should arrive, and as that was severely delayed by a heavy fall of snow, they were obliged to remain there several days inactive.

Lord Wellington, in the meanwhile, rode away to St. Jean de Luz, in order to put in motion the left of his army, which he was in hopes would then be able to pass the Adour below Bayonne; but, finding that operation to be then impracticable, he empowered Sir John Hope to conduct it in his absence as soon as it should become so, and returned forthwith to superintend the resumption of operations by Hill and Beresford. "The movements of the right of the army," said he in one of his despatches, "were intended to divert the enemy's attention from the preparations at St. Jean de Luz and Passages for the passage of the

Adour below Bayonne, and to induce the enemy to move his force to his left, in which objects they succeeded completely. But upon my return to St. Jean de Luz, on the 19th, I found the weather so unfavourable at sea and so uncertain, that I determined to push forward my operations on the right, notwithstanding that I had still the Gave d'Oleron, the Gave de Pau and the Adour to pass. Accordingly I returned to Garris on the 21st, and ordered the sixth and light divisions to break up from the blockade of Bayonne, and General Don Manuel Freyre to close up the cantonments of his corps toward Irun, and to be prepared to move when the left of the army should cross the Adour. I found the pontoons collected at Garris, and they were moved forward on the following days to and across the Gave de Mauleon, and the troops of the centre of the army arrived.

"On the 24th Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill passed the Gave d'Oleron at Villenave, with the light, second, and Portuguese divisions, under the command of Major-General Baron Charles Alten, Lieutenant-General Sir William Stewart, and Mariscal de Campo Le Cor; while Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton passed with the sixth division between Monfort and Laas, and Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton made demonstrations, with the third division, of an intention to attack the enemy's position at the bridge of Sauveterre, which induced the enemy to blow up the bridge. Mariscal de Campo Don Pablo Morillo drove in the enemy's posts near Navarreins, and blockaded that place. Field-Marshal William Beresford likewise, who, since the movement of Sir Rowland Hill on the 14th and 15th, had remained with the fourth and seventh divisions and Colonel Vivian's brigade in observation on the lower Bidouse, attacked the enemy on the 23d in their fortified posts at Hastings and Oyergave, on the left of the Gave de Pau, and obliged them to retire within the tête de pont at Peyrehorade. Immediately after the passage of the Gave d'Oleron was effected, Sir Rowland Hill and Sir Henry Clinton moved towards Orthez and the great road leading from Sauveterre to that town; and the enemy retired in the night from Sauveterre across the Gave de Pau, and assembled their army near Orthez on the 25th, having destroyed all the bridges on the river.

"The right and right of the centre of the army assembled opposite Orthez. Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, with Lord Edward Somerset's brigade of cavalry, and the third division under Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, were near the destroyed bridge of Beren; and Field-Marshal Sir William Beresford, with the fourth and seventh divisions, under Lieutenant-General Sir Lowry Cole and Major-General Walker, and Colonel Vivian's brigade, towards the junction of the Gave de Pau with the Gave d'Oleron. The troops opposed to the Marshal having moved on the 25th, he crossed the Gave de Pau below the junction of the Gave d'Oleron on the morning of the 26th,

and moved along the high road from Peyrehorade towards Orthez, on the enemy's right. As he approached, Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton crossed with the cavalry; and Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton with the third division, below the bridge of Berenx; and I moved the sixth and light divisions to the same point; and Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill occupied the heights opposite Orthez and the high road leading to Sauveterre. The sixth and light divisions crossed in the morning of the 27th at daylight; and we found the enemy in a strong position near Orthez, with his right on a height on the high road to Dax, and occupying the village of St. Boés, and his left on the heights above Orthez and that town, and opposing the passage of the river by Sir Rowland Hill."

Soult's position was on a ridge of hills, partly wooded and partly naked. If an equilateral triangle, with a base of about a mile and a half, were described upon the Gave de Pau, which there runs from east to west, the extreme right of the position would be represented by the apex of the triangle, and the whole line of the position, in a general view, by the south-east side. The hill occupied by the right rose boldly up both in front and in rear, was narrow along the summit, and had high steep projections to serve as platforms for batteries. The hill of the centre was concave in front, so as to give the line of battle on it a retiring form, and at the same time stiffly acclivitous, so as to render that line directly unassailable; and it rolled off in the rear, in a series of gradually descending open moors, into a great extent of low country, so as to afford uncommon facilities for retreat. The hill occupied by the left was less marked in feature, and might be described as a congeries of knolls subsiding gently to the Gave de Pau at and around Orthez. The heights, however, though thus describable as three hills, formed strictly one ridge, with connected declivities, and a continuous though broken summit. The ground in front broke deeply down into low swamps, and forked off thence toward the Gave de Pau in difficult ravines. Reille commanded on the right; Drouet, with Villatte in reserve, commanded in the centre; and Clausel, with Harispe under him at the town of Orthez, commanded on the left. Soult, with his staff, stood on points of the ridge which overlooked nearly the whole field. The number of French combatants present was about forty thousand.

An isolated hill rose suddenly between two ravines opposite Reille's position, receded in a south-westerly or oblique direction toward the Gave de Pau, attained a sufficient height to afford a map-like view of all the surrounding tract, and bore on its summit the mouldering remains of an ancient Roman camp. Lord Wellington ascended this hill to reconnoitre the French position, and obtained here at a glance sufficient data both to decide upon an attack, and to form the plan of it; and here he stood, with his staff, throughout the subsequent action, to watch and control the movements of his forces. But, except for this

commanding view, he had not one advantage of ground. This very hill itself was a stupendous obstruction in the way of his army; and all the rest of the ground, both in front of Soult's position and on the flanks, was extremely disadvantageous. Lord Wellington, nevertheless, formed his battle-plan as promptly as if the country had been a plain, and the terms of combat equal. Sir William Beresford, with the fourth and the seventh divisions of infantry, and with a brigade of cavalry, he ordered to take post on the prolongation of the ridge, beyond the village of St. Boes, to make assault thence on Reille's flank and rear. Sir Thomas Picton, with the third and the sixth divisions of infantry, and with a brigade of cavalry, he ordered to take post on the low ground contiguous to the river and in front of Drouet, to work up thence along the ravines to an assault on the most vulnerable points of both Drouet's line and Clausel's. Baron Charles Alten, with the light division, he ordered to take post at the north-west base of the insulated hill, contiguous to his own post of surveillance, to stand there as a reserve, maintaining the communication between Beresford and Picton, and ready to move either exteriorly or up the nearest ravine to the support of either. And Hill, who still stood, with the second British division. Le Cor's Portuguese division, and a brigade of cavalry, on the left bank of the Gave de Pau, up site Orthez, unable to attempt the overthrow of the powerful defences there, he ordered to ford the river at Souars, about two miles above Orthez, and to move obliquely thence to turn and attack Clausel's left. The number of allied combatants in the field was only about thirty-seven thousand. All, however, were either British or Portuguese, inured to battle, and full of confidence that they would once more see the back of a foe whom they had already so often beaten.

At nine o'clock on the 27th, the battle-movements began. Sir Lowry Cole, with two brigades of the fourth division, the one British and the other Portuguese, carried the village of St. Boes after an obstinate resistance, and moved forward thence to attempt to turn Reille's flank. But he had not space on the narrow neck of land either to advance with a strong front, or to deploy for a sweeping assault; and at the same time was both opposed by a dense body of veteran infantry, and raked on both flanks by a powerful, well-served, sure-aimed artillery. His brigades were as terribly beset as if they had been storming the breach of a strong fortress, and had nothing to trust to but the most determined, devoted, indomitable courage; and long did they fight, fiercely and desperately, amid horrible carnage, without gaining any ground. The Portuguese brigade at length reeled and fled. The British brigade felt indignant at this,—were only roused by it to a paroxysm of bravery,—and kept charging on, amid the very rush of the fugitives, with the ferocity of angry lions; yet they too were speedily overpowered, and, though disdaining to flee, were steadily deforced toward the village of St. Boes.

Sir Thomas Picton's two divisions advanced about the same moment as Sir Lowry Cole's brigades. They moved deviously and intricately, up hollows and over knolls which only a few men could pass abreast; and being without support on either flank, and incapable of soon receiving it, they were obliged to practise caution, and to watch the event of Cole's assault before assuming a formation to make any strong assault of their own. Nor, on their arriving at the foot of Drouet's and Clausel's hills, could any ground be seen which would permit any considerable body of them to ascend; so that they made little progress. On their extreme left, however, was a seemingly accessible projection of the ridge; and thither was a detachment sent by Picton. But this body, before quite reaching the summit, was suddenly assailed by one of Drouet's divisions, and hurled back in confusion, with the loss of several prisoners. This disaster occurred simultaneously with the overthrow of Cole's brigades. Soult, on seeing the two events, exultingly exclaimed, "At last I have him;" and thinking victory quite at hand, instantly ordered up all his reserves to make it secure.

But a more rapid mind than his had marked the events, and was subjecting them to its mastery. Lord Wellington, estimating early how Cole and Picton were likely to be handled, had promptly formed a new plan of battle, and issued orders for its execution. He designed both to launch new forces into action, and to give a new direction to the former ones: and already was he on the point of making demonstration with both. His genius now, as at Fuentes d'Onoro, though in a totally different manner, suddenly established against his antagonist an entirely new battle at the very moment when that antagonist imagined himself to be reaping victory from the old. His plan was to send up Barnard's brigade of the light division against the rear of Taupin's division of Reille's corps, who were deforcing Cole,—to draw the remaining brigade of the fourth division and the whole of the seventh division in one mass against Reille's flank and rear,—to hurl the third division and the sixth division in one body against Foy's division on the right of Drouet's line, with the effect of isolating the position of Reille, sweeping the position of Drouet, and obtaining complete command of both,—and to do all these, as nearly as possible, by simultaneous stroke.

"The 52d regiment, belonging to Barnard's brigade, led the way, and soon reached the marsh between the ridge occupied by the enemy and the old Roman camp, whence Wellington and his staff were anxiously watching the fearful struggle. Though knee-deep throughout, and in some places the men sinking up to the middle, these veterans, who had never yet met their match in the field, crossed the swamp with stern resolution and order, and unobserved amid the smoke and din, rushed forward into the opening between Taupin's and Foy's divisions, with tremendous shouts and a crushing fire, beating down a French battalion, and throwing everything before them into disorder,—just as the former was pushing Beresford's troops through St. Boes. Their artillery at the same

time gained a post from which it swept the whole line of the enemy's centre, and made such havoc among their reserve masses, that the French 21st hussars determined to seize it, and galloping round the hill, charged and drove back one of the supporting battalions, then fell with equal fury on the 42d regiment; but the Highlanders received their charge firmly, poured in a tremendous volley, and driving them fiercely before them at the point of the bayonet into a hollow lane, destroyed nearly them all. Picton now at the head of his two divisions, mounted the ridge against the enemy's right centre, and again fiercely assailed Foy in his almost impregnable position. These simultaneous, skilful, and bold attacks against one-half of the enemy's line soon proved decisive. The French right centre, so hardly pressed, could send no support to Reille's corps, who, cut off by the successful irruption of the 52d, and assailed by them on one flank, while Beresford's veterans, now rallied, had charged them on the other,—fell into confusion, and were hurled over the brow of the heights with the loss of part of their cannon. Cole's men, joined by Barnard's brigade, now rushed, with loud shouts, along the narrow strait, and took complete possession of that important part of the enemy's position, killing General Bechaud, and wounding mortally another French general. Foy also fell severely hurt; and his division, falling into confusion, retreated, followed of necessity by the other two divisions of Drouet's corps,—those of Maransin and D'Armagnac. Wellington rapidly pushed forward the seventh division, with two batteries of artillery, which ascended the ridge held by Barnard's brigade, and the fourth division; while Picton with the third and sixth, occupied the middle ridge, driving D'Armagnac before him, and establishing his guns on a commanding point on the centre, whence they ploughed effectually through the whole of the enemy's retiring masses. The battle was won; and the victory was rendered still more decisive by Hill's success on the extreme right, who had forced the passage of the Gave de Pau at Souars, won the great road from Orthez to Pau, cut off the enemy's direct line of retreat, and prevented Harispe on the French left from succouring their right and centre.

"Soulé now seeing that, notwithstanding the strength of his position, his admirable dispositions, and the excellent quality of his troops, he was defeated at all points, and that Hill was rapidly approaching his rear, ordered a general retreat; and the French with their usual discipline, soon regaining good order, retired in the finest array, their rear-guard taking advantage of every intervening height for facing about and making an obstinate resistance. But five miles from the field of battle, they had to cross in their course the stream of the Luy de Bearn, to be reached only by a single road, and crossed by one bridge,—that of Sault de Nevailles. The British troops closely pursued; and the French, observing Hill moving parallel to them, and threatening to anticipate them at the bridge, at length began to run violently. Hill's men also set off at full speed; and,

though the French, disencumbering themselves as usual of everything, first gained the bridge, they were in irretrievable confusion, and the fields were covered with scattered bands. Cotton's cavalry charged three battalions of the enemy, whom he rode down and sabred, securing three hundred prisoners. But although two thousand more threw down their arms and sought quarter, the greater part contrived to escape by wading the stream of the Luy de Bearn. At length the remnant of their scattered bands, with true French readiness, having destroyed the one-arch bridge, which was of wood, reassembled on the opposite bank; and the British soldiers, exhausted with fatigue and excitement, sank to rest in their bivouacs on the southern bank of the Luy de Bearn."

At the moment of the pursuit when the enemy's ranks broke into confusion, Lord Wellington was struck on the pommel of his sword by a half-spent musket shot, and received a severe bruise. He was personally directing the pursuit, with his usual speed and energy; and had he been able to continue on the gallop across the rough intersected country, he would probably have converted the flight of the enemy into a thorough rout. But he was compelled to draw bridle; and, though obliging himself to remain on the saddle till the business of the day was over, he required then to be lifted from his horse, and could neither walk nor stand without assistance. His wound annoyed him much for three or four days, yet did not prevent him, even for an hour, from pushing vigorously forward the operations of the campaign.

The loss of the allies in the battle of Orthez comprised 277 men killed, 1,923 wounded, and 70 missing. But among the killed were 18 officers: and among the wounded, besides Lord Wellington, were the Duke of Richmond, then Lord March, General Walker, General Ross, and 130 other officers. The French loss in the field comprised 3,900 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and six pieces of artillery. But, amid the confusion of the retreat, and amid much disorganization which followed it, many old soldiers and entire battalions of young ones threw down their arms and fled, with the intention of never again fighting for Napoleon; and at the end of a month, notwithstanding very vigorous efforts to recover them, so many as three thousand continued to be a-missing. Hence did Soult's real loss in men, by the battle of Orthez, amount for some days to probably twelve or thirteen thousand, and permanently to about seven thousand.

The other effects of the victory were very great. Soult's hold on the strong country among the roots of the Pyrenees was broken off. His loss of ready communication with Suchet, and of the important fortress of St. Jean Pied de Port was confirmed. All his elaborate chain of fortification on the Adour, just as much as the previous chains on the Bidassoa and the Nivelle, was rendered nugatory. His very power of commanding the communication with the maritime districts of France northward of the Adour was broken. Both his scope for strategy and his resources for sustenance were most materially circumscribed.

But, above all, the entire machinery of his moral force, as regarded both his soldiers and the people, was severely shaken. His troops, previously so despondent, chased through so long a course of invariable defeat, and no longer capable of displaying their ancient high heroism, except amid some convulsive throes of hope like that of their sudden hope of victory in the first scenes of the battle of Orthez itself, were now reduced to a feebleness of bravery, an unsteadiness of action, a weakness of resolve, and an expectancy of evil which rendered them at all times but exciting ones little better than poltroons. Not only their defeat at Orthez, but the manner of it, the sudden transition from expected triumph to disastrous overthrow, was not more ruinous to their momentary hopes than harassing and humiliating to their care-worn courage. An eye-witness expressively says that, in the battle they stood up like lions, but in the pursuit ran like hares. The general population, too, all over the south-west of France, already conciliated toward the allies by experience or report of the good qualities of Lord Wellington, as well as exasperated by the exactions of Buonaparte and Soult, felt the blow at Orthez like an unrivetting of their chains; so that thenceforth they either rose, or put themselves in attitude to rise, suddenly in revolt, to hail the allies as their deliverers and the Buonaparteans as their oppressors.

The victory of Orthez, together with Lord Wellington's operations which preceded it, was well appreciated by the British government, and by the Germanic and the Northern powers then in league with that government for the invasion of France. All these powers observed with delight how Wellington's blows were making Buonaparte stagger; and all vied with one another to do him honour. On the 4th of March, Lord Wellington received permission from the Prince Regent of Great Britain to accept and wear the insignia of the following orders,—grand cross of the imperial military order of Maria Teresa, the imperial Russian military order of St. George, the royal Prussian military order of the Black Eagle, and the royal Swedish military order of the Sword. And on the 24th of March, the thanks of the Prince Regent and of the British parliament were formally given for Orthez.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PASSAGE OF THE LOWER ADOUR—THE RECALL OF THE SPANIARDS—THE PASSAGE OF THE UPPER ADOUR—THE COMBAT OF AIRE—BERESFORD'S MOVEMENT TO BOURDEAUX—SOULT'S AND WELLINGTON'S SITUATION ON THE UPPER ADOUR, AND MOVEMENT TO THE GARONNE—THE BATTLE OF TOULOUSE—THE CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES—THE SORTIE FROM BAYONNE.

LORD WELLINGTON'S project respecting the Adour below Bayonne was complicated and arduous. He designed, not only to pass the river there, but to hold it in possession. His objects were to obtain the use of the river's mouth as a harbour for his supplies, to hold command of the right bank in order to invest the citadel, and, in the event of the failure or the inefficiency of the operations of his right wing on the Gaves and the upper Adour, to acquire the power of penetrating to Bourdeaux by the coast road from Bayonne. But the river, where he meant to cross it, is 300 yards wide, and has a rapid current, a strong tide, and often a heavy swell from the sea; its banks are so low as to offer neither facility for bridge-making nor a land-mark to mariners; and there was a strong French flotilla within it, to aid constant picquets and occasional sallying-parties from the fortress, in making a powerful defence of its waters. No pontoons could serve as even an ephemeral bridge; no ordinary materials of any kind could withstand the hostility of French gun-boats and fire-ships; and if Soult or the commander of the fortress should be induced by any alarm to form upon the banks, especially upon the right bank, posts of such strength as he was perfectly well able to form, no amount of force and means in Lord Wellington's possession could be at all expected, except with either vast stratagem or enormous loss, to establish a passage. Soult, notwithstanding his having smarted so keenly under our hero's famous passage of the Douro, and notwithstanding that he knew so well by how many far-fetched strokes of strategy he had driven the French armies out of the Peninsula, never imagined that he would attempt to seize the lower Adour.

Nevertheless, Lord Wellington thought the lower Adour quite within his reach, and steadily struck for it. His contrivances for seizing it were begun soon after his passage of the Nivelle, and were thenceforth carried on, either under his own supervision or according to his special instruction, without other pause than the severity of the weather occasioned, till the moment of completion. Many decked vessels, of from thirty to fifty tons, called *chasse-marées*, were hired in the ports of St. Jean de Luz, Passages, and Socoa, to serve as substi-

tutes for pontoons. Materials were collected, and put on board of them, to connect them together into a continuous bridge. Many large spars also were obtained, and placed in readiness, to form such a flexible boom as should protect the bridge from any vessels which might be floated down the stream to destroy it. Part of the pontoon-train which had been in attendance on the army was shipped at Bidart, to be taken forward, and used as an aid to the forming of the bridge. Arrangements were made with the British admiral in the bay of Biscay, Admiral Penrose, to enjoy an elaborate co-operation of his flotilla and gun-boats and seamen. A rocket-brigade, for the first time in the war, were brought into regular requisition; not that they were deemed a steady force, still less that they might act as fire-raisers; but that their novel, showy, eccentric missiles might terrify the imagination, and probably produce a panic. And Sir John Hope's corps, though deprived of the light division and left without any immediate support from the rest of army, was strengthened, by the addition of Don Carlos D'España's Spaniards and two independent Portuguese brigades, to a total force of twenty-eight thousand men, with twenty pieces of artillery.

Lord Wellington had appointed the achievement of the enterprise to be done on the morning of the 21st of February; and, as we saw in last chapter, he was personally on the spot to superintend it, and found all things ready for it, as far as man could make them ready, but was obliged by the state of the weather to postpone it, and to forego the pleasure of personal superintendence. Sir John Hope made redispersions by sea and land for the morning of the 23d; and, as an essential preliminary, he moved all his forces northward, during the night of the 22d, silently and variously, some of them to make demonstrations, on both banks of the Nive, against the entrenched camp, so as to engage there the enemy's utmost possible attention, and the rest to steal along the sea-board, with the guns, the pontoons, and the rockets, for the operations on the Adour. The latter had a difficult march, and were compelled to abandon some of the pontoons; yet, favoured partly by covering woods, partly by a masking bend of the river, and partly by the feigned attacks on the entrenched camp, they reached the Adour unobserved. The *chasse-marées* and Admiral Penrose's gun-boats ought to have arrived about the same moment; but they had encountered contrary winds, and were not to be seen. Sir John Hope, undaunted by their absence, and determined to attempt the passage without them, gave instant orders for the forming of most of his guns in battery, aided by two-thirds of the rocket-corps, opposite the French flotilla, and for the marching of the greater part of the troops of his first division, together with the pontoons, two guns, and the rest of the rocket-corps, to a point of passage near the mouth of the river.

The French flotilla consisted of a corvette and twelve gun-boats. The corvette promptly opened fire, and showed a wolfish pugnacity. "But," says Southey, "when a few rockets had been discharged, the terrified sailors in the

gun-boats took to their oars, and made all speed up the river. The effect, indeed, of these weapons was most terrific. They dashed through the water like fiery serpents, and pierced the sides of the boats, burning apparently even under water with undiminished force. The guns, meantime, opened upon the corvette, and fired about 400 rounds at her, some toward the conclusion with hot shot. This failed to set her on fire, and when the three-coloured flag was shot from the flag-staff, the enemy presently nailed it to the mast-head. But after some hours, the French retired from the contest, under the protection of the citadel, their captain having been killed, and 34 out of a crew of 40 men killed or wounded, —sacrificed as it would seem, in a display of courage which could be of no avail. The action had served as a spectacle for the inhabitants of Bayonne, who came out from the promenade which skirts the river to witness and apparently to enjoy it; the day being remarkably fine, and the action itself, with all its circumstances, as described by an eye-witness, more resembling some festival display than the dreadful reality of war."

About noon, the passage near the mouth of the river commenced. The only means of it were five pontoons and four jolly-boats. Sixty men passed over in one of the pontoons. A French picquet were occupying the further bank, but went away toward the citadel without firing a shot. A ~~haver~~ ^{haver} was stretched across, the pontoons were formed into a raft, and about 600 ~~more~~ ^{more} men, including part of the rocket-corps, all under the command of Colonel Stopford, passed over. The tide then began to run strongly, and put a stop for a time to all further passage. About five o'clock, two columns, comprising nearly 1,500 men, were seen issuing from the fortress to assail Stopford's isolated band. He sent out picquets to reconnoitre, placed his rocketeers on some flanking sand-hills, drew up his main body with its right on the Adour and its left on a morass, in a position to be covered with the defensive fire of the two guns on the left bank, and awaited firmly the shock of combat. "The enemy," says Batty, "came on with drums beating the pas-de-charge, and driving before him the picquets. Stopford's troops awaited the approach of the French columns till within a short distance of their front, and then commenced a well-directed fire. The guns on the left bank began to cannonade them; and the rockets on the sand-hills were discharged with terrific effect, piercing the enemy's column, killing several men, and blazing through it with the greatest violence. The result was the almost immediate rout of the French, who, terror-struck at the unusual appearance, and at the effect of the rockets, and the immovable firmness of the little corps, made the best of their retreat back towards the citadel."

The troops of the first British division and of Bradford's Portuguese brigade, jointly about eight thousand in number, continued to pass all night and next day till the whole were over; and, in consequence of the attention of the French continuing to be absorbed by the assaults of the rest of Sir John Hope's corps

on the whole of the great extent of the entrenched camp, they were not molested. In the morning of the 24th, the British flotilla, comprising all the chasse-marées for the bridge, together with gun-boats and armed vessels for defence, appeared in the offing. But the tide was falling, the weather was tempestuous, the bar of the river was buffeted by tempestuous rollers from the sea, and two leading boats which attempted to enter were overwhelmed; so that the whole flotilla were obliged to draw off, and beat about, till the return of the tide. Even then they were amidst a driving gale, with no better a land-mark to indicate the channel than a flag-staff upon the sands; and they could not have dared to attempt an entrance, unless under the management of steady hands and the stoutest hearts. Yet on they all came, in compact order, defying the worst.

"The master's mate of one of the war-ships led the way. His boat was lost, and himself and the whole of the crew. Several vessels shared the same fate. One who was on the shore, close at hand, and who had been accustomed to fields of battle, declared that he had never beheld a scene so awful. The boats were so agitated as they attempted the passage, sails flapping, oars apparently useless, and all steerage lost, that it seemed as if each must inevitably be wrecked. Two vessels were stranded; but almost all their crews were by great exertion saved. A gun-brig also was driven ashore. Captain Elliot of the Martial gun-brig was swamped in his boat. Three transport boats with their crews were lost. Every exertion was made to save those who were struggling for life in the surf, literally within ten yards of their countrymen on shore; but though there were men with ropes tied to them on the beach, who spared no endeavour for assisting them, not a soul could be saved. Some who actually obtained footing on the ground were carried back by the receding surf, and swept away for ever. But the zeal and intrepidity of British seamen will overcome all obstacles that are not absolutely insuperable. Officers and men on this occasion displayed gallantry which could not be surpassed, and skill which has seldom been equalled. Vying with each other, they essayed the passage; and happily the wind towards evening gradually died away, and about thirty vessels got in."

On the morning of the 25th, the troops who had gone across advanced toward the citadel, and took position in a semicircle round it, their right resting on the river, and their left extending to the road from Bayonne to Bourdeaux. They were well covered in front by an expanse of marsh within a bend of the river; and, the garrison being still fully occupied by the attacks on the south side, they were allowed to take up their ground without opposition. The space northward from the Bourdeaux road to the Adour still remained open for the garrison's communications with the country; but the space southward of that road was now so completely shut as to prevent all interference with the constructing of the bridge.

This work, by great exertion, was completed on the 26th. The place selected

for it was one where two strong piers of masonry had been formed, with the view of so narrowing the current as to make it sweep away the bar from the river's mouth. The channel there was only 270 yards wide. The body of the bridge comprised twenty-six chasse-marées, anchored bow and stern, with brief interval between every two, and lashed together at bow and stern. Five cables were stretched tightly across them from bank to bank; and oaken planks were laid on these, and secured at the ends to the two outer ones, so as to form a platform strong enough to bear the passage of artillery, yet elastic enough to adapt itself to the rise and fall of the vessels with the tide. The piers at both ends were sufficiently wide to admit any kind of carriage. A boom, consisting of two lines of masts, with chains and cables, so constructed as to entangle any vessel which might chance to break it, was laid across the river, above the bridge, and moored with two rows of anchors. And gun-boats, supported by batteries on the banks, and by many row-boats with grappling-irons, were stationed to protect the boom.

Thus was established, in two days, on a broad, surgy, tidal river, as good a bridge for every purpose of transit, though of course not so durable an one, as ordinary engineering would not have established in less time than many months. It was established, too, in the face of a strong enemy, in the near vicinity of a strong fortress, with the design of achieving conquest, and was therefore done on a plan, and provided with appliances, to resist powerful hostility. And besides serving all the purposes for which it was designed, it had a fine fitness to serve the great ancillary purposes of a shortened and improved line of communication along the sea-board from Spain, and a direct and facile line of communication, for the subsequent operations of the allied army, between the left wing and the right. The formation of this work was manifestly one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. It was even so in an engineering sense, almost so in the sense of mere exertion and daring, but eminently so in the sense of military contrivance and manœuvre. For the chief means which insured success were, first, the amplitude, the secrecy, and the perfection of the preparations, and next, that great scheme of strategy which, while aiming at conquest by its own direct results, drew Soult's attention completely off from the lower Adour, and entangled himself and the great bulk of his army among the meshes of the Adour's head-streams. When Soult received intelligence of the establishment of the bridge below Bayonne, but especially when he learned what kind of a bridge it was, and how it had been formed, he must have felt at least as much astonishment as on a former occasion when, just at the moment of his being about to sit down to dinner at his quiet head-quarters in Oporto, he was suddenly told that the allies were pouring across the Douro.

Immediately after the completion of the bridge, Sir John Hope led across more of his force, and made a movement to complete and straiten the investment of the citadel. He spread out his troops in extended disposition, and then ad-

advanced in three converging columns, covered by skirmishers. The two wings found no difficulty, and incurred no loss, in establishing themselves within 900 yards of the fortifications. But the centre had to advance along a ridge which was occupied by villas, gardens, and the village of St. Etienne, all of which had been fortified as outworks; and encountered a severe, prolonged, and sanguinary resistance. They at length became victorious, and captured a gun, but not till they had lost about five hundred of their number in killed and wounded. Thouvenot, the governor of the fortress, twice sallied to support his picquets, but was both times roughly repulsed. Sir John Hope immediately commenced preparations for a regular siege. Just as his left wing sat down in their new position, an immense cloud of eagles arrived from the south, and hovered over them in the air; and these, after remaining several days about Bayonne, occasionally alighting on the sandhills, took flight in the direction of Orthez. "It is not improbable," says Batty, "that they were the same flight of birds which, for months after the battle of Vittoria, were seen constantly frequenting that scene of action, sometimes in such numbers as to make it alarming, if not dangerous, to roam singly over the field."

Lord Wellington, on receiving intelligence of the formation of the bridge, and being on the eve of passing the upper Adour after the battle of Orthez, sent instructions to Sir John Hope to establish a line of communication with him through Port de Lanne. And having some days before, ordered Freyre's Spaniards to put themselves in readiness to rejoin him, he now desired them to march by way of the new bridge and along that line of communication. He likewise sent orders to two others of the Spanish corps to prepare for re-entering France. But not without much reluctance, nor till he had good cause to apprehend a great reinforcing of Soult by Suchet, nor without most stringent precautions against a repetition of plundering, did he resolve to recall the Spaniards. "Maintain the strictest discipline," wrote he to Freyre; "without that we are lost." He took away from the Spaniards all pretext for plundering, by providing means for their regular pay and sustenance. He issued a proclamation to the natives, authorizing them to arm themselves for their own protection under the superintendence of their magistrates, and requesting them to arrest, and to bring to head-quarters for punishment, all straggling and plundering soldiers. And finding that Freyre's corps, while on their march, were still inclined to plunder, he wrote to that general a severe though courteous letter, giving rules for the enforcement of a most rigorous discipline, and concluding as follows,— "I beg leave to add an observation the truth of which I have learned from long experience, namely, that no reliance can be placed on the conduct of troops in action with the enemy who have been accustomed to plunder, and that those officers alone can expect to derive honour in the day of battle from the conduct of the troops under their command who shall have forced them, by their atten-

tion and exertions, to behave as good soldiers ought in their cantonments, their quarters, and their camps."

During the night and the day following the battle of Orthez, Soult retreated to St. Sever, on the right bank of the Adour. He destroyed all the bridges behind him, and took up a position at St. Sever. But as he had large magazines at Aire, farther up the Adour, on its left bank, he sent Clausel thither to protect them. He had also, on account of the incomplete condition of his works at Dax, given orders for the evacuation of that place, and for the removal of its magazines to Mont de Marsan; and he was joined, on his retreat to St. Sever, by the garrison of Dax, together with two battalions of conscripts. Lord Wellington rose up, on the morning of the 28th of February, to pursue him; and, though grievously retarded by the want of bridges and by great severity of weather, he arrived at the Adour, in front of his position, in the evening. Soult decamped next morning, with his centre to Caceres and his right to Barcelone, the former nearly opposite Aire, and both on the high road up the Adour toward Toulouse and Agen. He thus left open the direct road from Orthez to Bourdeaux, but hoped still to retain communication with that city by detour down the Garonne, and was tempted to keep near the roots of the Pyrenees for sake of receiving reinforcement or support from Suchet. Lord Wellington, with the main body of the allies, crossed the Adour at St. Sever, at one o'clock of the same day, the 1st of March, but detached Sir Rowland Hill to look after Clausel at Aire.

Sir Rowland arrived in presence of the enemy after mid-day of the 2d, and found them drawn up, on a strong ridge, across the public road, in front of Aire, with their right wing resting on the Adour. He instantly attacked them. The second division, under Sir William Stewart, moved against their centre; and a Portuguese brigade, under De Costa, moved against their right. Stewart attacked with great steadiness and vigour, and, in spite of a firm resistance, was very soon successful. But the Portuguese brigade advanced in a slovenly manner, made feeble fight, and were speedily repulsed. A French column, well formed and full of spirit, was commencing a ruinous chase of them, but suddenly encountered Barnes' brigade, sent off by Sir William Stewart to the rescue, and was driven from the field. The enemy rallied, however, and made a strenuous effort to retrieve their ground; but, besides continuing to be stoutly combated by the brigades who had already beaten them, were met by Byng's brigade, coming up to them from a position of reserve, and were finally and irretrievably vanquished,—many of them being taken prisoners, a small body being pushed aside and driven away toward Pau, and all the rest fleeing in confusion through Aire to the country up the Adour. The loss of the allies in killed and wounded was about 300. The loss of the French in killed and wounded must have been proportionally great, but included two generals; and in dispersion, by the throwing away of arms and by the flight of soldiers to their homes, was still

greater; and it comprised also the stores and magazines which had been collected at Aire. The combat, in many respects, was a miniature of Orthez. The conduct of the Portuguese brigade, however, was so bad that Lord Wellington formally called the Portuguese marshal-general's attention to it, and requested him to improve it.

Sir William Beresford, at the time of Hill's enterprise at Aire, moved, with the light division and Vivian's brigade, to Mont de Marsan, and seized there the stores and magazines which had been removed thither from Dax. Lord Wellington, in the meantime, remained at St. Sever to direct the reconstruction of the bridges, the rejunction of Freyre's Spaniards, and various other matters relative to subsequent field operations. He had now ceased to regard any further negotiations on the part of the British government with Buonaparte as politic, and was becoming impatient to receive permission from them to declare for the Bourbons. Hence did he, on the 4th of March, write to them from St. Sever,—“I write just one line to let you know that, in proportion as we advance, I find the sentiment in the country still more strong against the Buonaparte dynasty, and in favour of the Bourbons. But I am quite certain there will be no declaration on the part of the people if the allies do not in some manner declare themselves, or at all events as long as they are negotiating with Buonaparte. Any declaration from us would, I am convinced, raise such a flame in the country as would soon spread from one end of it to the other, and would infallibly overturn him. I cannot discover the policy of not hitting one's enemy as hard as one can, and in the most vulnerable place. I am certain that he would not so act by us, if he had the opportunity. He would certainly overturn the British authority in Ireland if it was in his power.”

In one great instance, however, Lord Wellington was enabled, without any compromise, to take full advantage of the Bourbon partisanship. This was the instance of the important city of Bourdeaux, the third city of France in amount of population, and probably the first in both breadth and depth of attachment to the Bourbons. A royalist committee had secretly sat there from the previous March, earnestly watching the progress of events; and on hearing of the victory of Orthez, they became intensely desirous to make some strong public demonstration, obtained the concurrence of the mayor in their views, and sent off the Marquis de la Rochejacquelein to Lord Wellington to solicit the support of a body of allied soldiers. His Lordship immediately decided to send Sir William Beresford to Bourdeaux with twelve thousand men, comprising the fourth and the seventh divisions of infantry, and a fair proportion of cavalry and artillery. But, that there might be no mistake in any quarter respecting the principles on which he acted, he gave Sir William the following instructions:—

“The object of sending a body of troops to Bourdeaux is to establish there the authority of the army, and eventually, if possible, to acquire the navigation

of the Garonne and the use of the port for the army. On your approach to that city, therefore, I request you to communicate to the authorities the different proclamations which have been issued for the civil government of the country in which the army is established; and you will call upon the mayor and other authorities to declare whether they will or not continue to perform the duties of their offices respectively under existing circumstances. If they should not be so disposed, I beg you to inform them that it is necessary that they should withdraw from the territory occupied by the army; and I beg you to desire the principal inhabitants to name the persons to whom they wish the principal civil authorities should be intrusted. I beg you to give orders that the persons so selected may act provisionally, and to let me know their names, in order that I may appoint them as usual by proclamation. If the existing magistrates should be willing to remain in office, I beg you to allow them to continue, and to let me know their names. There is a large party at Bordeaux in favour of the House of Bourbon; and I beg you to adhere to the following instructions in regard to this party and their views. If they should ask for your consent to proclaim Louis XVIII., to hoist the white standard, &c., you will state that the British nation and their allies wish well to Louis XVIII.; and as long as the public peace is preserved where our troops are stationed, we shall not interfere to prevent that party from doing what may be deemed most for its interest,—nay, farther, that I am prepared to assist any party that may show itself inclined to aid us in getting the better of Buonaparte; that the object of the allies, however, in the war, and above all in entering France, is, as is stated in my proclamation, *peace*,—and that it is well known the allies are now engaged in negotiating a treaty of peace with Buonaparte; that, however, I might be inclined to aid and support any set of people against Buonaparte, while at war, I could give them no further aid when peace should be concluded; and I beg the inhabitants will weigh this matter well before they raise a standard against the government of Buonaparte, and involve themselves in hostilities. If, however, notwithstanding this warning, the town should think proper to hoist the white standard, and should proclaim Louis XVIII., or adopt any other measure of that description, you will not oppose them; and you will arrange with the authorities the means of drawing, without loss of time, for all the arms, ammunition, &c., which are at Dax, which you will deliver to them. If the municipality should state that they will not proclaim Louis XVIII. without your orders, you will decline to give such orders, for the reasons above stated."

Thus did Lord Wellington dexterously combine keen attention to the delicacies of his political position with unremitting zeal for the prosecution, in every possible way, of his military enterprize. And so had he done, in all instances, from the moment of his approaching the French frontier. "In all the conversations which I have held with the friends of the House of Bourbon," said he,

"I have never failed to remind them that the allies, including those who had been pleased to confide to me the command of their armies, entered France in search of peace, that they were at the moment engaged in negotiations for peace, and that if peace should be made with Napoleon as a sovereign, all assistance to the friends of the House of Bourbon in France must be discontinued." The Duc d'Angouleme and certain illustrious leaders of the royalists had suddenly arrived at His Lordship's head-quarters in the beginning of February, to urge an identification of the operations of the war with the cause of the Bourbons. But Lord Wellington, though doing them all honour, bestowing large personal attentions on them, and scrupling nothing to tell them frankly and fully how well-affected he was to them as a man, would not allow himself to be influenced or embarrassed by them one jot as a general. He even would not permit them to accompany him in any of his movements in the field; and, said he,—“I earnestly recommended to the Duc d'Angouleme that he should continue incognito, and that, particularly as the allies were engaged in negotiations for a treaty of peace with Buonaparte, he should not urge the people to declare themselves, but should leave to the people themselves, who were the most interested, the choice of the time and mode in which they should proceed, in order to attain their object.”

Beresford, with his twelve thousand soldiers, left the main allied army on the 8th of March, and arrived without molestation at Bourdeaux on the 12th. Most of the Buonapartean garrison in the city, at his approach, fled across the Garonne; and the rest laid down their arms. The civic authorities, arrayed in their robes of office, came out to meet him; they and other principal inhabitants mounted the white cockade; and the great mass of the population thronged the streets to welcome the allied troops as their deliverers and friends. The Duc d'Angouleme soon after arrived on his own account from St. Jean de Luz, and was received with unbounded enthusiasm. “A prodigious crowd assembled to greet his entrance; white handkerchiefs waved from every window; the white flag was to be seen on every steeple; all classes felicitated each other on the change; the day was passed as a brilliant fête; and a revolution, the most important in its consequences which had occurred in Europe since the breaking out of the bloody drama of 1789, passed over without one tear falling in sorrow or one drop of blood being shed.” So entirely did the inhabitants concur in the change that, in two or three days, Beresford was able to return with about one half of his troops to the main army, leaving the rest under the command of Lord Dalhousie to protect the city against any counter-stroke.

A strong sympathetic effect of the Bourdeaux movement was instantly produced over all the south of France, and on to the kingdom's centre. Soult felt alarm at this. Already was he suffering severely from the desertion of his soldiers and the disaffection of the people, and now he seemed in danger of being caught in the centre of a general insurrection. He therefore issued a pro-

clamation to attempt to assuage the popular excitement. But what a document! It has indeed the rare merit of exhibiting desperate fidelity to a sinking cause; but, in all other respects, it is a frantic effusion of the worst properties of the Buonapartean spirit,—bombast, mendacity, gasconade, vituperation, and animosity; and it tells as strongly as vengeful misrepresentation could, how terribly Wellington's prowess had daunted the French troops, and how surely his justice and moderation had conciliated the French people. Nor is it the less curious for presenting a perfect contrast to unbounded panegyrics on Britain which Soult, at a subsequent period of his life, thought proper to utter on a great public occasion in London. Long though it be, we must quote it entire:—

“Soldiers, at the battle of Orthez you did your duty; the enemy's losses surpassed yours; his blood moistened all the ground he gained. You may consider that feat of arms as an advantage. Other combats are at hand; no repose for us until his army, formed of such extraordinary elements, shall evacuate the French territory, or be annihilated. Its numbers and progress may be great; but at hand are unexpected perils. Time will teach the enemy's general that French honour is not to be outraged with impunity. Soldiers, he has had the indecency to incite you and your countrymen to revolt and sedition. He speaks of peace; but firebrands of discord follow him. He speaks of peace, but incites the French to a civil war. Thanks to him for making known his projects! Thereby are our forces centupled; and thereby are those rallied round the imperial eagles who, seduced by appearances, imagined that he would make a loyal war. No peace with that disloyal and perfidious nation! No peace with the English and their auxiliaries until they quit the imperial territory! They have dared to insult the national honour; they have had the infamy to incite Frenchmen to become traitors to the Emperor. This offence can be avenged only in blood. To arms be the cry throughout the empire. Every Frenchman who seeks not vengeance abjures his country, and takes rank among her enemies.

“Yet a few days and those who believe in English delicacy and sincerity will learn to their cost that cunning promises are made to abate their courage and subjugate them. They will learn also that if to-day the English pay and seem generous, to-morrow they will retake with enormous interest all that they have disbursed. Let the pusillanimous beings who calculate the cost of saving their country remember that the English have in view to reduce Frenchmen to the same servitude as the Spaniards, Portuguese, and Sicilians who groan under their domination. History will recall to those unworthy Frenchmen who prefer momentary enjoyment to the safety of the great family how the English made Frenchmen kill Frenchmen at Quiberon, and how the English have been at the head of all conspiracies, all odious political intrigues, plots, and assassinations, aiming to overthrow all principles, to destroy all great establishments of trade, to satisfy their immeasurable ambition and their insatiable

avarice. Does there exist on the face of the globe one spot known to the English, where they have not, by seduction and violence, destroyed all kinds of manufactures which could rival their own? Thus they will do to the French establishments if they prevail.

"Soldiers, devote to opprobrium and execration all Frenchmen who, in any manner, favour their insidious projects, and those also who, while momentarily under their power, do not endeavour by every practicable means to hurt them. Devote to opprobrium and reject as Frenchmen, those who think, under specious pretexts, to avoid serving their country, and those who, from corruption or from indolence, hide deserters instead of driving them back to their colours. We have now nothing in common with such men; and we can anticipate that inexorable history will transfer their names with execration to posterity. As to us, our duty is clear. Honour and fidelity are our motto. We will fight to the ~~last~~ the enemies of our august Emperor and of our beloved France. Respect persons and property. Grieve for those who have temporarily fallen under the enemy's yoke, and hasten the moment of their deliverance. Be obedient and disciplined, and bear implacable hatred toward traitors, and toward enemies of the French name. War to death against those who would divide us to destroy us, and against those cowards who desert the imperial eagles to range themselves under another banner. Remember always that fifteen ages of glory and triumphs innumerable have illustrated our country. Contemplate the prodigious efforts of our great sovereign, and his signal victories which immortalize the French name. Let us be worthy of him, and we can then bequeath without a taint to our posterity the inheritance we hold from our fathers. Be Frenchmen, and die arms in hand rather than survive dishonour."

This diatribe did not fail to draw the attention of both soldiers and people; but as to any other effect than drawing attention, it was only a midnight cannonade with blank-shot,—“noise and nothing besides.” But another measure, contrived a few days before by Buonaparte, and now in progress of execution, promised material results. This was the unconditional release and restoration of Ferdinand, accompanied with orders to Suchet to evacuate the fortresses of Catalonia and Valencia. The greater part of Suchet's troops had already been recently withdrawn,—several foreign regiments by reduction, several garrisons by surrender, two divisions of infantry to strengthen Soult, and ten thousand men of all arms to Lyons; so that a principal force which remained to him was the garrisons of Barcelona, Tortosa, Peniscola, and Murviedro. Lord Wellington had recently despatched orders that part of Sir William Clinton's troops, who had been continuing to watch Suchet, should march into junction with his own main army; and on hearing of this measure of Buonaparte, he wrote as follows to the Spanish minister of war;—“There can be no doubt that the French government are much distressed for men. The conscripts desert in all directions; and the armies

are much reduced by the daily combats in which they are engaged. The proposition, therefore, to withdraw the garrisons from Barcelona, Tortosa, Peniscola, and Murviedro is a scheme to bring into the field against this army from 15,000 to 20,000 men more than it has opposed to it, or than can be brought against it. This scheme is likewise attended by another, namely, to hold Figueras and Rosas, and probably a corps of troops in the field within the Spanish frontier. The Spanish troops now in Catalonia," under Copons, "therefore, would be unable to co-operate with this army in any offensive operation against the enemy. There is undoubtedly a limit to the numbers against which I can venture to contend with this army; and the Spanish nation would sustain a great misfortune if it were to be overpowered. I earnestly recommend to the Government, therefore, not to allow any capitulation whatever to be made with the garrisons of Barcelona, Tortosa, Peniscola, and Murviedro, excepting on the basis of their being prisoners of war." This time, happily, the Spanish government closely followed Lord Wellington's advice; so that Buonaparte's contrivance, far-stretching and specious though it was, proved abortive.

During four days following the movement to Bourdeaux, Wellington and Soult remained in mutual observation. Each thought the other stronger than himself; both were in doubt respecting near reinforcements; and neither could discover any immediate object to warrant an offensive movement. But on the 13th, Soult, more in desperation than in prudence, concluding that inactivity was tantamount to slow defeat, suddenly resumed hostilities. Wellington's army was then disposed in an extended semicircle in front of Aire, bisected by the Adour, with its right, still under Hill, in a situation not instantly supportable by the left. Soult made a sudden concentration on the Lesser Lees rivulet, with the view of precipitating all his weight against the right; and he remained there three days attempting a series of thrusts and manœuvres. But the chief collisions produced only three cavalry skirmishes, in all of which he was beaten. And on the 15th, he withdrew to Lembège, toward Tarbes, on the high road from Pau to Toulouse. Lord Wellington was joined on the 13th by Freyre's Spaniards, and on the 17th by reserves of British cavalry and artillery which had been far in the rear, and by detachments of his main army which he had sent to various places after the battle of Orthez; he had likewise just despatched orders for Giron's and Del Parque's Spaniards to rejoin him from the valley of Bastan; so that he now felt himself in circumstances to attempt a smart retaliation for Soult's resumption of offence. What occurred during the next three days may be told in his own words, as contained in a despatch of the evening of the 20th of March to Earl Bathurst:—

"The army marched on the 18th; and Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill drove in the enemy's out-posts upon Lembège. The enemy retired in the night upon Viç Bigorre; and on the following day, the 19th, held a strong

rear-guard in the vineyards in front of the town. Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, with the third division and Major-General Bock's brigade, made a very handsome movement upon this rear-guard, and drove them through the vineyards and town; and the enemy assembled at Vic Bigorre and Rabastens. The enemy retired in the night upon Tarbes. We found them this morning with the advanced posts of their left in the town, and their right upon the heights near the windmill of Oleac. Their centre and left were retired, the latter being upon the heights near Audos. We marched in two columns from Vic Bigorre and Rabastens; and I made Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton turn and attack the right with the sixth division, through the village of Dours, while Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill attacked the town by the high road from Vic Bigorre. Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton's movement was very ably made, and was completely successful. The light division under Major-General C. Baron Alten likewise drove the enemy from the heights above Orleix; and Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill having moved through the town and disposed his columns for the attack, the enemy retired in all directions. The enemy's loss was considerable in the attack made by the light division. Ours has not been considerable in any of these operations."

In the night, the French retreated in two parallel columns, the southernmost by way of St. Gaudens. Next day, the allies pursued in three parallel columns, the right under Hill, the centre under Wellington in person, and the left under Beresford. On the 22d, Fane's cavalry overtook four squadrons of French cavalry, in front of St. Gaudens. The French drew up for resistance, but were overthrown at the first shock by two squadrons of the 13th dragoons. They then galloped in disorder through the town, yet rallied on the other side, and were again sent to flight in confusion for about two miles, with the loss of many sabred, and about an hundred taken prisoners. Soult made all possible haste to arrive at Toulouse, which was a strong position, a gathering-place for conscripts, "his great depot, and the knot of all his future combinations;" and, judging the increase of his numbers and his entrenchments there to be of such value as to offer ample compensation for the present fatigues of his men, he marched so rapidly as to arrive at it on the 24th. Lord Wellington, on the other hand, was concerned to maintain his troops in the most vigorous condition, to keep them well together, to bring up plentiful supplies in their immediate rear, and to take on with the main body of them his cumbrous pontoon-train; so that he moved slowly, and did not arrive in the vicinity of Toulouse till the 27th.

Toulouse stands on the right bank of the Garonne, about two miles above the junction of the Languedoc canal. It is about two miles in length, from north to south, and about a mile and a quarter in breadth. The suburb of St. Cyprien stands opposite the centre of it, on the left bank, and within a semicircular sweep, of the river. This suburb is large and compact, and was defended,

along the chord of the semicircle, by an ancient brick wall, lofty, considerably thick, and flanked by massive towers. A good stone bridge connected it with the city, and a series of strong field-works had been formed outside of the wall; so that St. Cyprien served altogether as a large, complex, and very powerful *tete de pont*. The city itself was defended by a thick brick wall, similar to that of St. Cyprien, with towers of such capacity as to bear 24-pounders. The Garonne, with a channel both broad and deep, protected it along the west; and the canal, of sufficient dimensions to be a vast wet ditch, and wending round it at a mean distance of less than three-fourths of a mile in some parts and of little more than a mile in others, protected it along the east and the north. The space on the south, between the river and the canal, had no formal protection beyond the city wall; but, besides being partly occupied by the fortified suburb of St. Michel, it was well commanded by the guns of the city and by guns on a height beyond the canal, and likewise could be approached only by such rough broken roads as were quite impracticable for artillery, and scarcely traversable even by a column of infantry.

The suburbs of St. Etienne and Guillemerin stood on the east side of the upper part of the city, the former between the city and the canal, and the latter beyond the canal; and they were strengthened with field-works. The bridges on the canal, three on the east side of the city and two on the north, were guarded by *tetes de pont*, and powerfully commanded by some circumjacent artillery. Many contiguous houses, in the suburbs or in scattered situations, were loopholed for musketry and otherwise fortified. A hill-ridge, called Mont Rave, extends about two miles immediately beyond the canal, in the same direction with it, and presents to the east a steep rugged side, which is everywhere difficult of ascent. This ridge was powerfully fortified, from a point opposite St. Etienne to its northern extremity, by a series of five redoubts, with connecting lines of entrenchment, and was occupied by the main body of Soult's army as an entrenched camp. The guns here raked every approach to the city from the south, the east, and part of the north; and many of them were so placed that they could pour a plunging fire, perfectly irresistible, upon any body of troops who might attempt to ascend. The approach from the north, in the part nearest the river, in consequence of not being well overawed by Mont Rave, was defended by special works in front of the *tetes de pont* at two of the canal bridges. The ground along the outer base of Mont Rave subsides suddenly into meadow, which is often flooded and rendered marshy by the river Ers,—a stream running for several miles parallel to the Garonne, and then debouching into it a little below the junction of the canal. This river, being then in flood, formed another line of defence; and all the bridges on it, near the city, were blown up, except one at the village of Croix d'Orade, about a mile and a half below the northern extremity of Mont Rave, which, though also mined and in readiness for instant

Explosion, was kept standing till the last moment for the French army's own convenience.

The extemporaneous parts of the works which we have just described were only in progress when Lord Wellington arrived in the vicinity of Toulouse; but they all either attained completion, or were well nigh toward it, before he could assail them. Soult gave orders for them immediately after the battle of Orthez; he had trusty engineers who carried them forward with a vigour nearly equal to his own; and, from the time of being personally on the spot to superintend them, he urged them on so rapidly and strongly, by means of all his soldiers and of all the male citizens, that they seemed to rise in the air as if by thau-maturgy. Never before was he on stronger ground. He had practically three lines of defence, exterior to the city and to one another; while the city itself, though not properly a fortress, was sufficiently strong, in its encincturement of wall and towers and river, to be able to make a stubborn resistance. He was also most intimately acquainted with the locality, having been born and brought up in the vicinity; so that he could turn to good advantage many a spot in its intricate suburbs and environs which would have escaped the notice of a stranger. His mere field-force, too, was relatively favourable; for, while Wellington brought to the vicinity of the city twelve thousand Spaniards, forty thousand Portuguese and British, and sixty-four pieces of artillery, Soult had there the national guard of Toulouse, nearly forty thousand regular French soldiers, and eighty pieces of artillery, some of them of very large calibre.

Lord Wellington's situation at Toulouse was critical. His mere advance thither, at such a vast distance from Sir John Hope's corps, from Lord Dalhousie's detachment, and from the entire basis of the allied army's operations, was imperilling. Prolonged rains had so pounded the roads and swamped the country as to render every kind of movement laborious. The only medium of direct assault on the city lay through the suburb of St. Cyprien, which was practically inexpugnable, and could be treated only in the manner of blockade. The Garonne was in such high volume, and subject to such sudden increase, that any attempt to pass it, with the slender means which were in the allied army's possession, could not but prove exceedingly difficult. Soult's position also, as we have seen, was so strong that an assault upon it, even with twice his numbers, and in favourable circumstances of support and weather, would have been heroic. Yet Lord Wellington had no alternative but either to strike at once, in defiance of all perils, or to incur the risk of disasters most detrimental to his previous triumphs. The results of Buonaparte's intrigue with the Spanish authorities were not yet known; so that, at any moment, Suchet might burst from the Pyrenees into operation with Soult. Buonaparte himself was in the wild whirl of his last desperate evolutions, under the triumphant strategy of the northern allies; so that rapidity of action against him in the south seemed

essential, both to deter him from fleeing thither, in some fiery final contrivance of conjunction with Soult and Suchet, and to give security to the demolishing effects of the allies' blows in the north. Even Soult, so long as he remained in his entrenched camp, would be likely, for the first time for several months, to grow in strength; while Wellington, either by standing inactive or by counter-marching, would become correspondingly enfeebled. The British hero, therefore, in the old spirit of his hundred victories, determined instantly to strike again.

On the 28th of March, Lord Wellington attempted to form a bridge at Poitet, six miles above Toulouse; but he found, on making measurements, that the width of the river there was more than his pontoons would cover. An officer having expressed a fear that every other place would be found too wide till the rainy weather should cease, His Lordship remarked spiritedly,—“If it will not do one way, we must try another, for I never in my life gave up anything I once undertook.” A better place, after much search, was found about a mile higher up; and there, on the 31st, Sir Rowland Hill led across his corps, comprising thirteen thousand men, with eighteen guns. Sir Rowland moved northward along the right bank, to ascertain the practicability of the roads, and the feasibility of assailing the city from the south; but he soon saw that to advance there would be hopeless; so that he re-crossed the river on the night of the 1st of April, took up the pontoon-bridge, and returned to the main body in the vicinity of St. Cyprien.

Lord Wellington was compelled by the state of the weather to remain inactive till the night of the 3d. But then he sent the pontoons to a previously selected place about fifteen miles below Toulouse, and constructed batteries there to command that part of the river. On the 4th, leaving Hill's corps to menace St. Cyprien, he sent across Beresford with fifteen thousand infantry and three thousand cavalry, and intended to lead immediately after them the light division and Freyre's Spaniards. But the river suddenly rose, swept away the supports of the bridge, and compelled His Lordship, as a necessary measure of precaution, to order the instant withdrawal of the pontoons. Thus was Beresford cut off from all possible support, with only such a force as Soult ought to have been able easily to overwhelm; and, in consequence of a continuation of the freshet, he remained in that perilous situation during the next three days. What a terrible time to the commander-in-chief,—how fitted to agitate him with maddening anxiety,—yet scarcely more so than the twenty-four hours of his romantic exposure to the power of Massena at Fuente-Guinaldo! And he was as cool now as then, remaining tranquil on the right bank, making what manœuvres he could to divert the attention of the enemy, and ready to pass over in person by boat, at a moment's notice, if Beresford should be attacked. He felt confidence in his troops even against heavy odds; he solaced himself now, as he had done

at Fuente-Guinaldo, with the thought that he had acted according to the very best of his judgment, and must therefore calmly await the result; and he was heard to say, in subsequent years, that he had never felt less inquietude in his life, or slept more soundly, than on those three nights.

On the 8th, the bridge was re-formed, more troops passed over, and Lord Wellington advanced, at the head of these and of Beresford's corps, to within five miles of Toulouse. A regiment of hussars in his advanced-guard attacked a superior body of the enemy's cavalry in the vicinity of Croix d'Orade, drove them through that village, took about a hundred of them prisoners, and got possession of the bridge there across the Ers before it could be blown up. Lord Wellington got now a distinct view of the northern and eastern parts of the enemy's position, and carefully examined them. The pontoons were brought some miles up during the night, so as to form a nearer communication between Hill's corps and the main body. And on the 9th, more troops crossed, who could not get across on the 8th, and all made preparation for doing battle on the morrow.

Lord Wellington's plan of attack comprised the whole periphery of Soult's position, from St. Cyprien on the west, round all the south and the east, to the upper extremity of Mont Rave. Sir Rowland Hill was to drive the enemy from the outposts and exterior works on the west side, and to shut him up there within the walls of St. Cyprien. Sir Thomas Picton, with the third division, was to make a heavy demonstration against the Pont Jumeaux, which was the first bridge on the canal above the junction with the Garonne, and against the fortified convent of Minimes, which commanded the approach to the next bridge; yet he was to attack in only a feigned manner, and really to hold himself in reserve. Baron Alten, with the light division, was, in the same manner, to menace the third bridge, the Pont Matabian, and to shut up and observe the road leading thence to Croix d'Orade. The brigade of German cavalry was to take post between Picton and Alten, a little to the rear, in readiness to act with either. Don Freyre, with all his Spanish corps, supported by Ponsonby's British cavalry, was to ascend an abutment of the northern extremity of Mont Rave, called the Pujade, and to advance thence to the assault of the great redoubt defending the left flank of the entrenched camp. And Sir William Beresford, with the fourth and the sixth divisions, Vivian's hussars, and three batteries of cannon, was to seize the village of Montblanc a little south of Croix d'Orade, to march thence along the left bank of the Ers to the base of the abutting height of St. Sypiere, where he could turn the right flank of Soult's position, to make a demonstration westward thence to Pont Demoiselle, the most southerly bridge on the canal, but really to move in an oblique direction upward to the assault of the works defending the upper end of the entrenched camp, on a platform of Mont Rave called Mont Calvinet.

Soult's forces were well distributed to resist this multifarious attack. His veteran corps and divisions, previously so much attenuated as to lose much of their efficiency, had been reorganized into a much smaller number of divisions, of great strength; and these were so posted as both to give support to the raw bodies of his troops, and to present their strongest array to the most critical fronts of battle. The national guard of Toulouse occupied the city and lined the ramparts. Maransin's division was in St. Cyprien. Daricau's division occupied the works on the canal from the Garonne to the Pont Matabian. D'Armagnac's division defended the line of the canal from the Pont Matabian to the south end of the suburbs of St. Etienne and Guillemerin. Trevot's division, consisting chiefly of conscripts, held the Pont Demoiselle and the suburb of St. Michel. Villatte's division occupied the left flank of the entrenched camp, behind the hill of Pujade. Harispe's division occupied the centre and right centre of that camp, to the platform of Calvinet. Taupin's division was posted on the southern extremity of Mont Rave, a little in advance of the line of the redoubts, with a strong detachment on the height of St. Sypiere. And two bodies of cavalry, under Vial and Berton, stood in front of the flanks of Taupin, on the low grounds of the Ers, to observe the advance-movements of the assailants.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 10th, Lord Wellington gave the signal for battle. Hill drove Maransin from his outposts into the exterior line of St. Cyprien. Picton and Alten drove back Daricau's outposts to their fortifications on the canal. A battery of Portuguese guns was established on the projecting height of Pujade to sweep the salient points of the works on Mont Rave. Freyre moved along the left of the Ers to the front of Croix d'Orade, and there, under cover of the Portuguese artillery, formed his twelve thousand men into two lines of assault. Ponsonby's cavalry formed in rear of Freyre as a reserve. Beresford, with Vivian's hussars in the van, Cole's division following the hussars, Clinton's division following Cole, and the brigades of artillery in the rear, moved up from Croix d'Orade, carried Montblanc, and marched up the Ers, over most difficult ground, impeded by marshes and ditches, shattered in flank by a thunder-shower of grape from Mont Rave, and harassed in front by Vial's and Berton's cavalry, but partly covered by a vigorous replying thunder of the Portuguese cavalry. The main battle was now to depend on Freyre and Beresford; while a very various influence over it was to be exerted by the other leading generals.

"Under cover of the Portuguese cannonade, Freyre's Spaniards mounted with great resolution and in good order to assault the great redoubt on the north end of Mont Rave. They soon drove before them a French brigade, which retired skirmishing behind their works. But when the Spaniards came within range of the grape-shot pouring from the heavy artillery on the summit, so

frightful a carnage ensued, that their front rank, determined not to recoil, rushed forward to the shelter of a hollow road in front of the works. Their second line turned about and fled; and the French, pouring out of their entrenchments, plied the unhappy Spaniards in the hollow with such a deadly fire, that they were soon reduced to a defenceless mass of wounded and dying. Freyre rallied his fugitives, and brought them again up; but a fresh brigade of French charging them in flank, and the fire from above becoming still more violent, they broke and fled down the slope towards the bridge of Croix d'Orade. 'One Spanish regiment, however,' says Wellington, 'the Tiradors de Cantabria, in the midst of this terrible carnage, retained their post in the hollow way, under the redoubts, when their comrades were routed, till I ordered them to retire.' Wellington's own despatch describes the critical state of matters at this period of the fight,—'The enemy having followed up their successes and turned our right on both sides of the high road leading from Toulouse to Croix d'Orade, they soon compelled the whole corps to retire.' The British hero, however, who was at the bridge, checked the pursuit by the reserve artillery and Ponsonby's horse; and ordered up a brigade of the light division, which, throwing in its fire in the flank of the pursuing enemy, forced them to return with considerable loss to their entrenchments.

"This was not the only disaster on the right. Picton, seeing the rush of the French down the slope in pursuit of the Spaniards, thought fit to convert his false attack into a real one, and pushed on to the edge of the counterscarp of the redoubt defending the bridge of Jumeaux over the canal. His brave men ran forward, descended into the fosse, and, by mounting on each other's shoulders, tried to reach the top of the opposite high wall. Here they were overwhelmed with a shower of large stones arranged for the purpose along the parapet; and after a dreadful struggle, they were compelled to retire with a loss of 500 killed and wounded. Thus the northern front of the French position had been found impregnable; and though Hill had now got possession of the exterior line at St. Cyprien, and though the Portuguese guns on Pujade, with Beresford's and those of the light division, kept up a tremendous fire on the Mont Rave, yet the French cannon, of heavier calibre, replied with superior effect, and the strength of the position was as yet unshaken.

"Beresford's situation on the extreme British left, though everything now depended on his exertions, was exceedingly perilous. He was separated by two miles from the rest of the army. From the impracticability of the ground, his cannon was left behind at Montblanc. In his rear was an impassable morass; in front nearly impregnable intrenchments, to be approached only by an ascent above a mile in length, under the raking fire of a powerful force and a tremendous artillery on the summit. But these dangers were suddenly intensified by Soult's movements; and Beresford and his brave men saw now that they must con-

quer or die. Soult having repulsed the Spaniards on his left, concentrated his troops for a bold attack upon Beresford, and by pouring down upon him from the hill on his right, with 15,000 infantry and 1,200 horse, he hoped to sever him altogether from the rest of the allied army. 'These dispositions,' wrote he afterwards to Suchet; 'promised the happiest result; 7,000 or 8,000 English and Portuguese could hardly fail to be taken or destroyed.'

"Taupin's division, flanked by clouds of cavalry, and concealed by the smoke of the cannon, poured down from the summit; their generals and field-officers on horseback, waving their hats amid the wild shouts of the French soldiers, which, mingling with the roar of the cannon, resembled the shock of some huge avalanche descending on the rocks below. The British troops halted in their advance, and deployed into line. The 79th and 42d Highlanders, who were directly in front, took off their bonnets and waving them triumphantly, gave the French three hearty cheers, while their light company by a well-directed fire, having brought down several of the French field-officers in front, ~~their~~ column halted. During their descent some rockets, discharged in good time, ravaged the enemy's ranks, and with their noise and terrible appearance, to many unknown before, dismayed the advancing columns. The enemy fired a volley into the British lines, and advanced in one compact mass amidst the discharge of musketry and the loud roar of cannon. As on many former occasions, they found themselves unable, though in column, to withstand the British in line. A concentrated fire from its whole extent annihilated the head of the column. The British boldly ascended to the charge. Lambert's and Anson's brigades dashed forward with an appalling shout; and the combatants advancing on both sides amid columns of smoke, a deadly *mêlée* seemed unavoidable. But at this trying moment, British courage prevailed. The French quailed; the lines never met; and the smoke dispersing, the enemy were observed fleeing wildly over the summit of the ridge, closely followed by our victorious troops, the 42d and 79th Highlanders in front,—who, with loud shouts, pushed on, in irresistible power and courage, till they carried the redoubts of St. Sypiere. Taupin was killed, a general of brigade wounded, and Berton's cavalry, having furiously charged the 79th, were repulsed and completely swept away in the general rout; while Cole's division rapidly gained the height on Clinton's left. So complete was the rout, that the two redoubts were abandoned from panic, and the French, in the utmost disorder, sought shelter in the works of Sakerin and Cambon. Thus Beresford, by the undaunted valour of his troops, not only extricated himself from a situation of great peril, but established his troops on the right of the enemy's position, and threatened to take all their works in flank.

"Soult, amazed at the pusillanimity of the troops from whom he had expected so much, and who had just before given him assurance of their resolution and confidence, became now alarmed lest Beresford should seize the Pont Demoiselle.

He hastily therefore re-formed his defeated right wing, brought up one of D'Armagnac's brigades and Harispe's division, and took up a new line of defence facing outwards, extending from the heights of Calvinet on the left to the Pont Demoiselle on the right, while the remainder of the line of troops on the canal remained as formerly facing the Spaniards and the light division. A pause in the fighting now intervened; for Beresford, though firmly planted on the heights, waited there for his guns, which had been left behind at Montblanc. Meanwhile, Wellington eagerly made every possible disposition to take advantage of his success, but had no reserve excepting the light division and Ponsonby's dragoons,—as the Spaniards could not be relied on; so that the weight of the battle still fell on the fourth and the sixth divisions.

"His artillery having joined at three o'clock, Beresford gave orders to advance against the formidable redoubts in the centre of the Calvinet. Cole moved along the level summit, Clinton on the slope down towards Toulouse, while the Spaniards under Freyre advanced again to assault the northern end of Mont Raye, and Picton resumed his attack on Pont Jumeaux. The 42d obtained from Clinton the perilous honour of leading the assault, and soon the action was renewed. The troops, scrambling up the steep banks, wheeled to their left by wings of regiments, as they could get out, and ascending the height under a wasting fire of cannon and musketry, rushed impetuously forward towards the redoubts. These works were defended by bastions, fronted with ditches full of water; but so irresistible was the rush of the Highland brigade, that the French abandoned them before our troops got up, and the 42d entering the first redoubt by its gorge, carried all the enemy's defences including the redoubts of Colombette and Calvinet. It was an astonishing action, when the loose disorderly nature of the attack, imposed by the difficulty of the ground, is considered. But though the French yielded before the full tide of British valour, they soon rallied and returned with a terrible reflux. Their cannonade was incessant, their reserves strong, and Harispe, under whom the French always fought with extreme vigour, surrounded the redoubts with a multitude of fresh troops; and after a bloody and protracted struggle, he broke into the Colombette fort, and having killed and wounded four-fifths of the gallant 42d, again got possession of that stronghold. The remnant of this brave regiment, however, rallied on the 71st, 79th, and 92d; and these four Highland regiments, holding the brow of the hill with determination, fought shoulder to shoulder with wonderful courage and firmness, but with such loss that their order of battle at last resembled a thin line of skirmishers. But at length the other brigades came up to their assistance. The French, still fiercely fighting, were borne back, but again returned with redoubled fury and numbers; and the British seeing them approach, planted their colours on the parapet in defiance. A fresh struggle ensued; and the French soldiers never throughout the whole war displayed more bravery or more intelli-

gence than in this attack. But they were combating with men who excelled them in that cool and patient courage which depends less upon excitement than upon constitution, and they never were able to retake the Calvignet fort. The 79th, with boiling courage, drove them again with the bayonet from the bloody redoubt of Colombette; and the whole sixth division now rallied, and assailed them flank and front. Their generals, Harispe and Baurot, fell dangerously wounded; and finally, the whole French right was irresistibly hurled down the ridge of the mountain towards Toulouse, amid volumes of smoke, dreadful tumult and carnage, like a mighty irruption from the womb of a volcano.

"The battle was now gained. For notwithstanding that the Spaniards had been repulsed in their fresh attack on the other extremity of Mont Rave, and Picton had failed at Pont Jumeaux, yet Beresford was in possession of three-fourths of Mont Rave, and commanded with his guns the whole suburb of St. Etienne, as far as the walls of the city. Soult, therefore, about four o'clock, abandoned also the northern end of Mont Rave, and withdrew his troops within his second line of defence, formed by the canal with its fortified bridges and entrenched suburbs. Wellington then established the Spaniards in the abandoned works, and so became master of Mont Rave in all its extent. Hill continued to shut up Maransin at St. Cyprien within the city wall; Picton pushed the third division close up to the bridge-head of the canal next the Garonne; and the commander-in-chief, having thus cooped up Soult within the city, and established his army on the blood-stained site of that tremendous position which the French commander had so diligently fortified and so obstinately contested, despatched his cavalry along the banks of the Eis to occupy the Carcassone road, the only issue of retreat still in the hands of the French."

Thus ended the battle of Toulouse. It was one of the bloodiest and most tactical which either Soult or Wellington ever fought. The French army, after having suffered so long a course of uniform defeat and harassing deforcement, displayed here an amount of heroism vastly beyond what could have been expected. Soult also exercised a degree of inventiveness, both throughout the general vicissitudes of the action, and especially at the critical moments of repulse, much greater than he had done in far more favourable battles. Yet not a little of the French inspiritment, no doubt, arose from confidence in the strength of their defences, from conviction that their affairs were closely approaching a crisis, and from the consciousness of being observed by thousands of the citizens of Toulouse, who crowded the windows and housetops looking to the east. Their loss comprised 3,200 men, killed, wounded, or captured in the field, and 1,600, including three generals, afterwards abandoned, in disabled condition, in the city. The heroism of the allies in the battle was supereminent. The Spaniards, indeed, behaved very doubtfully, Hill's corps had comparatively little to do, and Picton's brave division acted rather impetuously than valorously; but Beresford's corps

and the light division, on whom the brunt of the whole battle fell, fought throughout with a steadiness and a zeal which have never been surpassed. Wellington himself, also, in directing his army, in so fragmentary a state, on such broken ground, against such terrible defences, amid such serious recoils, to so effective a result, evinced himself a mightier general than even when he conquered by some grand single stroke as at Salamanca. The loss of the allies, as may be inferred from the nature of the struggle, was scarcely less than that of the French, and comprised 595 men killed, 4,046 wounded, and 18 missing. Of this total, 2,124 were British, 607 were Portuguese, and 1,928 were Spaniards.

Soult, though thoroughly beaten from his entrenched camp, determined still to make a stubborn stand behind the canal and within the city walls. He had heard of the entry of the northern allies into Paris on the 29th of March; and he regarded that event as an urgent reason for his doing everything in his power, happen what might, to retain Toulouse. He had a perfect arsenal there,—all sorts of military magazines and establishments; so that, on the morning of the 11th, he stood completely reorganized and re-equipped for another obstinate conflict. But Lord Wellington, whose stores of ammunition had been largely expended in the battle, could not obtain supplies otherwise than from beyond St. Cyprien, by the tedious detour of the pontoon bridge; and though he went in person to urge them forward, and to accelerate rearrangements respecting Sir Rowland Hill's corps, he saw the afternoon of the 11th drawing to a close before he was in condition to attempt a smashing assault. He might, early in the day, indeed, have commenced a fiery enough battle, with sufficient prospect of victory; but he wished to make sure work, at a minimum cost of life, and therefore preferred to encincture the city closely, with a perfectly dominant force, before he should strike a blow, so that it might be subdued by a single crush. Soult penetrated his intention, observed his preparations, and trembled for the result; so that, though he had talked during the day of defending the city to extremity and burying himself beneath its ruins, he got other thoughts toward the evening, and began at nightfall to lead out his army on the road to Carcassone, in a silent, stealthy retreat, which he conducted so dexterously as to be twenty-two miles off at daybreak. He abandoned all his magazines, and likewise eight pieces of heavy field artillery. Sir Rowland Hill pursued him, and had some small brushes with his rear-guard, but was not able to do him any material injury.

Lord Wellington entered Toulouse at mid-day of the 12th. The citizens and magistrates welcomed him as a deliverer, and gave him a most enthusiastic reception. They even outran his policy, and were most anxious to hail him as the restorer of the Bourbons. All wore the white cockade; all vied with one another to pull down or to desecrate the emblems of Buonapartism; all were obstreperous for instant total political change; and the magistrates went so far as to present an address to Lord Wellington, requesting him to accept the keys

of the city in the name of Louis XVIII. His Lordship, having not yet heard of any proceedings against Buonaparte ulterior to the capture of Paris, told them as he had hitherto told all other Bourbonists with whom he had had to deal, that they must act entirely on their own responsibility in declaring for revolution,—that he would gladly enough accept their support as allies,—but that, if Buonaparte should make peace for himself and retain his throne, they must inevitably be left to that monarch's mercy without any aid from Britain. At five o'clock, however, two couriers arrived from Paris, the one for the allied camp and the other for the French camp, to announce the abdication of Buonaparte and the establishment of a provisional Bourbon government. Lord Wellington and all his officers then mounted the white cockade, amidst thunders of popular applause; and victors and vanquished, in that old city of romance, felt instantly united as one people to celebrate for days a general jubilation.

Thus did the battle of Toulouse, with all its wonders of heroism and its horrors of carnage, prove to be an useless victory. Had the state of things at Paris been known to the combatants, the battle need not have been fought, the lives lost in it need not have been sacrificed, the joy of the conquerors and the citizens need not have been so awfully dashed by the presence of death and the grave. But another fact, at least as curious, is that Soult claimed the victory,—that most Frenchmen continue still to claim it for him,—that a monumental pillar, recording him as the victor, stands now upon the battle-field, erected there under the auspices of the government of Louis Philippe. Who that reads our plain narrative, or the sure documents from which it has been compiled, could have imagined this? Far better might one half of all the other defeats which Soult sustained from Wellington have been claimed as victories! From how many of them did he flee, as he did from this, twenty-two miles in one night? Or at how many of them did he make greater abandonments of either muniments or men? Or when was he more sweepingly deprived of the objects for which he fought? “Did he fight this battle,” says Lord Burghersh, “to retain possession of the heights which he had fortified, and which commanded the town? If so, he lost them. Did he fight to keep possession of Toulouse? If so, he lost that.” Lord Wellington, on the other hand, gained all the objects which he sought to gain. “He desired to pass the Garonne,” says Napier, “and he did pass it; he desired to win the position and works of Mont Rave, and he did win them; and he desired to enter Toulouse, and he did enter it as a conqueror at the head of his troops.”

Lord Wellington lost not an instant in sending forward to the French marshal the news from Paris. Soult, however, refused to give in his adhesion to the new government, until he should receive more minute information respecting public affairs from Buonaparte's own ministers. He was willing to agree to a suspension of arms, but would not agree to anything further. Lord Wellington

THE CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES.

considered his conduct "in no light than as prolonging the miseries of war, without object excepting that of promoting a civil war in the country;" and he made preparations to march in full force in pursuit of him on the morning of the 17th, to prevent his army from becoming the noyau of a civil war in France." But just at that moment, Soult got new information; and on the 18th he agreed to a formal cessation of hostilities. This transaction is called the convention of Toulouse. It provided for the immediate termination of all the incidents of the war, with regard to fortresses and other matters, throughout all the region from Spain to Bordeaux; it assigned a line of demarcation between the field forces of the two armies; and it made a number of arrangements to facilitate the immediate movements of the troops of both armies in withdrawal from the field."

The news of Buonaparte's abdication reached Bayonne about the same time that it reached Toulouse. Sir John Hope even heard it in vague rumour several days before; and, instantly on receiving it in an authentic form, he conveyed it to General Thouvenot, the governor of the fortress, in the expectation that he would immediately accept it as the signal of peace. Thouvenot declined to give an answer at the moment, but said that he would speedily send one. Could any brave, honourable, upright man, who knew that the war was then practically at an end, have suspected that Thouvenot meant, by this message, to take foul advantage of Sir John Hope's courtesy, to throw the allied investing forces off their guard, to lull them to sleep under a false sense of security, in order that he might burst by surprise into their camp at dead of night, to perpetrate a massacre? Perhaps he really had not such a meaning; perhaps he designed only to perform an exploit; yet his "answer" to Sir John Hope was a surreptitious bloody sally on the night of the 14th.

"For some time," says Macfarlane, "Thouvenot and his garrison had been very inactive. As the works of the siege had not commenced, there were neither guns nor stores upon the ground to tempt a sortie. The investing forces were quiet in their positions and cantonments, and many of them were buried in sleep, and dreaming of an end to war's alarms, and of a speedy return to their own countries, when the French, long before it was daylight, sallied forth from the citadel in great strength, and fell furiously on our sleeping people and weak picquets. A considerable slaughter was committed before the allied troops could be got under arms and into formation. Major-General Hay was killed, and Major-General Stopford wounded. Sir John Hope, ever foremost when there was danger, mounted his horse, and galloped up in the dark to direct the advance of troops to the support of the picquets. He was presently surrounded; his horse was shot under him and fell; he received two severe wounds and was made prisoner. So dark was it, that for some time the French and English could distinguish each other's ranks only by the flashing of the

muskets. The guns of the citadel, vaguely guided by the flashes of the musketry, sent their shot and shell at random through the lines of fight, smashing quite as many of their own people as they struck of the allies; and the gun-boats, dropping down the river, opened their fire upon the flank of the supporting columns which Sir John Hope had put in motion. Thus nearly 100 pieces of artillery were in full play at once; and the shells having set fire to the fascine depots and to several houses, the flames cast a horrid glare over the scene of the confused conflict. The fighting was very severe; but it was terminated by British bayonet charges. The French were driven back; the little ground which had been lost was all recovered; and by seven o'clock in the morning, our picquets were reposted on their original grounds. But between killed, wounded and taken, the allies had lost 800 men. It was, under the circumstances, scarcely a consolation to know that the French had suffered still more severely, and that many of their casualties were caused by the indiscriminating fire of their own guns.

"General Thouvenot's conduct," continues Macfarlane, in a tone which, though not over nice in the selection of its terms, is nevertheless the prevailing tone of English writers on the subject,—“General Thouvenot's conduct throughout was that of a savage. The capture of Sir John Hope, and the knowledge that he was very severely, if not mortally, wounded, carried affliction to the bosom of every man who had been serving under him. Major-General C. Colville, who succeeded to the command, sent a flag of truce to request that Hope's friend, Colonel Macdonald, might be admitted into the fortress to see him and carry him assistance. Thouvenot had the brutality to refuse this request, and another which was made after it. It was the embarrassing destiny of Louis XVIII. to be compelled to honour and reward some of the greatest scoundrels that had sprung from the filth of the revolution, and who had struggled most desperately and remorselessly to keep Buonaparte upon the throne. Thus, on the 27th of June following, the restored Bourbon king was made to confer the cross of St. Louis upon Thouvenot, and to confirm him in his command at Bayonne. In this case, as in thousands of other cases, the royal favour was rather worse than thrown away. As soon as Buonaparte returned from Elba, Thouvenot broke his oath of allegiance to Louis, and declared for the Emperor. Yet in ninety-nine out of every hundred French books relating to the history of the war, Thouvenot is applauded to the skies as a brave, honourable man and true patriot, the climax of whose fame was his bloody and useless sally from Bayonne.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FALL OF NAPOLEON—LORD WELINGTON'S VISIT TO PARIS—HIS ELEVATION TO A BRITISH DUKE
DOM—HIS CONDUCT WITH REGARD TO NON-SOLICITATION OF HONOURS FOR HIMSELF OR FOR HIS
OFFICERS—HIS VISIT TO MADRID AND DIPLOMACIES AT THE COURT OF SPAIN—HIS FAREWELL TO
HIS ARMY—SUMMARY VIEW OF THE PENINSULAR WAR

THE allies, to the last, had no personal hostility against Buonaparte. Their object was simply the pacification of Europe, without any reference to either the destruction of his power or the tarnishing of his glory. Had he not been madly obstinate, he might have readily obtained from them, even within a week or two of his overthrow, an entire confirmation of his sovereignty over France, to all the extent of its quondam limits. They determined, indeed, to denude him of his conquests, to destroy his supremacy among the nations, and to exact from him conditions of a permanent peace; but they thought not for a moment of disturbing any of his prerogatives as Emperor of the French. Yet his own stubbornness, his pride, his violence, the unmitigated fever of his ambition even amid the crash of his fall, together with sudden impulsions upon his people from both resentment of his tyranny and alarm at his reverses, produced a revolution as ruinous to himself, as replete with consequences to others, and as rapid in its occurrence, as if all the allied armies had been simultaneously precipitated upon him with no object in view but his personal destruction.

The combined armies of the North outgeneralled Buonaparte in a march upon Paris. The isolated corps of Marmont and Mortier alone were in their way, and could do nothing but partly fall and partly flee. Buonaparte could not bring forward a man of his main army to mitigate the catastrophe; nor could he arrive in the vicinity in person, even with the most impetuous galloping, till some hours after Paris had fallen. The allied sovereigns entered the city amid the acclamations of the citizens. Talleyrand, who had been in high power under the Republic, under the Directory, and under the Consulate, who was in high power still, who continued to be in high power under all the successive governments of France till his death in the reign of Louis Philippe,—who excelled all his contemporaries in combinations of astuteness, cunning, dissimulation, and perfidy, in penetrating the future stream of events and steering successfully along its current,—who, “though the most changeable character in the whole French Revolution, contrived never to lose either influence or reputation by all his tergiversations, but, on the contrary, went on constantly rising to the close



Chatterbox

London, 1841

of his career, in weight, fortune, and consideration,"—this arch-diplomatist had all the chief magnates of the kingdom, of all parties, in readiness to receive the sovereigns at his house. A council was immediately held. The sovereigns issued a declaration that they would no longer treat with Buonaparte, or with any member of his family. A provisional government was formed, with Talleyrand as its president. The senate passed a decree, dethroning Buonaparte, and absolving his army and people from their oaths of allegiance. Marmont made public adherence to the new government, and marched with his corps into the allied lines. Most of the other marshals, with Ney at their head, very speedily followed. Commotions were fomented in the city, and throughout the provinces, to clamour for the restoration of the Bourbons. Buonaparte formally signed his abdication, sank at once into general neglect and obloquy, and was sent off to "the lonely isle" of Elba. The Bourbons were recalled; the Count d'Artois made a public entry into Paris; and Louis XVIII. emerged from his retirement in England to ascend the throne of his ancestors.

These events, which all occurred within the brief space of a few days, involved an instant, sweeping, simultaneous, counter-revolution throughout great part of Europe. They undid at a stroke everything which Buonaparte, as general, as consul, and as emperor, together with the ruling Republicans before him, had been laboriously doing through a long series of years. They consequently entailed an immense amount of political readjustment. The map of Europe was to be realigned; destroyed kingdoms were to be reconstructed; dethroned princes were to be restored; vast and multifarious injuries to nations were to be indemnified; securities against any great future reinfracture of the world's peace were to be created; international diplomacies were to be remodelled; and, in connection with all these matters, as well as on her own account, France herself, as to both her internal condition and her external relationships, was to be reorganized. All the allies were concerned in these changes,—some of them vitally, and the others eminently; and all required to co-operate in moulding them. Lord Castlereagh, accordingly, appeared promptly in Paris to represent Great Britain. But, though extensively regarded as the ablest British statesman of the period, he could not on almost any account, as respected either efficient councils, British interests, or general eclat, act there nearly so well as Lord Wellington,—who had so admirably conducted intricate military diplomacies in India, who had so profoundly studied every circumstance bearing on the balance of power in Europe, who had so wisely advised and so mightily influenced the British ministry in all the predominant questions of the war, and who, by both his wisdom and his victories, had become an object of such pre-eminent confidence and admiration to all the allied potentates. Lord Castlereagh himself felt this. Hence, at the earliest moment, did he at once assign to Lord Wellington the permanent ambassadorship at the court of Louis XVIII., and request the im-

mediate aid of his personal advice in the deliberations at Paris; and he despatched his brother, Sir Charles Stuart, to Toulouse with the communication.

Lord Wellington, in reply, on the 21st of April, said,—“Your brother Charles has just given me your letter of the 13th, and I am very much obliged, and flattered by your thinking of me for a situation for which I should never have thought myself qualified. I hope, however, that the Prince Regent, his government, and your Lordship are convinced that I am ready to serve him in any situation in which it may be thought that I can be of any service. Although I have been so long absent from England, I should have remained as much longer if it had been necessary; and I feel no objection to another absence in the public service, if it be necessary or desirable.” Nor was Lord Wellington less willing to go off instantly to perform the immediate service required of him at Paris; but he felt compelled to decline at the moment, in consequence of some urgent circumstances connected with the condition of his army. These, however, passed speedily away; and on the 30th, he wrote as follows to his own brother Henry at Madrid,—“In consequence of the desire expressed by Lord Castlereagh that I should go to Paris to confer with him, I am about to set out for that place; and I propose to be back here in about ten or twelve days. I have likewise to inform you that Lord Castlereagh has expressed a desire that I should accept the embassy to Paris, which I have not declined. I must serve the public in some manner or other; and as, under existing circumstances, I could not well do so at home, I must do so abroad. Lord Castlereagh has, however, left it to me to go home, &c., as I might please; only to have it understood that I was to have charge of the concerns at Paris. I therefore propose to return here immediately after I shall have seen Lord Castlereagh, in order to superintend the breaking up and embarkation and return of the armies of the different nations to their respective countries.”

Leaving his military cares under the temporary management of Sir Rowland Hill, Lord Wellington quitted Toulouse on the night of the 30th of April, and arrived in Paris on the 4th of May. Louis XVIII. had made his public entry only on the previous day; all the allied monarchs were still objects of novelty; and the commingled troops of nearly every nation of Europe thronged the streets in a continual phantasmagoria. Never in the world had so marvellous a military spectacle been seen. “In a state of the most profound tranquillity, with the most absolute protection of life and property, even of the most obnoxious of their former enemies, the capital of Napoleon was occupied by the troops of twenty different nations, whom the oppression of his government had roused to arms from the wall of China to the pillars of Hercules. As if by the wand of a mighty enchanter, all the angry passions, the fierce contentions which had so long deluged the world with blood, seemed to be stilled. Victors and vanquished sank down side by side into the enjoyment of repose. Besides the veterans of

Napoleon's old guard, who still retained, even in the moment of defeat, and when surrounded by the might of foreign powers, their martial and undaunted aspect, were to be seen the superb household troops of Russia and Prussia. The splendid cuirassiers of Austria shone in glittering steel. The iron veterans of Blucher still eyed the troops of France with jealousy, as if their enmity were unappeased even by the conquest of their enemies. The nomade tribes of Asia and the Ukraine strolled in wonder along every street. Groups of Cossack bivouacs lay in the Champs-Élysées. The Bashkirs and the Tartars gazed with undisguised avidity, but restrained hands, on the gorgeous display of jewellery and dresses which were arrayed in the shop-windows, to attract the notice of the numerous princes and potentates who thronged the metropolis. Every morning the whole columns of the Preobazinsky and Simonsky guards marched out of the barracks of the Ecole Militaire, to exercise on the Champ de Mars. At noon, reviews of cavalry succeeded, and the earth shook under the thundering charge of the Russian cuirassiers. Often in the evening the allied monarchs visited the opera or some of the theatres; and the applause with which they were received resembled what might have been expected if Napoleon had returned in triumph from the capture of their capitals." This bright broad spectacular galaxy might well have filled all eyes, so as to have left not a point of space for Wellington. But it did not. He shone out upon the view of the wondering multitudes as clear a star as if not another had been above the horizon. All persons gazed upon him,—a few with envy, some with curiosity or astonishment, but most with fervid admiration: and the allied sovereigns vied with one another to show respect to him, and to engage his attention.

At this moment, too, he received his crowning honour from his own country. On the 3d of May, he was made Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington. He had previously, as noted in the course of our narrative, become a duke in the peerages of Spain and Portugal, and risen rapidly on the ladder of British privilege from simple knighthood to the successive honours of baron, viscount, earl, and marquis; and now he was elevated to that supreme rank in British nobility which very few families ever reach, and those few only by toilsome ascent through a series of centuries. His five most distinguished lieutenants, at the same time, were made British barons, Sir John Hope under the title of Lord Niddry, Sir Thomas Graham under the title of Lord Lynedoch, Sir Stapleton Cotton under the title of Lord Combermere, Sir Rowland Hill under the title of Lord Hill, and Sir William Beresford under the title of Lord Beresford. The Duke of Wellington, in answering Lord Liverpool's letter which conveyed to him the announcement of these honours, said,—“I beg that you will lay before His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, my grateful acknowledgments for the fresh marks which Your Lordship has announced to me of His Royal Highness' grace and favour. Nothing can be more satisfactory to me than that His Royal Highness

should have rewarded the services and merits of my gallant coadjutors, who, I am sure, feel equally grateful with me for His Royal Highness' favours, and are equally desirous of aiding by every means in their power to forward His Royal Highness' views for the prosperity of his kingdom." On the same day, also, the Duke wrote as follows to Lord Liverpool, respecting some favour which had been done to the Dowager Lady Mornington,—“I have been informed only since I arrived here of the Prince Regent's kindness to my mother last year, upon the occasion of the battle of Vittoria; and I am afraid that I shall have appeared insensible of it, in not taking an earlier opportunity of making my grateful acknowledgments for it. I beg that you will inform His Royal Highness that, strange as it may appear, I was not aware till within these few days of this mark of his favour, for which I am equally grateful as for the many others with which he has honoured me.”

“All favours and honours from the British sovereign, either to himself or to his relatives or to his officers, were rendered palatable to the Duke of Wellington's keen sense of propriety, and at the same time most exciting to his equally keen sense of obligation, by their being entirely unsolicited. “I have never,” wrote he, on the 10th of September, 1813, to one of his general officers who requested him to solicit some Crown honour for him,—“I have never interfered directly to procure for any officer, serving under my command, those marks of His Majesty's favour by which many have been honoured; nor do I believe that any have ever applied for them, or have hinted through any other quarter their desire to obtain them. They have been conferred, as far as I have any knowledge, spontaneously, in the only mode, in my opinion, in which favours can be acceptable, or honours and distinction can be received with satisfaction. The only share which I have had in these transactions has been by bringing the merits and services of the several officers of the army distinctly under the view of the Sovereign and the public, in my reports to the Secretary of State; and I am happy to say that no general in this army has more frequently than yourself deserved and obtained this favourable report of your services and conduct. It is impossible for me even to guess what are the shades of distinction, by which those are guided who advise the Prince Regent in bestowing those honourable marks of distinction, and you will not expect that I should enter upon such a discussion. What I would recommend to you is, to express neither disappointment nor wishes upon the subject, even to an intimate friend, much less to the Government. Continue, as you have done hitherto, to deserve the honourable distinction to which you aspire, and you may be certain that, if the Government is wise, you will obtain it. If you should not obtain it, you may depend upon it that there is no person of whose good opinion you would be solicitous, who will think the worse of you on that account. The comparison between myself, who have been the most favoured of His Majesty's subjects, and you, will not be

deemed quite correct; and I advert to my own situation only to tell you, that I recommend to you conduct which I have always followed. Notwithstanding the numerous favours that I have received from the Crown, I have never solicited one; and I have never hinted, nor would any one of my friends or relations venture to hint for me, a desire to receive even one; and much as I have been favoured, the consciousness that it has been spontaneously by the King and Regent, gives me more satisfaction than anything else."

The honours of knighthood had already been conferred on many of Wellington's most distinguished officers; and they continued, about the time of his elevation to his British dukedom, and for some months afterwards, to be conferred on many more. All his officers ought to have known well the perfectly upright principles on which he acted in reference to them; so that as many as did not receive honours might have been expected to feel convinced that he was not, in any manner, to blame for their disappointment. Yet some of them not only blamed him, but openly reproached him. And then, in his high generosity, he for the first time so far relaxed his rigid rule of action as to make solicitation that these men, or at least certain ones of them whom he thought worthy, might be knighted. "If you had known the facts respecting the selection of the officers for honours," wrote he to one of the disappointed who made bitter personal complaint to him, "I hope that the same spirit of justice by which I have always been animated, would have induced you to spare me the pain of reading the reproaches and charges of injustice contained in your letter. As these facts are in the knowledge of everybody, it is scarcely possible to believe that you were not aware of them; and I attribute the harshness of your letter solely to the irritation which you naturally feel in considering your own case. However, the expression of this irritation, however unjust towards me and unpleasant to my feelings, has not made me forget the services which you and your brave corps rendered upon every occasion on which you were called upon; and, although I am afraid it is too late, I have recommended you in the strongest terms to the Secretary of State."

Nine days after our hero's elevation to the dukedom of Wellington, the British Parliament made him a munificent grant of money, suitable to express the nation's gratitude for his immense services, and to enable him to maintain domestic establishments in keeping with his dignity. The Government proposed to the House of Commons that the sum should be £300,000; but Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Ponsonby, who formerly had contemned his earlier Peninsular achievements, and had made a pertinacious opposition to the continuance of the war, expressed a warm wish that the sum should be at least £400,000; and the whole House, sharing in the generous enthusiasm of these gentlemen, forgetting all past dissensions respecting him in unanimous joy at his successes, and displaying on all sides a rivalry of zeal to applaud and honour him, agreed at once that the

sum should be £400,000; and perhaps, had they been put to the test, would have agreed as readily, in response to hints from Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Canning, that it should be £500,000.

The Duke of Wellington, at the very moment of being called to Paris, and during the time of his sojourn there, was earnestly entreated to visit Spain. The restoration of Ferdinand and the overthrow of Napoleon struck nearly all the Spanish people with a frenzy. The two great factions of liberalists and absolutists became so infuriated against each other as to threaten a general intestine war. The liberalists wished to stereotype the ultra-democratic constitution, which had been framed at Cadiz. The absolutists wished to have no constitution whatever, but to return simpliciter to the old system of the absolute monarchy. Most of the leading patriots, who had acted vigorously against the French, whether in the council-room or on the battle-field, took part with the liberalists; but the sycophantish and the priest-ridden, together with the great mass of the peasantry, took part with the absolutists; while the several corps of the army seemed to be almost equally divided. The two parties felt as if ~~standing~~ in a nearly equipoised balance; and, besides being heated with the zeal of partisanship, they were set all on fire by the sharp doubt as to which should gain the ascendancy. Hence did they entirely lose moderation, and menace each other with a savage strife.

Lord Wellington was the only man who appeared likely to be able to prevent some terrible catastrophe. He happily possessed very powerful influence over both parties, and was supereminently skilled in such arts of diplomacy as were most likely to sway them. Both the British ambassador in Spain and Lord Castlereagh in Paris suddenly entreated him to interfere. He might easily have excused himself, by many strong considerations; but he reflected only on the paramount evil to be averted, the paramount good to be done; and therefore, on only the fifth day after he arrived at Paris, he wrote to Lord Liverpool,—“I propose to go to Madrid in order to try whether I cannot prevail upon all parties to be more moderate, and to adopt a constitution more likely to be practicable and to contribute to the peace and happiness of the nation.” He left Paris on the 10th of May, and arrived at Toulouse on the night of the 13th. There he needed to spend some time in making dispositions for the breaking up of his army; but, being re-urged by the British ambassador in Spain, he immediately wrote to that functionary, intimating his intention to be at Madrid at the earliest possible moment, and adding, “God send that I may be in time to prevent mischief!” He left Toulouse on the 17th, but did not reach Madrid till the 24th, being detained some time on the way by an accident to his carriage, yet taking advantage of his detention to influence the opinions of some of the chief generals of the Spanish army.

Previous to his arrival, however, Ferdinand's ministers had settled the main

part of the controversy by a coup d'etat, imprisoning all the leading liberals, and making a public bonfire of the papers of the constitution, yet using the precaution to issue royal promises that measures of moderate liberty should be maintained. The Duke, therefore, needed to do little more than advise, on the one hand, that these promises should be contentedly accepted, and, on the other, that they should be fully and faithfully kept. "You will have heard," wrote he on the 25th to his brother Henry, the ambassador, "of the extraordinary occurrences here, though not probably with surprise. Nothing can be more popular than the King and his measures, as far as they have gone to the overthrow of the constitution. The imprisonment of the liberals is thought by some, I believe with justice, unnecessary, and it is certainly highly impolitic; but it is liked by the people at large. Since the great act of vigour which has placed Ferdinand on the throne, unshackled by constitution, nothing of any kind has been done, either for the formation of a new system, or for any other purpose; and as far as I can judge, it is not intended to do any thing. I entertain a very favourable opinion of the King from what I have seen of him, but not of his ministers. I think they might have managed better than they have; and as they were, or ought to have been, certain of accomplishing their object, they ought to have chosen a less objectionable mode; and they appear to have been little aware of the nature and difficulties of their situation. I have accomplished my object in coming here; that is, I think there will certainly be no civil war at present."

The Duke's personal reception at Madrid was most distinguished. The King confirmed all his Spanish honours and appointments, voted to him by the Cortes and the Regency, excepting that of commander-in-chief of the Spanish armies, which, of course, he resigned. The nobles and the populace also treated him with the highest consideration. But he was not, for an instant, to be diverted from the special object of his mission. He clearly saw that the court, under the combined influence of their old despotic spirit, their successful coup d'etat, and the popular enthusiasm in their favour, were inclined to go back, immediately and entirely, to the state of things which preceded the French Revolution. He therefore laboured with all his strength to set them right; and did so the more that, even at his first effort, he almost despaired of success. "I have been very well received by the King and his ministers," wrote he on the 1st of June to Lord Castlereagh; "but I fear that I have done but little good. The Duque de San Carlos, in a conversation I had with him, promised me, first, that the decree for calling the Cortes should appear forthwith; secondly, that all the prisoners should be released on St. Ferdinand's day, the 30th May, excepting such as it was determined to bring to trial, who should be fairly tried without loss of time; thirdly, that the King was determined to carry into execution all he had promised in his decree of the 4th of May, and moreover to establish in Spain the independence of the judges. Nothing has yet been done on any of these points.

I told him that he must expect that the King's measures would be attacked and abused in all parts of the world, but particularly in England; and that, until some steps were taken to prove that the King was inclined to govern the country on liberal principles, and that necessity alone had occasioned the violent measures which had attended the revolution, he could not expect much countenance in England. Nothing, however, has yet been done; and I learn that three more persons were imprisoned the night before last." Nor was anything afterwards done, except to perpetuate and extend the oppression by confiscations, expatriations, and the re-establishment of the inquisition; so that, as regarded the intrinsic political condition of the Spanish people, the only result of the long struggle against French invasion, the profuse expenditure of British blood and British treasure, the sanguinary efforts of the Spanish armies, and the brilliant victories of Wellington, was the restoration of the old despotism, without one check upon its motives or one modifying influence upon its measures.

Even the external relations of the restored dynasty threatened, under the very eye of the Duke, amid the very homage paid to him, in the very commencing blush of the immense benefits received from him, to take a similar complexion. All the former perversity, which had so often tormented him throughout the progress of the war, was now at work in a new form to thwart his plans of pacification. Many of Ferdinand's most ardent supporters hinted at nothing less than to reconstruct the old alliance between Spain and France, to conjure back the times of the Emperor Charles V., and to renounce all connexion with Britain, even though imminent risk should be incurred of provoking a British war. "It is quite obvious to me," wrote Lord Wellington to Lord Castlereagh, in the letter from which we have already quoted, "that unless we can turn them entirely from their schemes, they will throw themselves into the arms of the French, *coute qui coute*; and I am anxious for the early settlement of all these points, because we have now the ball at our feet; having no French minister here to counteract us, and the nation, as far as they have anything to say to the matter, being evidently in favour of the alliance with England. But the fact is, that there are no public men in this country who are acquainted either with the interests or the wishes of the country; and they are so slow in their motions that it is impossible to do anything with them."

Could the Duke have remained a sufficient length of time in Madrid, he might easily have overcome these men of slow motion with that patient endurance and untiring expostulation which he had so marvellously lavished, in previous times, upon the Peninsular regents and the Indian princes. But as he had not more than a day or two to spare, he contented himself with drawing up, for the King's consideration and theirs, a memorandum which not a man of them could gainsay. In that document, he exhibited, as in a photograph, the existing face of Spain and France and Britain,—depicted strikingly the ruinous

condition of Spain, as to her marine, her commerce, her revenue, and her colonies,—showed that, in regard to mere pecuniary means, as well as in regard to her enfeebled power and her revolted colonies, she could not possibly extricate herself from her disasters without the aid of Britain,—and then concluded with the following fine appeal for both internal liberty and a British alliance:—

“It cannot be expected that the British government will come forward with the resources of the British nation to aid His Majesty, if they are not certain of the line of policy which His Majesty will adopt both in America and in Europe. Neither will it be in their power to give that aid which every well-wisher of His Majesty would wish to see afforded, if His Majesty should not, at an early period, carry into execution his gracious promises made to his subjects in his decree of the 4th of May, and if some steps should not be taken to prove to the world the necessity and justice of the numerous arrests which attended His Majesty’s restoration to his throne, or for the release of the innocent and the judicial trial of the guilty. All nations are interested in these measures, but Great Britain in particular; and the nature of the British constitution, and the necessity which the Government are under of guiding their measures in a great degree by the wishes and sentiments of the people, must prevent them from giving aid to His Majesty in money, or from giving countenance to the endeavours which may be made to raise money by loan in England, at least till the world shall be convinced by experience of the sincerity of His Majesty’s professions in regard to his own subjects, and of his desire to unite his interests with those of the British government. Great Britain is materially interested in the prosperity and greatness of Spain, and a good understanding and close alliance with Spain is highly important to her; and she will make sacrifices to obtain it; and there is no act of kindness which may not be expected from such an ally. But it cannot be expected from Great Britain, that she will take any steps for the firm establishment of a government which she shall see in the fair way of connecting itself with her rival, and of eventually becoming her enemy. Like other nations, she must by prudence and foresight provide for her own interests by other modes, if circumstances should prevent His Majesty from connecting himself with Great Britain.”

On the 30th of May, while the Duke of Wellington was still at Madrid, a treaty was signed at Paris, on the one side by the plenipotentiaries of France, and on the other by those of Great Britain, Russia, and Prussia. This treaty reduced France very nearly to her former limits, as they had stood immediately preceding her revolution; it also made certain reconstructions of the states contiguous to her, with the view of restraining her, in all time to come, from bursting beyond these limits; but it exacted not a single souvenir of her humiliation, not so much as an article of vertu from one of her museums, not even any portion of the immense spoils of art which she had gathered from Italy, Germany, the

Low Countries and the Peninsula; and it went so far, on the part of Britain, as to restore to her four-fifths of the colonial possessions which had been reft from her during the war, together with valuable commercial powers in the Indian and the American seas. This fine conduct to the prostrate foe, so eminently moderate, so highly generous, was due in no small degree to the counsels of Wellington.

The Duke left Madrid on the 5th of June, and was at St. Jean de Luz on the 9th, and at Bordeaux on the 10th. The instructions which he had left at Toulouse, for the breaking up of his army, were then approaching completion. But he saw occasion for still more arrangements, in order to avert discomfort from both his troops and the camp-followers; and these he made with his accustomed zeal and prudence. The Portuguese corps returned to Portugal, and the Spanish corps to Spain. The British cavalry, and the horses of the artillery, marched through France, to embark at Boulogne for England. The British infantry began to embark, variously at Passages, at Bayonne, and at Bourdeaux, some for home-quarters in Britain, and others for warlike service in America. At length on the 14th of June, only a remnant of the infantry remained at the harbours of the Adour and the Gironde; and then the Duke of Wellington, committing the superintendence of the embarkation of these to Lord Dalhousie, and preparing to embark himself for England on the morrow, issued to the army the following farewell address:—

“The Commander of the Forces, being upon the point of returning to England, again takes this opportunity of congratulating the army upon the recent events which have restored peace to their country and the world. The share which the British army has had in producing these events, and the high character with which the army will quit this country, must be equally satisfactory to every individual belonging to it, as they are to the Commander of the Forces; and he trusts that the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last. The Commander of the Forces once more requests the army to accept his thanks. Although circumstances may alter the relations in which he has stood towards them, so much to his satisfaction, he assures them that he shall never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour, and that he will be at all times happy to be of any service to those to whose conduct, discipline, and gallantry their country is so much indebted.”

Thus ended the Peninsular war. That great struggle, in all its eventual success, as well as in most of its main incidents, was so identified with our hero that a history of it from first to last, and a narrative of the life of Wellington from 1808 to 1814, in the hands of very many writers, amount to exactly the same thing. It was, in many respects, as a mere war, one of the most wonderful which have ever been waged,—so heterogeneous in its interests, so complicated in its movements, so entangled in its supplies, so replete with vicissitudes and

with victories, so obscure in origin, so brilliant in termination, "commenced with ambiguous views, prosecuted with doubtful expectations, but carried to a triumphant conclusion by the extraordinary genius of a single man." It also formed a new school, both in the military art, and in the morale of warfare. Every prudent general, perhaps in all time to come, will study it for sake of its profound lessons in generalship; while every political economist, and every national philanthropist, may see in it most striking illustrations of what great things can be done, in a very ordinary way, with very little trouble, by one wise ruling mind, to mitigate the worst evils which afflict the world. Lord Wellington found warfare, at the commencement of the Peninsular struggle, a *melee* of destructiveness, reckless animosity, almost sheer savageism; and he left it, at the close of that struggle, a system of calculated antagonisms and of formal encounters, softened by mutual amenities, and interluded with scenes of courtesy and kindness. His own soldiers, ever from the first moment, were fostered by his paternal care; the inhabitants of the seat of war often blessed him for his benevolence; the revengeful troops of Portugal and Spain were variously curbed, cajoled, and caressed, by his masterly management, into civilized behaviour; and nearly all the corps of his enemies, in spite of both their ruffian usages and their accumulating defeats, were soon so charmed with his chivalrous spirit that they at once admired it, and eventually imitated and rivalled it. And ever after they learned to reciprocate his civilities, he was so grandly magnanimous as to speak of their behaviour as if it had been as spontaneous as his own; and hence was he known to say in his later years,—“The French and English armies, as they became better acquainted by frequent contact, grew to be very civil to each other, particularly after we had passed the Pyrenees; and the advance-posts and picquets were on the most friendly terms. The advance-posts always gave notice to each other when they were in danger. On one occasion, when the French army was advancing suddenly and in force, the French posts cried out to ours, ‘*Courez vite, courez vite! on va vous attaquer.*’ I always encouraged this. The killing a poor fellow of a vidette, or carrying off a post, could not influence the battle; and I always, when I was going to attack, sent to tell them to get out of the way.”

As to the purely military characteristics, particularly the marvellous brilliance, of Wellington's victorious career through the Peninsular war, let us quote the following summary from the Times' biographer:—"We are not imputing to him any prodigies of heroism. None knew better than he that war is no matter of romance, but a process obeying in its course the self-same rules which humanly determine the success of all national undertakings. It is undoubtedly true, that, with a heterogeneous force, rarely exceeding 50,000 effective troops, and frequently far below even this disproportionate amount, he did first repel, then attack, and ultimately vanquish a host of foes comprising from 200,000 to

50,000 of the finest soldiers of the French empire, led by its most renowned commanders; and such a feat of arms does, indeed, appear to savour of the heroic or supernatural. But the game was always in reality on the cards. The mighty armies of the French were not practically available for a concentrated effort. The jealousies of the several marshals, and the caprices of their nominal sovereign, precluded any systematic co-operation between them; and the necessities of subsistence in a rude and hostile country effectually prevented the assemblage for any lengthened period of a larger force than the British commander had proved his ability to encounter. The campaigns of Talavera and Salamanca showed Wellington that his army was not likely, under proper precautions, to be overmatched in the field: experience soon taught him the limit of reinforcements from France. In the next place, the embarrassments and responsibilities of the French were greatly augmented by their own system of tactics, and by the determined enmity of the Spaniards. Relying, according to Napoleon's principle, for the support of the war on the war itself, they were compelled to alienate the people of the country by ruthless plunder, and to make a fortified post of every dépôt and magazine. As the guerilla practice gathered strength, their communications were intercepted in every direction, and they commanded not an inch of territory beyond their immediate quarters. If they quitted a province, they lost it; if they evacuated a post for a moment, it was seized by enemies who were powerless against them in an open field, but who hung with invincible hostility on their flanks and rear. On the other hand, Wellington commanded a compact army in a central position, from which he could operate in any direction at pleasure. Having conclusively proved, against even the tenacity and genius of Massena, that his own post was impregnable, he could strike at will to the right or to the left; he could menace Soult in Andalusia, or Clausel in Galicia, or alarm King Joseph for his throne by marching upon Madrid. He was independent of the necessities which so crippled his antagonists. The sea was his own, and every port between Lisbon and Santander could be turned into a base of operations and an unfailing source of supplies. He knew that at the worst he could hold Portugal against all the might of France, and that there lay obedient to his baton an army competent to seize and improve every opportunity which time might bring,—opportunities which could hardly be lacking, under a system so hollow and unsubstantial as that on which Napoleon's power was reared.

“These are the conditions, explanatory in some degree of the result of the war; but they are nowise disparaging to those extraordinary talents which conducted it to its conclusion. But for Wellington these chances would have been wholly unimproved and lost. It is his transcendent merit that he descried these promising circumstances when they were hidden from most and denied by all. He first detected the capabilities of Portugal as a defensive position; he first in-

licated the weak points of his antagonists; he first inspired confidence in his soldiers. The war offered its favourable chances, it is true; but to realize them it was required that no act of imprudence should compromise the safety of that army on which all depended,—that no means should be spared to maintain its efficiency; and to create a subsidiary force in the levies of the country,—that temptations should be resisted, obloquy disregarded, and provocations passed by. All this Wellington did, and did, too, not only without support, but in despite of discouragement. He never could persuade his countrymen of their real duties and prospects. They were extravagantly elated at his first success, and proportionately desponding afterwards. He could never teach them to look into the future, or to believe in the value of a victory which fell short of a conquest. For a long time, it may be said that he conducted the war on his own responsibility alone; for the Ministry, even when favourably disposed, were unable to send him adequate succours, and there was an Opposition ever ready to prophesy and denounce calamities which they were doing their best to occasion. On the spot, too, he was calumniated and thwarted in every way by the very people whose cause he was sustaining. The Spanish generals encumbered his movements, while the Spanish government, under the dictation of the populace of Cadiz, violated every engagement with him as soon as it was made. Yet under all these circumstances he persevered. Standing alone in the sagacity of his judgment, he detected at an early period, the essential unsoundness of the French power, and reiterated his assurances of eventual success. He argued with his own government, temporised with his Spanish colleagues, and even convinced the patriot mob. By incessant exertions and extraordinary skill he raised a body of militia-men and recruits into an army unparalleled for its excellence; and by a succession of victories he at length taught his discontented countrymen to know their own military capacities, and to believe in the fortune of their arms. It was this gradual creation of means and power which communicated so distinctive a character to the war. Sir Arthur Wellesley originally sailed with a handful of troops on an ‘expedition’ to Portugal. He returned the commander of such a British army as had never before been seen, and the conqueror in such a war as had never before been maintained. Single-handed, England had encountered and defeated those redoubtable legions of France before which Continental Europe had hitherto succumbed. She had become a principal in the great European struggle, and by the talents and fortune of her great commander had entitled herself to no second place in the councils of the world.

“During these memorable events, the character and position of Wellington had risen to a signal pitch of reputation and esteem. A successful soldier and a popular commander he had been accounted from the beginning, but he was now recognised as something infinitely more. By degrees the Spanish war had

become a conspicuous element in the mighty European struggle; it was the only war, indeed, in which an ascendant was permanently maintained over the star of Napoleon. All eyes were therefore turned upon the general enjoying such an exclusive privilege of genius or fortune. Nor were his merits limited to the field of battle alone. He was the visible adviser of Spanish and Portuguese statesmen; and whatever administrative successes awaited their efforts were due to no counsels but his. His clear vision and steady judgment disentangled all the intricacies of democratic intrigues or courtly corruption, and detected at once the path of wisdom and policy. It was impossible, too, that his views should be confined to the Peninsula. In those days, all politics wore a cosmopolitan character. There was but one great question before the eyes of the world—European freedom or European servitude,—the ‘French Empire’ on one side, and a coalition of adversaries or victims on the other. Wellington’s eye was cast over the plains of Germany, over the wilds of Russia, on the shores of the Baltic, and the islands of the Mediterranean. His sagacity estimated every combination at its true import, and measured the effects of every expedition; while his victories served to check despondency or animate resistance in countries far removed from the scene of his operations. The battle of Salamanca was celebrated by the retiring Russians with rejoicings which fell ominously on the ears of their pursuers; and the triumph of Vittoria determined the wavering policy of Austria against the tottering fortunes of Napoleon. These circumstances lent a weight to the words of Wellington, such as had rarely been before experienced either by statesman or soldier. On all points relating to the one great problem of the day, his opinion was anxiously asked and respectfully received,—and not by his own government alone, but by all cabinets concerned in the prosecution of the pending struggle. When therefore the dissolution of Napoleon’s empire compelled a new organization of France, the Duke of Wellington was promptly despatched to Paris, as the person most competent to advise and instruct the new administration—four days only elapsing between his departure from the head of the army, and his appearance at the Tuilleries. Within a week, again, of this time, he was precipitately called to Madrid, as the only individual who, by his experience, knowledge, and influence, could compose the differences between the Spanish people and their malicious sovereign; and before six months had passed, he was on his way to Vienna as the representative of his country in the greatest congress of nations which was to determine the settlement of the world. These practical testimonies to his renown throw wholly into the shade those incidental honours and decorations by which national acknowledgments are conveyed; and it becomes almost superfluous to add that all the titles and distinctions at the command of Crowns and Cabinets were showered upon the liberator of the Peninsula and the conqueror of Napoleon.”

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S RETURN TO BRITAIN—HIS POPULARITY THERE—HIS RECEPTION IN PARLIAMENT—HIS PUBLIC APPEARANCES IN LONDON—HIS PROCEEDINGS AGAINST THE SLAVE TRADE—HIS VISIT TO THE NETHERLANDS—HIS EMBASSY TO PARIS—HIS MISSION TO THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA—THE ESCAPE OF BUONAPARTE FROM ELBA.

THE Duke of Wellington embarked in the Gironde on the 15th of June, and arrived at Dover on the 23d. The whole British nation was then intoxicated with joy on account of the peace. "No other subject was spoken of in the streets; no other canvassed in company; hardly any other thought of in private. The feelings of the nation resembled those of a crowded audience in a theatre, when the genius of the actor and the enthusiasm of a multitude break down the barriers of individual restraint, and draw from assembled thousands one simultaneous burst of common emotion." Much of this rapture had reference personally to the Duke of Wellington, and was ready to explode upon him the moment he should appear. Nor was it diminished, but rather increased, by the presence of all the potentates whose persons and retinues, together with the assemblage of armies, had so powerfully stimulated the wonder of the Parisians. These monarchs and their magnates, the Emperor of Russia, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, the King of Prussia, his sons, brother, and nephew, the Prince of Orange, Blucher, Platoff, and many more, had arrived in England a fortnight before our hero, and were undergoing receptions, fetes, plaudits, and ovations of the utmost warmth, from all classes of the population, from the peasant to the prince. But the Duke of Wellington was universally regarded as dearer, greater, more admirable than them all, a nobler man, a mightier hero, a grander conqueror, whose fame too was the fame of Britain; and the instant he set foot on British soil to mingle with the potentates, all eyes kindled toward him, and all hearts did him homage, like Saul among the people, or like Jupiter among the stars.

About 5 o'clock on the morning of the 23d of June, the Rosario war-sloop, which had the Duke on board, arrived in the roads of Dover, and fired a salute. Instantly all the vessels which happened to be in the roads and harbour, including a war squadron, manned their yards,—the guns of as many of them as were armed thundered out a welcome,—and the launch of the Nymphen frigate advanced to the Rosario, to take the Duke on shore. When the boat left the ship, the guns on the heights and in the batteries began to give their

thunder, and when she passed the pier-heads, the assembled people set up prolonged and most vociferous cheers. "But upon His Grace landing at the Croft," says the newspaper notice of the day, "nothing could exceed the rapture with which he was received by at least ten thousand persons; and notwithstanding it was so early, parties continued to arrive from town and country every minute. The instant His Lordship set his foot on shore, a proposition was made, and instantly adopted, to carry him to the Ship inn; and he was borne on the shoulders of the townsmen, amidst the reiterated cheers of the populace." His Grace immediately proceeded to London. In crossing Westminster-Bridge, and driving up Parliament Street, he was recognised by the people, who ran after his carriage in a mass, filling the air with shouts of welcome. After a brief interview with his family, he hastened to Portsmouth, where the Prince Regent and the foreign potentates happened to be attending a grand naval review. "The Prince Regent, on returning to his hotel after the review," says Stocqueler, "met and embraced the British chief. The instant it was known at Portsmouth that the Duke of Wellington had arrived, the royal visitors ceased to be objects of attraction. The hero of Salamanca and Vittoria, the Pyrenees and Toulouse, became the cynosure of all eyes. Every man, woman, and child sought to behold him, and to swell the sound of general welcome with their voices. At dinner that evening the Duke enjoyed the highest post of honour; and Regent, Emperor, and King felt themselves flattered that they sat at table with one whose purity of character was on a level with his military greatness. The town was brilliantly illuminated; and for some hours after midnight, the people walked the streets, congratulating each other that they had lived not merely to see peace established, but to look upon its illustrious author." In all other towns, wherever the British conqueror appeared, the same enthusiasm was displayed. "The streets were thronged; the windows were full of animated and smiling faces; boys clustered upon the house-tops; and mothers lifted up their infant sons, that they might look at the man whom the whole country honoured."

On the 28th of June, the Duke of Wellington, for the first time took his seat in the House of Lords. The peers assembled in great numbers to give the utmost possible augustness to the ceremony of his introduction. The Dowager Countess of Mornington and the Duchess of Wellington were present. The Duke wore his field-marshal's uniform, with the insignia of the garter. He was introduced by the Dukes of Richmond and Beaufort, in their military uniform and ducal robes. "Being arrived in the body of the House," says the *Annual Register*, "the Duke made the usual obeisance to the Lord-Chancellor, and showed his patent and right of summons. These noblemen then approached the table, where His Grace's various patents, as baron and viscount, earl, marquis, and lastly as duke, were each read by the clerks. The oaths were then admin-

istered, and the test rolls were signed by him. He then, accompanied by his noble supporters, took his seat on the Duke's bench, and saluted the house in the usual manner, by rising, taking off his hat, and bowing respectfully." The Lord Chancellor then rose, and, pursuant to their Lordships' order, addressed His Grace:—

"My Lord Duke of Wellington, I have received the commands of this House, which, I am persuaded, has witnessed with infinite satisfaction, Your Grace's personal introduction into this august assembly, to return Your Grace the thanks and acknowledgments of this House for your great and eminent services to your King and country. In the execution of these commands, I cannot forbear to call the especial attention of all who hear me to a fact in Your Grace's life, singular, I believe, in the history of the country, and infinitely honourable to Your Grace, that you have manifested, upon your first entrance into this House, your right, under various grants, to all the dignities in the peerage of this realm which the Crown can confer. These dignities have been conferred at various periods, but in the short compass of little more than four years, for great public services, occurring in rapid succession, claiming the favour of the Crown, influenced by its sense of justice to Your Grace and the country; and on no one occasion in which the Crown has thus rewarded your merits have the Houses of Parliament been inattentive to your demands upon the gratitude of the country. Upon all such occasions they have offered to Your Grace their acknowledgments and thanks, the highest honours they could bestow. I decline all attempts to state Your Grace's eminent merits in your military character,—to represent those brilliant actions, those illustrious achievements, which have attached immortality to the name of Wellington, and which have given to this country a degree of glory unexampled in this kingdom. In thus acting, I believe I best consult the feelings which evince Your Grace's title to the character of a truly great and illustrious man. My duty to this House cannot but make me most anxious not to fall short of the expectation which the House may have formed as to the execution of what may have been committed to me on this great occasion; but the most anxious consideration which I have given to the nature of that duty has convinced me, that I cannot more effectually do justice to the judgment of the House, than by referring Your Grace to the terms and language in which the House has so repeatedly expressed its own sense of the distinguished and consummate wisdom and judgment, the skill and ability, the prompt energy, the indefatigable exertion, the perseverance, the fortitude, and the valour by which the victories of Vimeiro, Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria were achieved,—by which the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz were gloriously terminated,—by which the deliverance of Portugal was effectuated,—by which the ever-memorable establishment of the allied armies on the frontiers of France was accomplished,—armies pushing forward in the glory

of victory at Orthez, to the occupation of Bordeaux. These achievements, in their immediate consequence infinitely beneficial to the common cause, have, in their final results, secured the peace, prosperity, and glory of this country; whilst Your Grace's example has animated to great exertions the other nations of Europe,—exertions rescuing them from tyranny, and restoring them to independence; by which there has been ultimately established among all the nations of Europe that balance of power which, giving sufficient strength to every nation, provides that no nation shall be too strong. I presume not to trespass upon the House by representing the personal satisfaction which I have derived from being the honoured instrument of conveying to Your Grace the acknowledgments and thanks of this House upon every occasion upon which they have been offered to Your Grace, or by endeavouring to represent the infinite gratification which I enjoy in thus offering, in behalf of the House, on this day, to Your Grace in person, those acknowledgments and those thanks. Your Grace is now called to aid hereafter, by your wisdom and judgment, the great council of that nation, to the prosperity, and glory of which Your Grace has already so essentially contributed, and I tender Your Grace, now taking your seat in this house, in obedience to its commands, the thanks of the House in the words of its resolution,—That the thanks of this House be given to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, on his return from his command abroad, for his eminent and unremitting service to his Majesty and to the public."

The Duke answered the address to the following effect,—“My Lords, I have to perform a duty to which I feel myself very inadequate,—to return Your Lordships my thanks for the fresh mark of your approbation of my conduct and of your favour. I assure Your Lordships that I am entirely overcome by the honours which have been conferred upon me, and by the favour with which I have been received in this country by the Prince Regent, by Your Lordships, and by the public. In truth, my Lords, when I reflect upon the advantages which I enjoyed in the confidence reposed in me, and the support afforded by the Government, and by His Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief, in the cordial assistance which I invariably received upon all occasions from my gallant friends, the general officers of the army, who are an honour to their country, the gallantry and discipline of the troops, and in the manner in which I was encouraged and excited to exertion by the protection and gracious favour of the Prince, I cannot but consider that, however great the difficulties with which I had to contend, the means to contend with them were equal to overcome them; and I am apprehensive that I shall not be found so deserving of your favour as I wish. If, however, my merit is not great, my gratitude is unbounded; and I can only assure Your Lordships that you will always find me ready to serve His Majesty to the utmost of my ability in any capacity in which my services can be at all useful to this great country.”

A similar scene to this impressive one in the House of Lords occurred three days afterwards in the House of Commons. "That House," says the Annual Register, "resolved to pay the Duke of Wellington the highest tribute of respect and applause that it was possible to bestow upon a subject, that of its thanks, accompanied with a deputation of its members to congratulate him on his return to this country. Lord Castlereagh rose in the House on the 27th of June to make a motion for this purpose, which was unanimously agreed to; and a committee was appointed to wait on His Grace, to know what time he would name for receiving the congratulations of the House. Lord Castlereagh, on the 30th, reported from the committee that it was the Duke's desire to express to the House his answer in person; and the following day, July 1st, was appointed for the solemnity. At about a quarter before five, the Speaker being dressed in his official robes, and the House being crowded with members, some of them in naval and military uniforms, and many in the court dresses in which they had been attending the Speaker with an address to the Prince Regent on the peace, the House was acquainted that the Duke of Wellington was in waiting. His admission being resolved, and a chair being set for him on the left hand of the bar towards the middle of the house, His Grace entered, making his obeisances, while all the members rose from their seats. The Speaker then informing him that a chair was placed for his repose, he sat down on it for some time covered, the Serjeant standing on his right hand with the mace grounded, and the members resumed their seats." Ceremony, however, had been overborne by enthusiasm; for, when the members learned from huzzas in the lobby and otherwise that the Duke was at hand, they displayed a high excitement,—and, when he entered the House, they greeted him with a burst of cheers. After a few seconds, he rose, took off his hat, and spoke as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, I was anxious to be permitted to attend this House, in order to return my thanks in person for the honour they have done me in deputing a committee of their members to congratulate me on my return to this country; and this after the House had animated my exertions by their applause upon every occasion which appeared to merit their approbation, and after they had filled up the measure of their favours by conferring upon me, at the recommendation of the Prince Regent, the noblest gift that any subject had ever received. I hope it will not be deemed presumptuous in me to take this opportunity of expressing my admiration of the great efforts made by this House and the country, at a moment of unexampled pressure and difficulty, in order to support the great scale of operations by which the contest was brought to so fortunate a termination. By the wise policy of Parliament, the Government was enabled to give the necessary support to the operations which were carried on under my direction; and I was encouraged, by the confidence reposed in me by His Majesty's ministers, and by the Commander-in-chief, by the gracious favour of His Royal

Highness the Prince Regent, and by the reliance which I had on the support of my gallant friends, the general officers of the army, and on the bravery of the officers and troops, to carry on the operations in such a manner as to acquire for me those marks of the approbation of this House, for which I have now the honour to make my humble acknowledgments. Sir, it is impossible for me to express the gratitude which I feel; I can only assure the House that I shall always be ready to serve His Majesty in any capacity in which my services can be deemed useful, with the same zeal for my country which has already acquired for me the approbation of this House."

This speech was received with loud cheers; and at the end of it, the Speaker, who had sat covered during its delivery, rose and thus addressed His Grace:—"My Lord, since last I had the honour of addressing you from this place, a series of eventful years has elapsed; but none without some mark and note of your rising glory. The military triumphs which your valour has achieved upon the banks of the Douro and the Tagus, of the Ebro and the Garonne, have called forth the spontaneous shouts of admiring nations. These triumphs it is needless on this day to recount. Their names have been written by your conquering sword in the annals of Europe; and we shall hand them down with exultation to our children's children. It is not, however, the grandeur of military success which has alone fixed our admiration, or commanded our applause; it has been that generous and lofty spirit which inspired your troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always a day of victory,—that moral courage and enduring fortitude, which, in perilous time, when gloom and doubt had beset ordinary minds, stood nevertheless unshaken,—and that ascendancy of character, which, uniting the energies of jealous and rival nations, enabled you to wield at will the fate and fortunes of mighty empires. For the repeated thanks and grants bestowed upon you by this House, in gratitude for your many and eminent services, you have thought fit this day to offer us your acknowledgements. But this nation well knows that it is still largely your debtor. It owes to you the proud satisfaction, that, amidst the constellation of great and illustrious warriors who have recently visited our country, we could present to them a leader of our own, to whom all, by common acclamation, conceded the pre-eminence. And when the will of Heaven and the common destinies of our nature, shall have swept away the present generation, you will have left your great name and example as an imperishable monument, exciting others to like deeds of glory, and serving at once to adorn, defend, and perpetuate the existence of this country amongst the ruling nations of the earth. It now remains only that we congratulate Your Grace upon the high and important mission on which you are about to proceed; and we doubt not that the same splendid talents, so conspicuous in war, will maintain with equal authority, firmness, and temper, our national honour and interests in peace." "Indescriba-

ble," says Alison, "was the enthusiasm which these eloquent and impressive words excited in all who listened to them, and rapturous the applause which ensued when Lord Castlereagh moved that they should be entered on the journals of the House." And he adds,—“The author was present on the occasion: the impression the scene produced will never be effaced.”

On the 7th of July, the Prince Regent, the royal family, the King's ministers, the privy council, the members of both houses of parliament, the civic authorities of London, and other principal persons of the empire, went in procession to the cathedral of St. Paul, to render solemn thanks to the Divine Being for the peace. But the occasion, to vast multitudes both on the streets and in the church, was one of divided feeling,—perhaps, to not a few, was an occasion far more of admiration toward the chief instrument of the peace, than of devotion toward the supreme all-beneficent agent of it; for, both in the procession and at the service, the Duke of Wellington sat at the right hand of the Prince Regent, and was the object of the earnest gaze of all eyes, and of the throbbing emotion of all hearts. One of his biographers who then saw him for the first time says,—“The shouts and cheers of that million of English voices still ring in my ears; and I still see the captured glittering French eagles as they were displayed to the public gaze in Downing-Street; and, although thirty-seven long years have passed since then, I am still thrilled by those sounds and by that sight.”

On the 9th of July, the Corporation of London entertained the Duke at a grand banquet. They had given a feast to the Prince Regent and to the foreign potentates, just before the Duke's arrival in England; and now they gave one expressly to the Duke himself, and took care to exalt it with every circumstance of dignity which seemed likely to render it a civic triumph. The great hero cherished no rankling grudge against them, on account of the violent opposition they had made to him, at the crisis of his difficulties in the Peninsula; but, seeing in their present behaviour sure tacit evidence of their contrition, he met them as frankly, and accepted their hospitality as cordially, as if they had all along been among the warmest of his supporters. In the Council Chamber, prior to the dinner, His Grace was presented with the freedom of the city in a gold box, and with a splendid sword. The Chamberlain, on delivering these to him, passed a glowing eulogium upon his military career, from his first victories in the East to his triumphant descent into France; and the Lord Mayor, afterwards at dinner, justly said that his “victories had not been bestowed by the capricious favour of fortune, but won by noble perseverance through adverse circumstances, and by hard contested struggles with rival generals of consummate skill, and with veteran troops of acknowledged valour; and, though every tribute of praise was due to the native bravery of our own soldiers, it would have proved of no avail if it had not been directed, and even raised to enthusiasm, by

the military genius, the personal valour, and the indefatigable vigilance of their great commander." The Duke, however, in reply to these compliments, had nothing more selfish to say than to assure his auditors, most earnestly, that he was ready, with the sword which they had given him, to rush again into the field, if it should unfortunately happen that the general wish of the nations of Europe for a permanent peace should be disappointed.

Amid so intense an unanimity of his countrymen to extol him as the pacificator of the world and the greatest of living men, our illustrious hero might seem to have now obtained a fixed place in their admiration, for his life-time and for ever, above all possible reach of either neglect by their caprices or damage from their partisanship. Yet he had done certain things as a diplomatist, he had formed certain habits as a public thinker, and he held certain principles as a politician, which all exposed him at any moment, even in spite of his immense present fame, to the hazard of becoming suddenly unpopular. He had moved too much among soldiers to feel due sympathy with civilians,—too much among potentates to feel due sympathy with the people. Even when he agreed in heart, on some great vexed question, with any powerful party who suspected him, he was liable to draw out his notions too strategically, with too much slowness and secrecy and parade, to disarm suspicion; and much more, when thinking it right, for the sake of some important competing interest, to attempt to moderate the zeal of furious politicians or of fervid philanthropists, he was apt to be carried away by conscious might or by cosmopolitan magnanimity into such an overdoing of his task as either provoked defiance or excited scorn. As yet, indeed, while he was fresh from his exploits and still brandished the sword, he was safe; but the time was sure to come when he would be mistrusted, reviled, and tortured as a statesman, perhaps by all parties in turn, almost to the oblivion, though but temporarily so, of both his excellences as a man and his achievements as a conqueror. And even now a question was astir which raised a doubt in the breasts of some of the best men in the empire, whether he could be justly ranked among the truest friends of humanity.

This question related to the abolition of slavery. The abolitionists, as the pacification of Europe approached, had seized public opinion by the forelock, and were now riding away with it in triumph. An expectation had been formed that, at the settlement of international affairs, at Madrid and at Paris, the cause of instant abolition would be secured. This expectation had been disappointed. The Duke of Wellington, though himself an earnest abolitionist, had believed public opinion to be far too unprepared on the Continent, and even not sufficiently urgent in Britain, to warrant the enforcement of any immediate measures. The King of Spain, so little careful to conciliate British good-will on paramount questions of policy, was less careful to conciliate it on this; and even the King of France had obtained a stipulation, in the treaty of Paris, in refer-

ence even to the colonies which Britain so generously restored to him, that five years should elapse before he should be obliged to put an end to the slave traffic. Not the leading British abolitionists merely, but the great body of the British people, were indignant at this stipulation; many demanded to have it summarily expunged; some proposed that it should be blotted out in blood; a few insinuated that the Duke of Wellington was to blame for it; and the Duke himself, who never was surprised by any stratagem of the enemy in the field, was utterly surprised by this outburst of his friends at home.

"I was not aware till I had been some time here," wrote he from London on the 20th of July to his brother Henry at Madrid, "and am unable to describe to you, the degree of phrenzy existing here about the slave trade. People in general appear to think that it would suit the policy of the nation to go to war to put an end to that abominable traffic, and many wish that we should take the field on this new crusade. All agree that no favour can be shown to a slave-trading country; and as Spain, next to Portugal, is supposed to be the country which gives most protection to this trade, the interests and wishes of Spain are but little attended to here. Besides, it is not easy to describe the unpopularity attached to the King's name, from the occurrences at his return to Madrid. The newspapers afford some specimen of it; but at a late dinner at Guildhall I recommended to the Lord Mayor to drink the King of Spain's health, and he told me that he was become so unpopular in the city, he was afraid, that if the toast were not positively refused, it would at least be received with so much disgust as to render it very disagreeable to me and to every well-wisher to the Spanish government."

On the 8th of August, the Duke of Wellington left London, in order to assume his office of ambassador at the court of France. But, on his way to Paris, at the request of the British ministry, he visited the Netherlands, with the view of forming an opinion as to the improveableness of that country's defences against future invasion. Lord Lynedoch was still there, at the head of an allied army of British, Hanoverians, Dutch, and Belgians; and an opinion was generally entertained, with all the force of a presentiment, that if the demon of European discord should again break loose, he might be encountered and overthrown somewhere in the Netherlands. The Duke of Wellington made a rapid survey of the country, accompanied by three chief officers of engineers; and he embodied the results of his observations in a memorandum to Earl Bathurst. The face of the region he found to be so generally open as to present no feature upon which reliance could be placed to establish any new defensive system. "First," said he, "there is no situation in the country which affords any advantages to be taken up as a fortress, or which covers or protects any extent of country; secondly, there is no situation in which the enemy could not have an easy access both by land and by water, for the artillery and stores necessary to attack it;

and thirdly, there is no single situation in the country which, if fortified, the enemy might not pass without risk, as, in case of being defeated and obliged to retire, he could not fail to find innumerable roads which would lead him to some ~~one~~ or other of the strong places on the French frontier." The Duke, therefore, recommended that the refortifications of the country should be done on the old principle, on the old sites, with merely modern improvements on the flanks, and relying largely on the aid of artificial inundation. He gave his judgment that these, with the aid of Antwerp, backed by a sufficiently strong field-army, would form a redoubtable line from the Scheldt to the sea, leaving the army free to defend the districts to the east, and to prevent that line from being turned. And he then enumerated, in the various districts, certain tracts or spots which would serve as good positions for the army,—among the rest, that very tract in front of the forest of Soignies, on the road from Charleroi to Brussels, which afterwards became the scene of his own great crowning victory of Waterloo.

On the 24th of August, the British chief appeared at the French court, delivered his credentials, and took up his residence in Paris. One of his first and weightiest objects, in his new office, was to endeavour to draw from the French government some great concession, as great a concession as possible, on the subject of slavery. He began to address himself to this on the very day of his arrival; and he afterwards pursued it earnestly, urgently, and frequently, both from personal zeal and from a sense of public duty, not only in all the formal methods of diplomacy, but in private interviews with all persons who had any power to promote it, particularly with Talleyrand and with the King. His success, however, was not great. Writing to Mr. Wilberforce on the 15th of September, he said,—“You do me justice in believing that I will pursue, with all the zeal of which I am capable, the object of the abolition of the slave trade by France. I really believe that the King and his principal ministers are sincere in their professions to us, and in their intentions to perform their engagement to abolish the trade entirely in five years, and in the meantime to prevent the trade on the northern coast of Africa, and to restrict it generally by the subjects of France as much as possible. But I do not think that there is the smallest prospect at present of prevailing upon the French government to abolish the trade entirely within the period of five years. The King told me that he could no more attempt to force the inclinations of his people upon this subject than the King of England could the inclinations of his. There are but few persons now in France who have turned their attention to the slave trade, and those few are proprietors in the colonies or speculators in the trade, and interested in carrying it on. I am sorry to say that there is a very large interest of the former in the ~~House~~^{House} of Peers; and it is not easy to believe what an influence the proprietors of St. Domingo have on all the measures of the Government. The proposition to abolish the slave trade is foolishly enough connected with

other recollections of the revolutionary days of 1789 and 1790, and is generally unpopular. It is not believed that we are in earnest about it, or have abolished the trade on the score of its inhumanity. It is thought to have been a commercial speculation, and by some to have been occasioned by the Continental system, and that, having abolished the trade ourselves with a view to prevent the undue increase of colonial produce in our stores, of which we could not dispose, we now want to prevent other nations from cultivating their colonies to the utmost of their power. These impressions can be overcome only by time and perseverance; but till they are overcome, I acknowledge that I do not think the King has the power to do more than prevent the trade of his subjects on that part of the coast from which we have expelled it."

The other subjects of the Duke of Wellington's diplomacies at the court of France need not be mentioned. Indeed, his character at Paris was not only that of ambassador at the French court, but also that of adviser of the French government, conciliator of the French factions, corresponding assessor of the British war-office, and consulting correspondent of whoever was pleased to write to him on the affairs of the international settlement of Europe. Louis XVIII. and all the other Bourbons were never tired of bestowing honours on the man who had fought them back to power; so that they necessarily absorbed, in mere matters of princely hospitality, no inconsiderable degree of his attention. Soult, who became minister of war, and some of the other French marshals of the Peninsula who rose to places of political power, vied with one another in such attentions to the British conqueror as should hide the blushes of quondam defeat beneath the blandishments of present courtesy. Some of the King's ministers, and even the King himself, being ill versed in the principles of their new constitutional administration, as distinguished from those of the old pre-revolutionary regime, were glad to elicit lessons from the representative of the grandest constitutional monarchy in the world, whose sword had been so triumphantly wielded against the hosts of revolutionists, and whose position, as so great a victor, denuded his counsels of all invidiousness and clothed them with grace. And as to the manner in which the Duke discharged his high duties at Paris, particularly the more formal ones, says his biographer MacFarlane,—“He was accessible at all hours, and always patient, courteous, frank, and plain-spoken. It was a veteran in diplomacy, a long practised member of the Russian legations, the Prince Rasmowsky, who told me many years after this time, that there was never any manœuvring or mystery about the Duke; that in every conference he spoke as plainly and as simply as if he were speaking to his officers at a mess-table; that there was no possibility of misunderstanding him; that he put more meaning into a dozen words than most trained diplomatists could put into threescore; and that, whether the conference ended agreeably to the wishes of those who had sought it or called it, or far otherwise, there was no leaving the Duke without

an increase of personal good-will and esteem. 'The sure way to make a foolish Ambassador,' says Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 'is to bring him up to it. What can an English minister abroad really want, but an honest and bold heart, a love for his country and the ten commandments? Your *art* diplomatic is stuff.'

The Duke of Wellington, however, had little comfort in his official duties at Paris. He very soon saw, even before obtaining reason to suspect the probability of Buonaparte's return from Elba, that the affairs of France were once more tending, surely and rapidly, toward a disastrous crisis. The general business of the Government, especially in its more complicated departments, was constantly embarrassed. The machinery of trade, in all its relations to the state, was either rickety or frayed. The entire population, in some manner or other, lay overwhelmed with poverty and writhing in discontent. The whole country, in all its interests, had been first smashed by the Revolution, and then broken almost to atoms by Buonaparte. Most families who had been affluent were now in penury; and such as still possessed some portion of wealth were hindered by the new political institutions from rising rapidly or at all to such power of place as might make them resuscitators of any great commercial enterprise. All classes sought public employment, not as formerly for the honour of it, but in order that they might draw from it the necessities of life. Not fewer than a million of men had been connected with the French army in France, at the juncture of Napoleon's fall, irrespective of French prisoners of war in Britain and in Russia; and so many as three-fourths of the number were inevitably dismissed by King Louis,—all of whom became discontented, roving, reckless, predisposed to sedition, and more or less ready for almost every evil work. An immense number of persons, also, had been employed in miscellaneous offices, from motives of expediency or for works of espionage, by the insatiable Corsican, who had governed directly the one half of Europe, and indirectly the other; and all these, being likewise turned adrift by Louis, suffered severer loss of the means of subsistence or of luxury than even the disbanded soldiers, and were to the full as likely to become strongly disaffected. And, in addition, there were multitudes of emigrants and of expatriated Bourbonists who had returned to France at the Restoration, all dying of hunger, and all seeking public employment that they might live. Thus, an immense proportion of the inhabitants of every part of France, including nearly all not in government pay or practising handicraft or labouring in the fields, were in a state of utter indigence, under exacerbating circumstances, so as to be ready fuel for almost any conflagration which political incendiaries might think proper to raise.

The Duke of Wellington not only knew all these facts, but unreservedly detailed them, under date of 26th November, to his old friend General Dumouriez. Nor perhaps did he fail to see, though he did not say, that they were all serving to allure Buonaparte back from Elba, and to provide him a national

welcome. At all events, he saw them to be menacing another European war; for on the 17th of December, he wrote to his brother, Sir Henry Wellesley,—“I believe the truth to be that the people of this country are so completely ruined by the Revolution, and they are now suffering so severely from the want of the plunder of the world, that they cannot go on without it; and they cannot endure the prospect of a peaceful government. If that is the case, we should take care how we suffered the grand alliance to break up; and we ought to look to our alliance with the powers of the Peninsula as our sheet-anchor.” But whether the Duke, at this time, knew it or not, conspiracies were already a-foot, and subsequently made great progress, especially among all ranks of the military, to assist the arch-disturber of Europe to reascend the throne of France. “At first the initiated affected a sort of mystery, established signals and words whereby the faithful Napoleonists might know each other, and wore secret emblems of brotherhood; but, after a time, they grew so carelessly or intentionally bold that they openly spoke and jested about the return of spring and of the Emperor.”

But before matters could arrive at any crisis, the Duke of Wellington was called away to the congress of Vienna. This was an assemblage of sovereigns and plenipotentiaries to adjust such of the international affairs of Europe as had not been settled in the treaty of Paris. It was to have commenced on the 29th of July, but did not commence till the end of September. Its business was at once onerous, complicated, and critical, involving vast competitions of interest among some of the chief states, and requiring the exercise of the utmost diplomatic skill to produce a fair or lasting balance of power. Russia, in particular, rose high in the ascendancy, both as to the extent of her demands and as to the effect with which she advanced them; so that she needed to be resisted, both with firmness and with extraordinary prudence. Lord Castlereagh was the foremost of the plenipotentiaries of Britain; but he required to go home to take his place in parliament, in the beginning of 1815; and who could better succeed him at Vienna than the Duke of Wellington,—who was as firm as a rock, one of the wisest of diplomatists, deep in every man’s confidence, and profoundly trusted by his own Government? The Duke, accordingly, left Paris on the 24th of January, to take Lord Castlereagh’s place at Vienna. And there, for some time, he daily met with several of the acutest monarchs of Europe, and with the ablest representatives of the rest, and was to them all in his turn, both as a man and as an official, an object of the intensest interest.

Almost immediately after he joined them, the Congress began to receive rumour after rumour that Buonaparte was making preparations to escape from Elba; and they so far attended to these rumours as to go into some discussions as to the propriety of removing him to some place of greater security; but they were so pleased with one another’s society, so intent on festivities, and so little apprehensive of danger, that they speedily dismissed the subject from their

mind, and even went very tardily forward with their direct business of diplomacy. At length, however, an announcement reached them, like the shock of an earthquake, that Buonaparte had escaped. A few hours after its arrival, at the first meeting which they could hold, all, as they were assembling, looked anxiously at the Duke of Wellington, to mark whether he had heard the news, and with what feelings he bore it. But not till the last of them had entered did he betray the slightest unusual emotion; and then, moving calmly, with great significance of manner, toward Talleyrand, who also had become a member of the Congress, he said,—“Note me, Monsieur de Talleyrand, I am a soldier of the King of France,”—thus, by a single slight dramatic stroke, indicating most forcibly to all the high powers around him his belief that their wise policy would be to concentrate all their strength, promptly and energetically, in a martial support of the Bourbons. This idea was instantly adopted. They did not, for several days, imagine that Buonaparte's success would, by very many degrees, be so great as it speedily proved; yet even then they resolved to aid Louis XVIII. against him with an overwhelming force.

The Duke of Wellington, writing to Viscount Castlereagh on the 12th of March, five days after the receipt of the intelligence of Buonaparte's escape, says,—“The sovereigns, and all persons assembled here, are impressed with the importance of the crisis which this circumstance occasions in the affairs of the world. All are desirous of bringing to an early conclusion the business of the Congress, in order that the whole and undivided attention and exertion of all may be directed against the common enemy; and I do not entertain the smallest doubt that, even if Buonaparte should be able to form a party for himself in France, capable of making head against the legitimate government of that country, such a force will be assembled by the Powers of Europe, directed by such a spirit in their councils, as must get the better of him. The Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia have despatched letters to the King of France, to place at His Majesty's disposal all their respective forces; and Austrian and Prussian officers are despatched with the letters, with powers to order the movement of the troops of their respective countries placed on the French frontiers, at the suggestion of the King of France.” And in another letter of the same date, he says,—“The intention is, as soon as it shall be ascertained that Buonaparte can make head against the King, to assemble three large corps,—one in Italy, solely Austrian, which will consist of 150,000 men,—one on the Upper Rhine, Austrian, Bavarian, troops of Baden and Wurtemberg, which will eventually consist of 200,000 men, but will at first consist of only the troops of Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemberg,—the third on the Lower Rhine, consisting of the Prussian corps of Kleist, the Austrian garrison of Mayence, and other troops on the Moselle, to be joined to the British and Hanoverians in Flanders. Of this corps they wish me to take the command. The Russian

army, 200,000 men, is to be formed in reserve at Wurtzburg, &c. &c.; the remainder of the Prussian army, in reserve, on the Lower Rhine. The Emperor of Russia seems reconciled to the notion of the old system, of managing the great concern in a council, consisting of himself, the King of Prussia, and Schwarzenberg. He expressed a wish that I should be with him, but not a very strong one; and as I should have neither character nor occupation in such a situation, I should prefer to carry a musket. It is my opinion that Buonaparte has acted upon false or no information, and that the King will destroy him without difficulty, and in a short time. If he does not, the affair will be a serious one, and a great and immediate effort must be made, which will doubtless be successful. All the measures above stated to be in contemplation tend to this effort; and it will remain for the British government to determine how far they will act for themselves, and how far second the effort of the Continent. I now recommend to you to put all your force in the Netherlands at the disposition of the King of France. I will go and join it if you like it, or do anything else that Government choose."

The plenipotentiaries of the eight powers who had signed the treaty of Paris, — Britain, Austria, France, Russia, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden, — thought it right, on the 13th of March, to issue a formal declaration of their intentions. "Being informed," said they, "of the escape of Napoleon Buonaparte, and of his entry with an armed force into France, they owe it to their own dignity and to the interests of social order, to make a solemn announcement of their thoughts on the occasion. By thus breaking the convention which had established him in the island of Elba, Buonaparte has destroyed the only legal title on which his political existence depended. By reappearing in France with projects of disorder and subversion, he has deprived himself of the protection of law, and made it manifest to the universe that there can be neither peace nor truce with him. The powers, therefore, declare that Buonaparte has placed himself beyond the pale of civil and social relations, and that, as the general enemy and disturber of the world, he has become amenable to public justice. They declare, at the same time, that, firmly resolved to maintain entire the treaty of Paris, of 30th May 1814, and the dispositions sanctioned by that treaty, together with certain measures which have been subsequently resolved upon for completing and consolidating it, they will employ all the means in their possession, and conjoin all their efforts, in order to prevent the general peace of nations, the object of the wishes of Europe, the purpose of all their labours in Congress, from being disturbed, and to defeat every attempt which may be made to re-plunge the world into the confusion and miseries of revolution. And although firmly convinced that all France will combine to crush this last mad attempt of criminal ambition, yet they declare, that if they shall prove mistaken in this hope, they are ready to make common cause with either the King of France or

any other sovereign who may be assailed, and to render all the assistance which may be requisite to restore public tranquillity."

A large impression of this manifesto was immediately printed off, and despatched by way of Strasburg to Paris, with instructions to the carriers of it to distribute as many copies as possible in all the French towns and villages on their route. It was intended to act like an inundation on the smouldering feelings of the disaffected; and, as regarded many of them who were not already in a blaze, it perfectly served this purpose. But there were both Napoleonists in France and ultra-liberalists in Britain whose contact with it, like the contact of sodium with water, only made them hiss and sputter, to the astonishment of all around them. One of the latter even took occasion from it, in his place in parliament, specially on the ground of its using in reference to Buonaparte the phrases "*vindicté publique*" and "*hors la loi*," to make a series of onslaughts on the character of Wellington. Our hero, as we have often seen, was not easily moved to speak in his own defence; but in this instance, chiefly because the vindication of himself involved both a vindication of the Congress and a further exposition of the conduct of Napoleon, he felt induced to write, on the 5th of May, to one of his brothers, as follows:—

"The mode of attacking a servant of the public, absent on the public service, day after day, in speeches in parliament, which has lately been adopted by ———— appears to me most extraordinary and unprecedented. If I have done anything wrong, or unbecoming my own character, or that of the station I filled, I ought to be prosecuted or at least censured for it, in consequence of a specific motion on the subject. But it is not fair to give to the act of any individual a construction it will not fairly bear, a construction which no man breathing believes it was intended to bear, and to charge him home with being an assassin day after day, in speeches, and never in form. I say, first, that the declaration has never been accurately translated; and the meaning of the words *vindicté publique* is not 'public vengeance' but 'public justice.' But, even if the meaning was 'public vengeance,' the declaration does not deliver Buonaparte over to the dagger of the assassin. When did the dagger of the assassin execute the vengeance of the public? In regard to his being declared '*hors la loi*,' first, it must be recollected at what period, and under what circumstances, he was so declared. The period was the 13th March; and although we knew Buonaparte had landed and had made progress in France sufficient to create a contest there, we were not aware that he could be established without firing a shot. The object, then, of this part of the publication was to strengthen the hands of the King of France by the opinion of the Congress. Secondly, was he not '*hors la loi*,' and had he or ~~not~~ broken all the ties which connected him with the world? The only treaty by which he was connected with the world was that of Fontainebleau; that he broke. Having quitted his asylum, he landed in France with

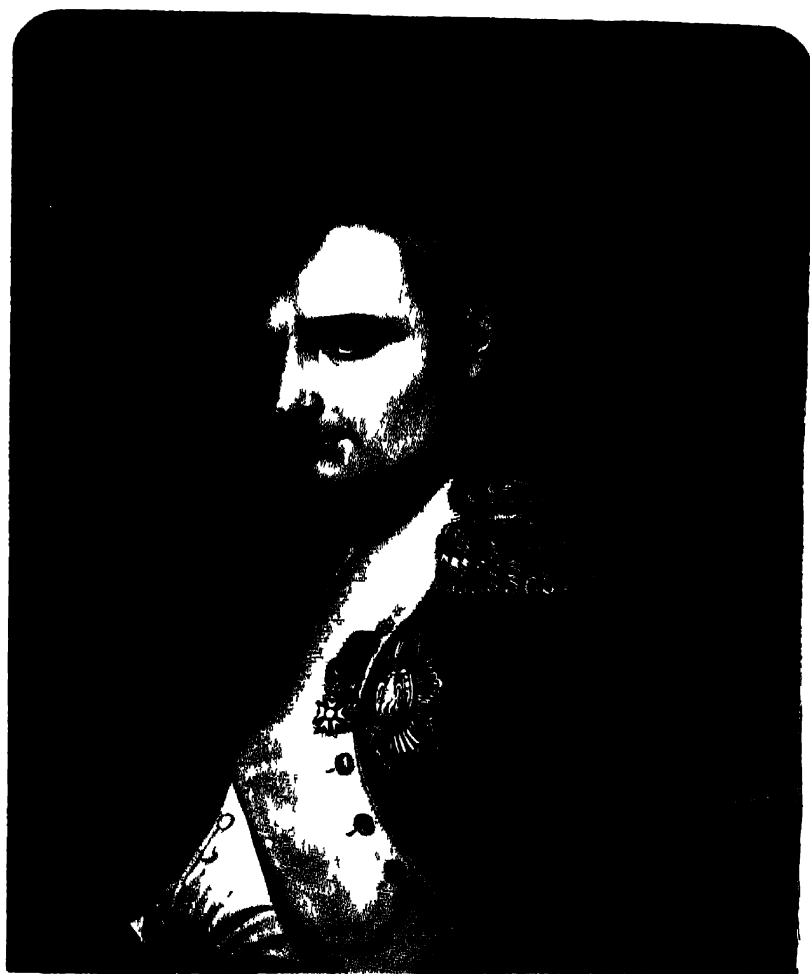
such a force as showed that he relied solely upon treachery and rebellion, not only for success but for safety. He incurred all risks in order to gain the greatest prize in Europe, one which he had abandoned only ten months before, under a treaty with the allied powers; and is it possible that it can be gravely asserted, that Buonaparte, an individual like any other, should have been guilty by this act of only a breach of treaty? If he was guilty of more, of which there can be no doubt, it was of the crime of rebellion and treason, with a view to usurp the sovereign authority of France,—a crime which has always been deemed ‘*hors la loi*’ so far as this, that all sovereigns have in all times called upon their subjects to raise their arms to protect them from him who was guilty of it. The declaration does no more. I never knew any paper so discussed as the declaration was; and I believe there never was a public paper so successful, particularly in Italy and France.”

CHAPTER XX.

BUONAPARTE'S RESIGNATION OF POWER, AND PREPARATIONS FOR WAR—THE ALLIES' PREPARATIONS—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S PLANS—THE DISPOSITION OF HIS FORCES—THE COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES—THE DUKE'S SITUATION AT BRUSSELS—HIS ADVANCE TOWARD QUAIRE BRAS, AND INTERVIEW WITH BLUCHER—THE BATTLE OF LIGNY—THE BATTLE OF QUATRE BRAS.

BUONAPARTE landed, on the 1st of March, in the vicinity of Cannes. He was accompanied merely by his mimic Alban army, who were little more than numerous enough to serve as a guard of honour. He had no direct assurance that any of the French army would join him; but he counted largely on their recollections of his military career, their admiration of his exploits, their participation in his victories, their sympathy with his fame, their disgust at the Bourbons, and their passion for a life of enterprize, that these would seduce them to him in masses as he advanced into the country. He therefore immediately began to march, by way of Grenoble and Lyons, toward the metropolis. All classes, gentry, peasantry, disbanded soldiers, and soldiers in the ranks, at first showed much hesitation what part to act; but they soon kindled into enthusiasm, and began to welcome him with every possible demonstration of joy. He issued a proclamation, full of everything most fitted to excite them: and this spread like wildfire, setting all the country around him and before him in a flame. After advancing only a few marches, his progress began to be a continuous triumph.

Both marshals and statesmen were likely to go with the current. The marshals, in particular, would be guided, like Buonaparte himself, by sheer regard to their own interest. They revered his genius, indeed, and had owed all their elevation to a close adhesion to him in his flights of ambition; but they saw very clearly his errors, despised his selfishness, deplored his recklessness, ascribed his downfall to his own folly, and had all endured chastisement or degradation from his fits of despotism; so that they cherished no esteem toward him, little respect, and very doubtful gratitude, thinking themselves debtors immensely more to fortune or their own swords than to his favour. Their first impulse, therefore, was to oppose him. Massena, who commanded in the South, announced his arrival to Louis, and stated that all necessary military measures had been taken to arrest him. Soult, in his capacity of minister of war, issued a proclamation to the army, saying, "What does he want? Civil war? What does he seek for? Traitors. He despises us enough to believe that we can



Montgomery

abandon a legitimate and well-beloved sovereign to share the fate of a mere adventurer. He believes it, the madman! This last act of his lunacy shows him in his true colours." Ney was even more enthusiastic; for, on the eve of joining a powerful force which was going forth to stop the invasion, he swore to Louis that he would bring Buonaparte to Paris, vanquished and in chains, in an iron cage. But on seeing that the country was with the invader, that especially the great bulk of the common soldiers was with him, the marshals and the other great officers, with remarkably few exceptions, vied with one another who should be earliest and hottest in defection. Ney himself gave the most flagrant example, not only adopting Buonaparte's cause at the head of the force which marched forth to arrest him, but making a grand effort to extol their treachery and his own as a superlative virtue. Buonaparte then, though not half way to Paris, was practically put into full repossession of his empire. Thenceforth he met masses of either soldiers or civilians only to be enthusiastically supported by them; and on his reaching the Tuilleries, on the twentieth day after he landed near Cannes, he was almost as completely master of all the resources of France as in the palmiest days of his imperial reign.

But national poverty, extensive Bourbonism, political disorder, a revolutionary spirit, and the arming of the allies were all against him. He had urgent need of his utmost powers and experiences as deceiver, despot, and demon; and he instantly put them all into play. He flattered all the men of influence who could aid him, and dissembled his feelings toward such as he could not trust. He gave a new political constitution to the country, full of features to delight the people during his days of peril, yet so frangible that it could easily be broken to pieces, without any risk to the national peace, when his dangers should pass away. He appointed a great national fête to be held in the open air, with every circumstance of popularity which seemed likely to give éclat, among all classes, to his resumption of the sceptre and his unsheathing of the sword. He first attempted to conciliate or cajole the allied sovereigns; and then, on being rebuffed or scorned by them, he affected to despise them. He increased the French army, in a few days, from 90,000 men to 130,000, and in six or seven weeks more to 217,000 effective soldiers, together with 342,000 recruits who wanted arms and equipments; and at a great review, on the 31st of May, the day of his grand fête, he declared his military prospects to be so brilliant that, if the allies should bring 600,000 men against him, he would oppose them with a million.

Buonaparte not only desired war for its own sake, and for sake of endeavouring to reacquire his former conquests, but felt irresistibly urged to it, both by the feverish condition of French society, and by the resolutely hostile attitude of the allies. He saw abundant cause also to hurry forward his preparations with the utmost possible speed. He could lose nothing, but might gain much,

by being able to strike the first blow. Paris, too, was no longer defenceless, but protected, round all the northern semicircle, by almost impregnable works, with 700 pieces of cannon; and Lyons was strongly fortified with field entrenchments, mounting 350 guns. These places, therefore, he could use instantly and permanently as bases of operations. The line of strong fortresses, likewise, along the whole northern frontier of France, was all in a state of perfect equipment; while the confronting line along the Belgian frontier had all been destroyed, and was only in a few places sufficiently reconstructed to be of any service. Hence could he easily make an inroad upon the Netherlands in a style of safety to himself similar to that of an assassin firing from behind a wall. He reckoned, too, that the Belgians were more than half friendly to him; that, if he could make a dashing irruption into their territory, they would all join him; that there he could sweep away, with a stroke or two, all the British, Hanoverians, and Prussians who were backing them; and that thereafter he could wheel round and countermarch in good time to repel, one after another, all the other armies of the allies. He, accordingly, made speed to concentrate a great part of his force on the northern frontier of France, and to place smaller bodies at the most vulnerable points of the other frontiers, relying on the former to seize Belgium as with a coup-de-main, and on the latter to keep the advanced bodies of the Russian and Austrian armies in check, and at the same time to serve as nuclei for the rapid concentration of his own recruits.

The Duke of Wellington, at the first moment that he heard of Buonaparte's escape, and increasingly as he heard of the fugitive's success, was of opinion that the shortest and surest measure for securing peace was a most vigorous hostility. He foresaw very clearly all Buonaparte's personal aspirations and public circumstances; and reasoned so upon them as to feel assured that, if the usurper were not assailed by a force which could instantly fly at his throat and drag him to the dust, he would again embroil Europe in a general, lingering, wasting war. Hence in the same spirit in which he took part in the Vienna declaration, did he, on the 26th of March, write as follows to Lord Castlereagh;—"Your Lordship may depend upon it that, whatever may be the determination and strength of the allies, and however their declarations may be construed, Buonaparte and the French nation will not allow them to remain at peace, and they must be prepared either to give up all their conquests to the Rhine or for active hostilities. It is the desire for war, particularly in the army, which has brought Buonaparte back, and has formed for him any party, and has given him any success; and all my observations, when at Paris, convinced me that it was the King alone who kept Europe at peace, and that the danger which most immediately threatened His Majesty was to be attributed to his desire to maintain the peace, contrary to the wishes, not only of the army, but of the majority of his subjects, of some of his ministers, and even of some of his family. Your Lordship will then

judge what chance there is of maintaining the peace if Buonaparte should be entirely successful, considering his disposition for war, adverting to the opinions he has delivered and entertains upon the peace, and to the necessity under which he labours to cultivate his popularity with the army, and to endeavour at least to flatter the vanity of the nation by military success. Depend upon it, my Lord, that if he succeeds in establishing himself, we have no chance of peace, except by resigning all our conquests, to the Rhine at least; and our chance then depends upon his moderation. However, His Majesty's government may rely upon it that I shall continue to act precisely according to their wishes, as far as I shall be acquainted with them."

The British ministry, feeling perfectly in unison with these sentiments of the Duke, and resolving to place him at the head of an independent army, consisting of the troops already in Belgium, together with such reinforcements as could be speedily sent thither, anticipated the receipt of his letter by sending him an appointment to act as their generalissimo. This appointment he received on the 28th of March; and he arrived at Brussels on the morning of the 5th of April. One of his first cares, which continued to be a principal one daily till almost the day of battle, was the tactical improvement of his troops. These were a motley mass, both the smallest and the most heterogeneous of the armies of the allies, posted on the tract of greatest danger, men of different countries and of different costume, whose tongues were not mutually understood, whose uniforms were liable to mutual mistake, amounting altogether at the last moment to only 106,000 men, no more than 35,700 of whom were British, and many of even these raw stripling recruits who had never been under fire, while many of the foreigners, though brave and true, were equally inexperienced, and many more were neither true nor brave, but likely at the first sight of the foe to flee like deer. Wellington, too, did not know them as he had known his old army of the Peninsula,—did not know great part of them in even the slightest degree; so that he required to practice great diligence in making such penetrations of their character, or such guesses at their probable behaviour, as might enable him to marshal them in the most effective dispositions. Had 70,000 of them consisted of the best or even average portions of his former army, these would probably have been as efficient as all the 106,000. But not even the Portuguese were present, the beggarly government at Lisbon having refused to send the Portuguese contingent, on the contemptible plea of requiring to consult the authorities in Brazil. Yet several of the Duke's most distinguished old British regiments, together with some of his best old generals, such as Hill, Picton, Cole, Clinton, and Pack, were with him. The guards were there in magnificent array; 180 guns also in admirable order, and 9,000 cavalry in as splendid condition as any in the world; while, in lieu of such of the great old generals as had gone to

other fields, or could not otherwise be present, were some as brilliant heroes, over both infantry and cavalry, as ever brandished sword.

Another eminent early care of the Duke was to concoct a plan of operations. In this, however, he could act not conclusively by himself, but only with a view to the concurrence of other independent commanders. His own army was only one of three which were taking post in a cordon from the sea to Switzerland,—his own on the right, Gneisenau's, afterwards Blücher's, in the centre, and Schwarzenberg's on the left; and the three, together with large supporting forces behind them, required, for urgent reasons, to act in the strictest concert. Hence was the forming of a plan of operations for them as difficult a task as the Duke could well undertake,—alluring to him, indeed, by its very intricacies, perfectly congenial to his habits, and affording fine scope for the exercise of his strategic genius, but nevertheless decidedly difficult. Yet so early as the 12th of April, he wrote the following memorandum:—"The object of the operations proposed in my letter of the 10th, to be undertaken by the corps of the allies which will probably be assembled in Flanders and on the Rhine in the end of this month, is, that by their rapidity they might be beforehand with the plans and measures of Buonaparte. His power now rests upon no foundation but the army; and if we can introduce into the country such a force as is capable either to defeat the army in the field, or to keep it check, so that the various parties interested in the defeat of Buonaparte's views may have the power of acting, our object will be accomplished. The allies have no views of conquest; there is no territory which requires in particular to be covered by the course of their operations; their object is to defeat the army and to destroy the power of one individual; and the only military points to be considered are,—first, to throw into France, at the earliest possible period, the largest body of men that can be assembled,—secondly, to perform this operation in such a manner that it can be supported by the forces of the allies which are known to be following immediately,—thirdly, that the troops which shall enter France shall be secure of a retreat, upon the supporting armies in case of misfortune. The troops to be employed in this operation should be the allied British, Hanoverian, and Dutch troops, under the command of the Duke of Wellington; the Prussian troops, as reinforced, under the command of Count Gneisenau; the allied Austrian, Bavarian, Wurtemberg and Baden troops, to be assembled on the upper Rhine, under Prince Schwarzenberg. The two former should enter France between the Sambre and the Meuse; the Duke of Wellington endeavouring to get possession of Maubeuge, or at all events of Avesnes, and General Gneisenau directing his march upon Rocroy and Chimay. The Duke of Wellington, besides the garrisons in the places in Flanders and Brabant, should leave a corps of troops in observation on the frontiers. Prince Schwarzenberg should collect his corps in the province of Luxembourg; and while his left should observe the French for-

tresses of Longuey, Thionville, and Metz, he should possess himself of the forts of Sedan, Stenaz, and Dun, and cross the Meuse. The first object would then be accomplished, and we should have in France a larger body of troops than it is probable the enemy can assemble,—a body of about 200,000 men, to be followed up by nearly 300,000 more, and their operations would be directed upon Paris, between the Meuse and the Oise."

The Duke thus wished to leap at Buonaparte, and tear him from his elevation, before he could acquire sufficient strength to make successful resistance. He saw clearly a way to do this; and, had the marshalling of all the allied forces depended upon himself, he no doubt would have done it. How brilliant, in that case, would have been the campaign,—only one blow at Paris, and away with all Buonapartism,—to the surpassing fame of British strategy, and the prevention of the flow of human blood! Even after much delay had been occasioned, with the effect of strengthening Buonaparte and weakening the allies, first by vacillation of the allied councils, and next by the tardiness of Schwarzenberg's concentration, the Duke still wished strongly, and hoped earnestly, to be able to act on the offensive. Blücher also, on assuming the Prussian command, sympathized with his feelings, and was eager to march. But the Duke, watching intently the course of preparations, soon discovered that the rate of progress on the French side was much greater than on the side of the allies; so that he speedily felt obliged to employ his main perspicacity in inventing all possible means for standing firmly on the defensive. So early as the 11th of May, he wrote to the Prince of Orange,—“In the situation in which we are placed at present, neither at war nor at peace, unable on that account to patrol up to the enemy and ascertain his position by view, or act offensively upon any part of his line, it is difficult, if not impossible, to combine an operation, because there are no data on which to found any combination. All we can do is to put our troops in such a situation as, in case of a sudden attack by the enemy, to render it easy to assemble, and to provide against the chance of being cut off from the rest.” Yet continuing anxious to the last to take the initiative and strike for Paris, believing to the last that this would be much the better course, but still deterred from undertaking it by the continued incompleteness of Schwarzenberg's preparations, he wrote on the 2d of June to that commander,—“Under existing circumstances it is very important that I should know, as early as possible, when you will be able to commence your operations, what will be the nature of them, and about what time you will be likely to reach some certain line whence, on my making a commencement, I can calculate on having the support of your co-operation. Marshal Blücher is ready, and very impatient to begin; but I made him say to-day, at an interview I had with him, that we can do nothing till we shall be certain both as to the day when you will commence, and as to your general plan of operations.”

Wellington and Blücher cordially agreed on a joint scheme of defence. They thought it of high importance, for both political and military reasons, that the enemy should be resisted as near as possible to the Belgian boundary-line, that at all events he should be prevented from penetrating to Brussels. They therefore cantoned their forces on lines radiating, like the sticks of an open fan, from a centre to a great arc, the centre being at the focus of the country's communications, and the great arc on all the frontier; so that a rapid concentration could be made on any point which the enemy might menace. The two armies were spread over an extent of country 25 miles along the radii, and 75 miles along the arc. Blücher's army comprised nearly 117,000 men, and was divided into four corps, with head-quarters at respectively Charleroi, Namur, Ciney, and Liège. Wellington's army was distributed into a left wing, under the Prince of Orange, with head-quarters at Braine le Comte, a right wing, under Lord Hill, with head-quarters at Grammont, and a powerful reserve, under Wellington himself, with head-quarters at Brussels. But as the tract along the Scheldt, past Hill's right flank, was the most desirable one for the enemy to try, and also the most tempting one to such an acute dashing strategist as Buonaparte, the Duke placed toward it the great mass of both his artillery and his cavalry, together with the chief officer of the latter, the Earl of Uxbridge, formerly Lord Paget, afterwards Marquis of Anglesey. All the other lines of approach, however, just as much as that tract, were well considered in his defensive scheme. "From whatever point offensive operations might be directed against that portion of the Belgian frontier occupied by the army under Wellington," says Siborne,—“whether from Lisle, by Courtrai or by Tournai, between the Lys and the Scheldt,—from Condé, Valenciennes, or Maubeuge, by Mons, between the Sambre and the Scheldt,—or from Maubeuge, Beaumont, or Philippeville, by Charleroi, between the Sambre and the Meuse,—the Duke, by advancing to the threatened point with his reserve, and placing the remainder of his troops in movement, had it in his power to concentrate at least two-thirds of his intended disposable force for the field, upon the line of the enemy's operations, within twenty-two hours after the receipt of intelligence of the actual direction and apparent object of those operations.”

Buonaparte's grand army, destined for the invasion of Belgium, began to assemble in large numbers, behind the French frontier fortresses, in the first week of June, and was suddenly concentrated in three great divisions, at Solre-sur-Sambre, at Beaumont, and in front of Philippeville, on the 14th. It comprised, according to the French account, 122,100 infantry; 24,750 cavalry, and 7,520 artillerymen, with 996 guns. Soult was major-general; and, on his assuming the command, he issued a proclamation, in revolting contrast to his production eleven weeks before, saying,—“All the efforts of an impious league can no longer separate the interests of the great people and of the hero whose brilliant triumphs

have attracted the admiration of the universe. Napoleon guides our steps; we fight for the independence of our beautiful country; we are invincible." Jerome Buonaparte commanded on the left, Soult in person in the centre, and Grouchy on the right. The infantry were distributed into five corps, under respectively Drouet, Reille, Vandamme, Gerard, and Loban, besides two divisions of guards under Friard and Morand; and the cavalry were distributed into four divisions under Pajol, Excelmans, Kellerman, and Milhaud. Napoleon left Paris on the morning of the 12th, saying, as he threw himself into his carriage, "I go to measure myself against Wellington;" and on the 14th he joined his army at Beaumont, and immediately sent forth to them the following address:—

"Soldiers, this day is the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland, which twice decided the destiny of Europe. Then, as after Austerlitz, as after Wagram, we were too generous. We believed in the protestations and in the oaths of princes, whom we left on their thrones. But now, leagued together, they aim at the independence of the most sacred rights of France. They have commenced the most unjust of aggressions. Let us, then, march to meet them. Are they and we no longer the same men? Soldiers, at Jena against these same Prussians, now so arrogant, you were one to three, and at Montmirail one to six. Let those among you who have been captives to the English, describe the nature of their prison-ships, and the frightful miseries they endured. The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the confederation of the Rhine, lament that they are compelled to use their arms, in the cause of the princes, the enemies of justice and of the rights of all nations. They know that this coalition is insatiable. After having devoured twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons, and six millions of Belgians, it now wishes to devour the states of the second rank in Germany. Madmen! One moment of prosperity has bewildered them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people are beyond their power. If they enter France, they will there find their grave. Soldiers, we have forced marches to make, battles to fight, dangers to encounter; but with firmness victory will be ours. The rights, the honour, and the happiness of the country will be recovered. To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment is now arrived to conquer or to die."

Buonaparte's concentration had been made silently, behind the cover of rising-grounds, so as to escape observation; yet it threw such sheen on the clouds as drew the attention of the Prussian outposts, and put them on the alert. His plan was to penetrate by surprise between the Prussian army and the British army, to take sudden possession of their lines of intercommunication, and to overwhelm first the one and then the other before they could possibly render mutual support. His commencing blow was at the Prussians. He put his three columns simultaneously in motion at 3 o'clock in the morning of the 15th, drove in the Prussian posts at Thuin and Lobez on the Sambre at daylight, and marched

right on to Charleroi. General Zeithen, who commanded the Prussian corps which had been at Charleroi, retired slowly and in good order upon Fleurus; and Prince Blucher with great activity concentrated two other corps of the Prussian army, together with that corps, upon Sombref, placing strong outposts at the villages of St. Amand and Ligny in his front. Ney, who had been destined by Buonaparte to some high command, but did not arrive at the French head-quarters till after they entered Charleroi, was immediately detached, with the corps of Drouot and Reille and the cavalry of Kellerman, along the road toward Brussels, to drive in the British outposts, and chase them up to Wellington's head-quarters. His advanced-guard, before night-fall, encountered a brigade under the Prince de Weimar, and forced it back to Quatre-Bras, so as to effect an incipient dis severment between the British and the Prussian armies. But, early in the morning of the 16th, a reinforcement from the Prince of Orange regained part of the lost ground, and restored the communication with Blucher.

In the meantime, the Duke of Wellington's reserve was in full march to Quatre Bras from Brussels, and a large part of the rest of his army was rapidly marching thither from the right. The Duke, on the morning of the 15th, knew that the French were in motion, and was in momentary expectation of some definite intelligence. He ought to have heard two hours before mid-day of the attack on the Prussian outposts; but, through the fault of the Prussians themselves, he did not hear of it till three in the afternoon. He immediately issued preliminary orders to the several parts of his army, enjoining all possible arrangements for precipitating themselves into concentration: so that, though he did not receive till a later hour such intelligence as clearly indicated Buonaparte's real line of attack, all his corps, at an early hour of the next morning, were rushing in convergent streams to give the French a meeting at Quatre Bras. Yet tale-mongers, novelists, poets, and even some historians say that he was surprised. Never was either he or any other general more widely awake. The obstructions of his plans, Schwarzenberg's delays, and the inadroitness of the Prussian intelligencers, indeed, threw him into suspense; but all his own actions, all things which in any degree depended on himself, or could be controlled by him, indicated the very vigilance of an Argus.

"It requires some knowledge of human nature," says a long able paper in the *Quarterly Review* of June, 1845, reputed to have been written partly by Colonel Gurwood and partly by Lord Ellesmere, and revised by the Duke himself, "to believe that a respectable man, in possession of his senses, can, on a review of the facts, continue to entertain the notion that surprise is a term applicable to the position and conduct of the Duke. Let us suppose the case of a country house in Tipperary, a period of Rockite disturbance, and a family which has received intelligence that an attack is to be made upon it. The windows are

barricaded as well as circumstances will admit; but the premises are extensive, and the hall door, the kitchen, and the pantry remain weak and assailable. The trampling of footsteps is heard in the shrubbery. There would be advisers enough, and confusion enough in consequence, if the head of the family were a man who invited advice; but he is an old soldier whom few would venture to approach with suggestions. His nerves are absolutely impassive to the fact that the assault is conducted by Rock in person; but he knows that Rock has the initiative and the choice of at least three eligible points of attack. He makes such disposition of his force as leaves no point unwatched; he keeps it well in hand, and refuses to move a man till the sledge-hammer is heard at the point selected. The attack is repulsed; all the objects of the defence are accomplished; not a silver spoon is missing; most of the assailants are killed, the gang dispersed, and its leader, who had escaped down the avenue, is ultimately captured and transported for life. It is not matter of theory and speculation, but of absolute demonstration, that, whatever were the merits or demerits of the Duke's proceedings, they were not an accident of the moment, the offspring of haste and surprise, but strictly in accordance with and part of a pre-conceived system of action, adopted in concert with his allies, on deep study and full knowledge of every circumstance of his position."

But the Duke, forsooth, was at a ball on the night of the 15th. And superficial persons regard that circumstance as sure evidence that he was off his guard; though deeper thinkers may readily suspect it to be indicative only of his superhuman self-possession. "It may well be, and we believe it," continues the paper in the *Quarterly Review*, "that no other man living could have retained the imperturbable coolness which the Duke exhibited during the 15th at Brussels, and still less could have put off to the last the moment of general alarm by going to a ball after having given his orders. When the news of the French advance reached head-quarters, it became matter of discussion whether or not the ball should be allowed to proceed. The deliberate judgment of the Duke decided that it should. There were reasons good for this decision. It is sufficient on this head to say that the state of public feeling in the Netherlands generally, and in Brussels in particular, was more than questionable. It was a thing desirable in itself to postpone to the last the inevitable moment of alarm,—to shorten as far as possible that critical interval which must occur between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion, between the public announcement of actual hostilities and their decision in the field. Every necessary order had been issued; and such was that state of preparation and arrangement which wise men have since questioned and criticised, that this operation had been the work of minutes, and before the festal lamps were lighted, the fiery cross was on its way through the cantonments. The general officers then in Brussels had their instructions to attend and to drop off singly and without éclat, and join

their divisions on the march. The Duke himself remained later, occupied the place of honour at the supper, and returned thanks for the toast to himself and the allied army, which was proposed by General Alava. At about eleven a despatch arrived from the Prince of Orange, shortly after reading which the Duke retired saluting the company graciously. On that countenance, cheerful and disengaged as usual, none could read the workings of the calm but busy mind beneath. The state of things, however, most awful to those who could least distinctly be informed of it, had partially transpired, and the fête had assumed that complexion which has been perpetuated on the canvass of Byron."

The main part of the Duke of Wellington's reserve, consisting of Picton's division, Cole's division, the Duke of Brunswick's division, and the contingent of Nassau, being cantoned in and near Brussels, had a shorter route to Quatre Bras, by from four to fourteen miles, than the remotest troops of the Prince of Orange's corps, or than any troops whatever of either Lord Hill's corps or the Earl of Uxbridge's main body. Picton arrived at Quatre Bras about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 of the 16th, and was promptly followed by the Duke of Brunswick; while the troops which were most wanted from the right, particularly the guards and the cavalry, did not arrive till toward evening. Had Ney made good speed, he might have seized Quatre Bras, and taken inexpugnable possession of it, as a powerful key of the campaign. But he advanced slowly, both on account of the laggard spirit of his troops, and because he had not the slightest apprehension of so soon encountering a strong resistance. His troops, indeed, had, a few hours before, been as fiery as those of the other French corps; but, on his telling them that they were "marching against the English," they seemed all to see a sudden vision of defeat, and were so damped as to utter not a single cheer. He also suffered the grave disadvantage of not knowing them, of not so much as knowing the names of their regimental officers, of even being unprovided with a staff, so as to be obliged to form one on the spot by random selection; so that he had no effective medium, scarcely any medium whatever, through which he might attempt to resuscitate his men's enthusiasm. He likewise left Drouet's corps four miles behind the rest of his force, to lend assistance, if need were, in a battle which Buonaparte expected to deliver, early in the afternoon, against the Prussians; and though he did this at Buonaparte's request, yet he had himself elicited that request, by expressing confident belief that he should be able, with Drouet merely as a flag, to do all that was required along his appointed route. Buonaparte, of course, concurred in that belief, else he would not have made the request. He concurred in it so fully as not to have the remotest apprehension that Ney would that day encounter a battle, or even perhaps encounter a serious skirmish. He even wrote two letters in the morning from Charleroi to Ney, in the first of which, received by Ney about eleven o'clock, he instructed him to be at Brussels by seven o'clock the next morning, and, in

the second, assumed as matter of high probability that the British had already retired from Nivelles and Brussels. Let it be remembered that Buonaparte's means of intelligence, both at the moment and for days before, were much superior to Wellington's; and see how despicably inferior, on this occasion, was his generalship to the Duke's. "We will venture, without blaming Buonaparte in our ignorance of his grounds for belief, to say that, if at any one period of the Duke's career he had given orders so impracticable to execute, or displayed ignorance so complete as is indicated in these two letters to Ney, his despatches would have been reprinted by the Opposition press, and quoted in the House of Commons as evidence of his incapacity for command."

Lord Wellington overtook his troops on the road from Brussels, and satisfied himself that they were moving in effective order. But, ascertaining that the French column in his front was still at a sufficient distance to leave a little time at his disposal, he rode away six miles to his left, to the vicinity of Sombref, to obtain an interview with Blücher. The French masses were then advancing with so seeming a demonstration against both armies, that the two generalissimos saw occasion to pledge themselves to act in the strictest concert, as though their respective forces were merely wings, right and left, of one army. Blücher's force had the advantage of being well concentrated,—three of the four corps of it being all in battle order on the ground; but it had the disadvantage of occupying a position which Wellington's judgment, though not Blücher's, pronounced to be weak; and it likewise was inferior in numbers to the force which Buonaparte in person was at that moment pushing into battle-array against it. Gladly would Wellington have summoned some of his troops to its aid, or even have lingered on the spot to see how it would fight; but he had barely time to ride across to Quatre Bras before Ney's column burst in fury upon his own bands, and thence, till the sun went down on both Blücher's field of conflict and his own, he had neither a minute nor a man to spare. Yet at many a moment, in the heat of battle, did he glance through his glass to mark how the day went with Blücher; and both then and after nightfall, he received frequent messages from Colonel Hardinge, now Viscount Hardinge, who was serving at the Prussian head-quarters as a connecting link of the two armies, and who received there on that day such a shattering wound as occasioned him the loss of his left arm.

Buonaparte's battle with Blücher commenced at three o'clock, and continued till nightfall. It raged with special fury in the village of Ligny, and took thence its name. Thrice was that village taken, thrice retaken, and at last yielded only inch by inch. The combatants fought hand to hand, over the dead bodies of their comrades, battalion interlocked against battalion, in swinging, swaying, murderous struggle, throughout street, orchard, and garden. The whole battle was desperate—seemed so, within an hour of its commencement, to

Buonaparte himself; insomuch that he then sent an order to Drouet's corps to hasten to his aid. The antagonist forces looked as if working each other to extinction. The reserves on both sides were hurled freely into action. Prussians and Frenchmen fought with equal bravery, equal ardour, equal obstinacy, and long, long, almost to the last, with equal disaster. Nor, though the Prussians eventually had the worst of it, were they beaten in array, but only deforced from some ground, and driven into inconvenient position; nor perhaps would they have suffered even this much, had not their puissant leader sustained a crushing fall with his horse at a critical moment of the fight. Their loss amounted to no less than 11,706 men and 21 guns; while that of the French amounted to 6,900 men.

The progress and close of this battle, as we have hinted, were simultaneous with the progress and close of Wellington's battle, which we have yet to describe, at Quatre Bras. Signal French victory in both was essential for the maintenance of Buonaparte's popularity throughout France, but particularly at the seat of government. Hence was a dashing effort made, in defiance of all truth, to produce general belief that the French arms were immensely triumphant, that both Wellington and Blucher were ruinously beaten, that the two allied armies were so separated and routed that they could never reunite, and perhaps never strongly rally. Soult, in a despatch to Paris, said,—“Wellington and Blucher saved themselves with difficulty. The effect was theatrical. In an instant the firing ceased, and the enemy fled in all directions.” He even announced that Buonaparte would enter Brussels next day. Another despatch said,—“The noble lord must have been confounded. Prisoners are taken in masses. They do not know what has become of their commanders. The rout on this side is complete. We hope the Prussians are entirely out of our way for some time, even if they should ever be able to rally; and as for the English we shall see what will become of them. The Emperor is there.” How false these representations were in regard to Ligny, the reader already knows; but they were still more false in regard to Quatre Bras.

Two of the great roads of Belgium intersect each other at Quatre Bras, and give to the place its name, which is of frequent occurrence in Gallican districts, and has a meaning similar to the English “Cross-Roads.” The one road goes southward from Brussels to Charleroi; the other east-south-eastward from Nivelles to Namur. The only houses at the intersection were those of a farm-stead or small hamlet. The roads were lined with ditches, so as to contain an appreciable element of military strength. A wood, called Bois de Bossu, commenced at the Nivelles, and in the near vicinity of Quatre Bras, and extended $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile to the south-east; and this was a tract of great moment, partly because it was lined along the east border by a ditch, partly because it afforded stubborn scope and cover to light strategy, and partly because it commanded from its north end

easy access, across a small piece of open intervening ground, to the Brussels road. A tract of slightly variegated features, with some slender aids to military defence, varying in breadth from $\frac{3}{4}$ of a furlong to half a mile, lay between the Bois de Bossu and the Charleroi road. A brook issuing from the Bois de Bossu, running along a narrow mimic vale, skirted on each side by a hedge, crossed the Charleroi road about 5 furlongs south of Quatre Bras, and the Namur road about $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile east-south-east of Quatre Bras. The ground in the triangle between the brook, the Charleroi road, and the Namur road, was a slightly diversified flat, with a slope to the brook; and it was all covered with crops of rye, grown to an enormous height, and ready for the sickle. A farm-stead, called Gemioncourt, possessing desirable features of military cover, stood on the Charleroi road immediately south of the brook. A hamlet with enclosures, called Piermont, stood in an open tract, 1 mile east by south of Gemioncourt, and 3 furlongs south-west of the nearest part of the Namur road. And a range of rising-grounds, giving command to artillery over all the tract northward to Quatre Bras and the Namur road, extended from the south end of the Bois de Bossu, behind Gemioncourt, to Piermont.

The Prince of Orange, on the morning of the 16th, occupied Gemioncourt, Piermont, and the range of rising grounds. His object was to prevent the French from obtaining possession of the Nivelles road, by which the allied reinforcements were coming from the right,—of the Brussels road, to the north of Quatre Bras, by which the allied reinforcements were coming from Brussels,—or of the Namur road, by which the allied communication was maintained with the Prussians. But he had no cavalry, only 16 guns, badly manned and in bad condition, and only 6,832 infantry, some of whom were mere militia, while all the rest were raw and feeble. Ney led against him 38 guns, 1,729 cavalry, and 16,189 infantry,—the guns in prime order, and all the men either veterans or otherwise effective; and he brought speedily into play such additional forces as raised the number of his guns to 50, and that of his cavalry to 4,974. Had he advanced with his usual impetuosity, he would certainly have swept away the Dutch-Belgians like chaff; but, believing that the Duke of Wellington was at hand, and fearing the explosion of some of his snappy stratagems, he came on with creeping caution; so that the foremost of the Duke's reinforcements, as we shall see, arrived in time to mar the effect of his first blows, and engage him in a stubborn fight.

The Duke of Wellington, returning from his interview with Blücher, arrived at Gemioncourt about two o'clock. He found the Prince of Orange and his staff in easy mood, unsuspecting of any serious mischief; but he immediately reconnoitered the ground in front, particularly the southern skirt of the Bois de Bossu, and at once discovered that the French tiger was in the jungle, in the very act of crouching to make a furious spring. He ordered the Belgian

advanced-posts, and the few Belgian guns which were in an exposed position, to be withdrawn. Scarcely was this done when the French came on. The Belgians made a tolerable attempt at brave behaviour; yet such as had not good cover were almost instantly overthrown or routed. But at the very crisis of the crash, from 30 to 45 minutes past two, arrived variously Picton's division, a body of Brunswickers, a brigade of Belgian cavalry, and some German artillery, raising the allied force to 18,090 infantry, 2,004 cavalry, and 30 guns. Kempt's and Pack's brigades were instantly formed along the Namur road; Von Vincke's brigade was formed behind them as a reserve; the Brunswickers were formed on the northern part of the tract between the Charleroi road and the Bois de Bossu; and the Belgian cavalry were led promptly forward to engage the attention of the French horse. But the only British troops present, the only men on whom full reliance could be placed, were 4,644 foot-soldiers in Kempt's and Pack's brigades; though these composed the first battalions of the three famous Highland regiments, the 42d, the 79th, and the 92d, as well as battalions of other well-tried regiments, as brave men and true as ever stood in a Thermopylæ.

The Belgian infantry, even such as were under cover, retired speedily to the central part of the Bois de Bossu, as the only tract where they were likely to be able to render any service. The Belgian cavalry, at the very first advance against the French, recoiled in such headlong flight as to catch the Duke of Wellington himself and his staff into the vortex of their disorder, and sweep them back to the rear of Quatre Bras. Even the Brunswickers, both foot and horse, in spite of stern animosity against the French, were very soon overthrown, with the mortal loss of their brave leader, the Duke of Brunswick; insomuch that, though rather maddened than intimidated by their disaster, they could thenceforth fight in little better mood than that of an infuriated mob. The French almost at once got possession of Piermont, Gemioncourt, the whole range of rising-grounds, and all the southern half of the wood; and such prompt earnest use did they make of their acquisition as, with both long shot and cavalry charge, to harass severely all the reinforcements in the very progress of their forming on the ground. The few guns of the allies, with only two or three exceptions, were speedily all either captured, overturned, or disabled, so as, in the very first brush of the fight, to be utterly lost for service. Picton's infantry brigades alone could present any firm front of battle, or offer the character of a fighting force. Ney appreciated them well, and made haste to hurl upon them two heavy columns from the range of rising grounds. Wellington appreciated them still better, and made equal haste to push the greater part of them into motion, in order that they might give a shock instead of receiving one. Wherefore leaving the 92d regiment to hold the Namur road close to Quatre Bras, he ordered all the rest of Kempt's and Pack's brigades instantly forward.

"During the advance of these two brigades," says Siborne, "which was

made with admirable steadiness and in the best order, the skirmishers fell back upon their respective battalions, all of which now presented a clear front to the enemy. From the heads of Ney's columns, as well as from the thick lines of skirmishers by which they were connected, a severe and destructive fire was opened and maintained against the British line, along which the gallant Picton, the far-famed leader of the no less renowned 'fighting division' of the British army in the Peninsular campaigns, was seen galloping from one regiment to another, encouraging his men, and inciting them by his presence and example. The troops significantly responded to his call by those loud and animating shouts by which British soldiers are wont to denote their eagerness to close with their enemies. The interval between the adverse lines was rapidly diminishing; the fire from the French suddenly began to slacken; hesitation, quickly succeeded by disorder, became apparent in their ranks; and then it was, that, animating each other with redoubled cheers, the British regiments were seen to lower their bristling bayonets, and, driving everything before them, to pursue their opponents down to the outer fence of the valley, whence the French line had advanced in the full confidence of triumph." Some of the regiments, however, were too ardent, pursued too far, and completely broke the continuity of the battle front; so that all had to be promptly recalled.

The French cavalry, in one mass, though not yet more numerous than at the commencement of the fight, now charged impetuously up the Charleroi road and along the west side of it toward Quatre Bras, driving all the Brunswickers headlong before them, and riding closely at the heels of the Brunswick hussars. The 42d and 44th regiments had formed contiguous to the east side of the road, with their front still facing to the south, and did not recognize the French horse till they were sweeping past their flank, and flinging off detachments of lancers to assail their rear. The 42d instantly began to collapse into a square. "But just as the two flank companies were running in to form the rear face, the lancers had reached the regiment, when a considerable portion of their leading division penetrated the square, carrying along with them, by the impetus of the charge, several men of those two companies, and creating a momentary confusion. The long tried discipline and steadiness of the Highlanders, however, did not forsake them at this most critical juncture. These lancers, instead of effecting the destruction of the square, were themselves fairly hemmed into it, and either bayoneted or taken prisoners; whilst the endangered face, restored as if by magic, successfully repelled all further attempts on the part of the French to complete their expected triumph." The 44th were assailed even more unexpectedly than the 42d. Their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Hamerton, did not observe the lancers till there was no time whatever to form square; and he instantly resolved on the daring measure of receiving them in line. "The low thundering sound of their approach was heard by his men before a convic-

tion that they were French flashed across the minds of most, who imagined that they were the Brunswick hussars. Hamerton's words of command were, 'Rear rank, right about face'—'Make ready'—'Present'—'Fire.' The effect produced by the volley was astonishing. The men, aware of their perilous position, doubtless took a most deliberate aim at their opponents, who were thrown into great confusion." The 92d, who continued to line the ditch of the Namur road contiguous to Quatre Bras, were also assailed by a detachment of the cavalry, some of whom penetrated to the rear of the entire allied position, one of them to the very spot on which the Duke of Wellington was standing. But the 92d brought nearly all the men of that detachment to the dust; insomuch that only three or four scattered individuals of it ever returned to the main body.

Ney, now receiving a large part of his cavalry and artillery reinforcements, and having a terrible series of batteries in full working order along the range of rising-grounds, determined to assail Picton's brigades with alternate charges of cavalry and storms of cannon-shot. The British regiments had no assistance from cavalry, no assistance from artillery, no shelter from any kind of field cover, either natural or artificial, no means whatever of defence or offence but to stand in squares, under open play of the cannon-shot, to repel with musket-shot and bayonet the charges of the cavalry. The tall rye-crops all around them, indeed, served as a sort of mask; but it was a mask without eye-holes, as blinding to the assailed as to the assailants. The French cavalry, too, in every successive charge, fought with a fury, a savageness, a demon-animosity, which had been totally unknown to them throughout the latter parts of the Peninsular war, determined seemingly to take summary revenge for former defeats, reckless of their own peril in attempting to accomplish it, riding up to the very bayonets of the serried squares, yelling out, "Down with the English! No quarter, no quarter!" Yet did the brave British regiments, in defiance of all their efforts, seconded most terribly by the play of the artillery, resolutely keep their ground.

"The efforts of the French to break the squares," says the author of the *Victories of the British Armies*, "were fierce and frequent. Their batteries poured upon these unflinching soldiers a storm of grape; and, when an opening was made by the cannon, the lancers were ready to rush upon the devoted infantry. But nothing could daunt the lion-hearted English; nothing could shake their steadiness. The dead were coolly removed, and the living occupied their places. Though numbers fell, and the square momentarily diminished, it still presented a serried line of glittering bayonets, through which lancer and cuirassier vainly endeavoured to penetrate. One regiment," the 28th, "after sustaining a furious cannonade, was suddenly on three different sides assailed by cavalry. Two faces of the square were charged by the lancers, while the cuirassiers galloped down upon another. It was a trying moment. There was a death-like silence, and one voice alone, clear and calm, was heard. It was their

colonel's, who called upon them to be steady. On came the enemy; the earth shook beneath the horsemen's feet; while on every side of the devoted band the corn, bending beneath the rush of cavalry, disclosed their numerous assailants. The lance-blades nearly met the bayonets of the kneeling front rank; the cuirassiers were within a few paces; yet not a trigger was drawn. But when the word 'Fire' thundered from the colonel's lips, each side poured out its deadly volley; and in a few moments the leading files of the French lay before the square, as if hurled by a thunderbolt to the earth. The assailants, broken and dispersed, galloped off for shelter to the tall rye, while a constant stream of musketry from the British square carried death into their retreating squadrons."

Most other parts of the two "fighting" brigades, Kempt's and Pack's, suffered similar onsets and performed similar exploits to the 28th regiment. Even the 92d, though continuing to stand at the commencement of the Namur road, found fearfully hot work in repelling charge after charge which continued to be made by squadrons up the Charleroi road to Quatre Bras. The 42d and the 44th, in consequence of being nearest to the Charleroi road and most easy of access, were kept particularly occupied, scarcely relieved from one assault till they were involved in another; yet, together with other regiments on the left, they became stung, not with any despondency, but only with fierce resentment,—calling earnestly to their general officers for permission, mere infantry though they were, still without the support of a gun, to rush forward as assailants upon their mounted tormentors. The permission was given,—Picton himself leading them on; and then commenced a struggle twice sterner and deadlier than before. The assailing regiments advanced boldly to the very vicinity of the brook, rushed right into the midst of the swarming cavalry, and were able to do serious havoc before being obliged to form squares in their own defence. But equally furious was the attempted retaliation of the enemy. "The French cavalry," says Siborne, "attacked the squares simultaneously, and in every direction. As a portion rushed upon one square, other squadrons passed on to assail the next. Some parties, taking advantage of sinuosities of the ground, awaited, like birds of prey, the favourable moment for pouncing upon their victims. No sooner was one attacking squadron driven back and dispersed by a stream of musketry from the face of a square, than a fresh party would rush from its cover upon the same ranks, in the vain hope that the means of breaking its onset had been expended; but a reserved fire never failed to bring down upon it a similar fate. Viewed from a little distance, the British squares could at times be scarcely discerned amidst the surrounding cavalry; and as the latter was frequently observed flying back from sudden discharges of musketry, a spectator might easily have imagined the squares to be so many immense bombs, with every explosion scattering death and confusion among the masses that rushed so daringly into their fatal vicinity."

The French, however, plied their artillery and their infantry as vigorously as their cavalry; so that, in spite of such prolonged prodigies of valour against them in the centre of the field, they could scarcely fail to have the best of the fight. Some bodies of their infantry were becoming triumphant about Piermont, so as to threaten to turn Wellington's left flank, and get possession of the Namur road; other bodies were pushing the Dutch-Belgians far up the Bois de Bossu, so as to threaten to emerge from its north end, and get possession of the Brussels road; the artillery and some of the cavalry were acquiring a mastery over the Charleroi road, and over the tract between it and the wood, so as to threaten to get direct possession of Quatre Bras; and the chief masses of the cavalry, even in the centre, where the resistance was so marvellous, plied the further sides of the devoted squares with incessant activity, cutting completely off all communication with their waggons, so as to threaten them surely and speedily with exhaustion of their ammunition. Long after five o'clock, when this state of things was rendering the prospects of the allies nearly desperate, two infantry brigades of Alten's division, accompanied by two batteries of foot artillery, arrived on the field. But these did little more than relieve the terrific pressure which was now bearing Kempt's and Pack's brigades to the ground. Ney also, nearly at the same moment, received some more cavalry and artillery; and, thinking the crisis favourable for striking a decisive stroke, he sent off a peremptory repetition of an order, which he had some time before despatched, for Drouet's corps to hasten up to his support. Had this order been executed, he no doubt would have gained the victory,—perhaps might even have made it a signal one; but Buonaparte, as we formerly saw, had drawn Drouet's corps toward him at Ligny, placing it at the time of need entirely beyond Ney's reach. Ney, nevertheless, continued to drive hard without it. His fresh cavalry was eminently serviceable to him, doing great things itself, and inspiring all the rest of his army. A body of cuirassiers even overthrew the 69th regiment, and captured its colours, which Ney instantly sent off to Buonaparte as a prelude of victory. The juncture was one of the most critical which the Duke of Wellington had ever passed. Never had he felt greater anxiety; nor ever perhaps had he displayed more magnanimous self-possession. "He calmly surveyed the field of slaughter, and deliberately calculated upon the extent to which the heroic valour and admirable spirit so unequivocally displayed by the British and German infantry would enable him to bear up against the storm that now spread its fury along his whole line, until his eagle glance might detect some favourable opening, seize some critical moment, to deal the stroke that, by a combination as sudden as the launching of the thunderbolt of the storm itself, should avert its fury, or oppose to it a barrier that might exhaust its strength."

About six o'clock, a battery of German horse artillery, which had just ar-

rived from the right, was suddenly put into action at Quatre Bras, at a juncture when a mass of cuirassiers were rushing boldly up the Charleroi road, to co-operate with the infantry in the wood in an attempt to seize Quatre Bras. "In an instant the whole mass appeared in irretrievable confusion; the road was literally strewn with corpses of these steel-clad warriors and their gallant steeds; Kellerman himself was dismounted, and compelled, like many of his followers, to retire on foot." A few minutes afterward, a reinforcement of Brunswickers, including a brigade of artillery, arrived; and at half past six, Cooke's British division, comprising Maitland's and Byng's brigades of guards, arrived. Very opportune were both arrivals; and specially effective the latter. The guards had marched twenty-seven miles, with little or nothing to eat or drink. They had halted at Nivelles, exhausted by hunger, heat, and fatigue, and were preparing to cook their dinner when a staff-officer from Quatre Bras brought orders to them to hurry on. They instantly packed up their kettles, cheerfully resumed their march, and eagerly caught up the distant increasing roar of cannon and roll of musketry as argument for nursing their valour, quickening their speed, and moving steadily on to precipitate themselves into the combat. ~~The~~ French right wing, at the moment of their approach, were on the very ~~mouth~~ verge of the Bois de Bossu, about to deploy upon the Nivelles road, to ~~cut~~ off Wellington's communications both with his right and with Brussels. The guards gave three cheers, rushed direct into action, burst headlong upon the tirailleurs, engaged them in a hot dispute, almost man to man, from tree to tree, and eventually drove both them and all the troops who supported them back into the wood, through it, and out of it.

"But though the guards became masters of the Bois de Bossu," says the author of the *Stories of Waterloo*, "they found difficulty in emerging from its shelter. As often as they attempted to come out, a tremendous fire of round and grape shot was opened by the French batteries, followed by a charge of cavalry. When they retired, and the enemy endeavoured to penetrate the wood, they were received in turn with a steady and well-directed volley of musketry, which compelled them also to return. These alternate attacks continued for nearly three hours. At one time, the enemy was furiously encountered by a square of Black Brunswickers, while the British, rapidly lining the ditches, kept up a most destructive fire; but the loss was very severe, and the men found great difficulty in forming line again. The undismayed gallantry of the guards was the more remarkable, as they were composed chiefly of young soldiers, and volunteers from the militia, who had never been in action. Some of these noble fellows were so overcome with fatigue, that when they entered the wood, they sunk down, and had only sufficient strength to cheer their comrades to the onset. The carnage was dreadful,—the conflict obstinately maintained on either side,—the French, from their superiority in cavalry and artillery, committing a

slaughter which was well repaid by the terrible fire of the British musketry. Evening was now closing in; the attacks of the enemy became fewer and feebler; a brigade of heavy cavalry and horse artillery came up; and worn out by the sanguinary struggle of six long hours, the assailants ceased their attack; and Picton's division, with Alten's and the guards, took up a position for the night on the ground their unbounded heroism had held through this bloody day. Ney fell back upon the road to Fresnes. The moon rose angrily; still a few cannon-shot were heard after daylight had departed; but gradually they ceased. The fires were lighted, and such miserable provisions as could be procured, were furnished to the harassed soldiery; and while strong picquets were posted in the front and flanks, the remnant of the British and their brave allies piled arms, and stretched themselves on the battle field."

The Duke of Wellington's personal conduct at Quatre Bras, both throughout the conflict and after its close, was eminently in keeping with all his previous career. He bore the cares of the battle, in its vicissitudes, its concomitants, and its results, with an assiduity and a genius peculiarly his own. His presence seemed ubiquitous, and his mind and body incapable of fatigue. All the region of hostilities from Switzerland to the sea lay like a map before his mind's eye,—as it had been doing for six weeks before,—and was all as truly within his solicitude as the tract immediately around Quatre Bras. Never had the elements of his military dispositions, the materials of his strategy, been more critically scattered at a time of need; nor ever had the issues of a sudden inevitable battle been more momentous; yet all were as calmly contemplated by him, as comprehensively studied, as clearly understood, and as steadily borne in mind, as though they had been but the familiar oft-played pieces of the game of chess. He superintended every part of the battle himself, posted all the troops, ordered all the movements; and at the same time, he kept closely calculating the progress of all the numerous bodies of his army who were approaching from a distance, and also, as we formerly noticed, bent a keen eye upon the terrible conflict between Blucher and Buonaparte which was going on seven miles to his left. He continued on the field, flitting hither and thither, till after twilight thickened and the last shot was fired; he even saw the arrangements made for making the outposts firm, and letting his wearied men sink to rest; and then, as if no labour had been done on that day, as if no dire struggle were impending on the morrow, as if no governments or peoples in Europe were in a fever of anxiety respecting the crisis, or as if only a day of pleasure had been spent and only other days of pleasure were coming, he withdrew to a fire by the roadside to welcome his friends as they arrived at the head of new reinforcements, and to spend an hour in buoyant conversation. "A regiment of cavalry, the 12th," says a well known authentic anecdote, "happened to come up soon after he had taken his seat. It was commanded by one of the bravest soldiers, though of the

gentlest nature, that ever wore a British uniform, Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Frederick Ponsonby, who, passing over to salute his friend and commander, found him busily engaged in the perusal of some English newspapers. A packet had just reached him, and the Duke began upon them forthwith, reading aloud, and indulging in many a joke at the expense of the fears of the home government, as they were there described."

The loss of the allies, in killed, wounded, and captured, at the battle of Quatre Bras, amounted to about 4,463 men. The British alone, though they were so small a proportion of the total force, yet because they fought all the main combats of the battle, lost 2,275. The Hanoverians lost 369, the Brunswickers 819, and the Dutch-Belgians about 1,000. Several of the British regiments lost an enormous proportion of their numbers; two of them became so small that they were united to each other in the heat of conflict, in order to be large enough to continue to form square: another, in only a single one of the combats, lost 28 officers and nearly 300 men; and most were bereft of a considerable proportion of their senior officers. The French, as our narrative has shown, made terrible havoc throughout the greater part of the battle, and at the same time were almost entirely free from both the retaliation of artillery during the struggle, and from the vengeance of pursuing cavalry after their defeat; so that, in spite of being the vanquished party, they lost about 320 men fewer than the allies. No guns and few prisoners were taken on either side; for, in consequence of the French having come on like savages, giving no quarter, British, Brunswickers, and Hanoverians all became furiously exasperated; and the two parties, French and Allies, as well from their own mortal ire as from the peculiar circumstances of the battle, fought "to the knife."

The victory of Quatre Bras may seem, at first sight, to have been similar to Beresford's gloomy, gory, barren victory of Albuera; but in reality it was immensely different,—the gaining of all the main things for which Wellington fought it,—the obstructing of Buonaparte's plans,—the securing of place and time for the allies' perfect concentration,—the seizure of power to control the campaign,—the very commencement, and no mean part, of the stupendous drama which was played to the end, two days afterward, at Waterloo,—and therefore, as seen in the reflected light of its accompaniments, really one of the most important victories which Wellington had ever won. "The Duke's success at Quatre Bras," says Siborne, "gave ample and convincing evidence of the sagacity and foresight with which his plans had been devised and matured, as also of the soundness of those calculations by which he had for some time previously placed himself, with the confident security of a master of his art, in a posture of defence, fully prepared to meet every emergency, from whatever point or however suddenly the coming storm might arise. And now that he had gained the battle, and secured the important point of Quatre Bras upon which

the remainder of his troops were advancing, and where the greater portion of them would arrive in the evening and during the night, he was perfectly ready and willing, should the Prussians prove victorious at Ligny, to renew the contest on the following morning, by attacking Ney with his collected force, and then, if successful, (of which little doubt could be entertained,) by a junction with Blucher's right, to operate upon Napoleon's left, so as to bring the great mass of the combined armies to bear directly upon the main body of the French, or in case of a defeat of the Prussians, to make good his retreat along his principal line of operation, in such a manner as to secure a position between Quatre Bras and Brussels favourable for a co-operation of Blucher's forces with his own, and for presenting a bold and determined stand against the further advance of the French Emperor."



Chapman

CHAPTER XXI.

BLUCHER'S RETREAT TO WAVRE—WELLINGTON'S RETREAT TO WATERLOO—BUONAPARTE'S ADVANCE TO PLANCHENOIT—THE BATTLE-FIELD OF WATERLOO—THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO—THE ACCESSION OF THE PRUSSIAN TO THE ACTION AND THE PURSUIT—THE CHARACTER OF THE BATTLE—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S PERSONAL CONDUCT IN IT, AND HIS OPINIONS RESPECTING IT.

BLUCHER'S army began to retreat from the vicinity of Ligny in the night between the 16th and the 17th. They retired slowly and in perfect order. About ten thousand troops belonging to the Rhenish provinces had, on the previous evening, deserted their colours, and run toward home; but all the other troops continued firm and spirited. Blucher himself, notwithstanding both his personal sufferings and his military disasters, was not a hair's-breadth daunted. His overthrow in so stiff a battle, during the absence of an entire one of his four corps, was only a reason with him to make all possible prudent haste to fight again. He therefore made prompt, simultaneous, effective arrangements to concentrate all his force at Wavre, to bring forward his reserve parks of artillery, to push back his base of operations from Liege to Maestricht, and to concert a continuance of close co-operation with Wellington. Had he operated by himself, he would probably have moved aside toward Namur, to occupy the line of the Sambre and the Meuse, to thrust thence at Buonaparte's flank and rear, in any farther attempt the latter might make to penetrate to Brussels; but as he was operating strictly with the British chief, whose plan he knew it was, in case of necessity, to retrograde to the front of the forest of Soignies, he fell right back toward Wavre, in order that he might there be ready to take part in a concentrated effort to stop and overwhelm the Corsican; and in answer to a message which the Duke sent to him in the course of the day, requesting the support of two of his corps in a grand defensive battle in front of the forest of Soignies, he heroically replied that he would himself lead to that spot, not two corps only, but his whole army, on the simple condition that, if Buonaparte should not attack them on the 18th, they would attack him on the 19th.

All the French were marvellously inert on the morning of the 17th. Buonaparte did not know that the Prussians were moving till they had proceeded far in retreat. The very videttes did not suspect any movement till the last of the Prussian rear-guard were leaving the ground. A body of French cavalry went off rather to reconnoitre than to pursue,—but were soon stultified and deceived. Buonaparte did not adopt any measure of effective pursuit till near noon; and

When, imagining that the Prussians had marched toward Namur, that they were cowering away thither in disheartenment, that they could be speedily overtaken, and that they were little likely to resile thence into re-cooperation with the British, he despatched Marshal Grouchy in that direction, at the head of 33,765 men and 96 guns, saying to him,—“Pursue the Prussians, complete their defeat by attacking them as soon as you come up with them, and never let them out of your sight. I am going to unite the remainder of this portion of the army with Marshal Ney’s corps to march against the English, and to fight them if they should hold their ground between this and the forest of Soignics. You will communicate with me by the paved road which leads to Quatre Bras.” Grouchy thus, by his master’s order, led away a great force in a direction which was tantamount to withdrawing it from all the real business of the campaign; and though he soon obtained corrective intelligence, so as to see his way to Wavre and to make a strong thrust there, yet he did not and could not do so till after the hour of the crisis of the war had struck. Blucher was snugly positioned, in grand concentration, at Wavre, on the evening of the 17th, while the foremost of the French on his track had not advanced beyond Gembloux.

Ney spent the morning of the 17th in inactivity at Frasnes. His interpretation of Buonaparte’s wishes, as also his impression from the previous day’s defeat, allowed him to do no more than put his force into battle array, and to await farther orders. Buonaparte rode across to him so early as 9 o’clock; but either from perplexity, from indecision, from fatuity, or at best from the non-arrival of some reserve troops, and from care respecting the Prussians, he did not then organize an assault. Even when the main mass of his army was set in motion, at a later hour, through Sombref toward Quatre Bras, neither that mass itself nor Ney’s supporting force was hurled onward in his quondam style of energy. The Corsican looked as if he had become Germanized,—as if the dashing spirit of his many victories had been drowned in the blood of the armies whom he had vanquished, or rather as if his heroic heart felt suddenly sickened at his advance, for the first time in his life, against a greater hero than himself, whom some terrible presentiment or mysterious fear already portrayed as about to be his conqueror; and when at length he arrived near enough Quatre Bras for action, and was lifting his arm to deal a stupendous blow, that greater hero mocked his preparations, vanished like an apparition, and left him, at that place, not even a shadow to strike.

The Duke of Wellington had made arrangements during the night for the retreat of his whole force to his chosen position in front of the forest of Soignics. But all these arrangements were in his own high style, as a general of consummate skill and immense experience. Obstructions had to be removed from the roads behind him; counter-orders had to be sent to brigades who had not arrived; new dispositions had to be made for defending the country to the right;

and complicated measures had to be devised for so withdrawing the troops from Quatre Bras that the French might not suspect a retreat in time to prevent or mar it. All these things were done quietly, dexterously, and in the shortest possible time. The arrangements, in particular, for masking the retirement of the main body, for protecting their passage through a dangerous defile at Genappe, and for insuring the orderly, regular arrival of each part of the army on the portion of the field of Waterloo allotted to it, evinced a degree of all the higher exercises of military genius which has never been surpassed. The Duke put the foremost of his infantry in motion about ten o'clock; and he sent off the rest, mass after mass, without a pause, till all had left the ground. The outposts of riflemen stood till near the last; parties of cavalry made sham manœuvres to amuse the enemy; and a strong rear-guard of cavalry and artillery covered the whole retreat. The Duke remained to the end at Quatre Bras, superintending the withdrawal, and observing the enemy; and though himself so perfectly masked, he saw distinctly the marshalling of the French force around Frasnes, the prolonged inaction of the force around Ligny, the detaching of Grouchy's corps in pursuit of Blücher, and the march of the main mass of the French army along the great road from Sombref. He did not order the retreat of his cavalry till his videttes were approached by the enemy's patrols; and then he moved off as coolly at the rear of his army, and with as sure a conviction that all his battalions were in their proper places and in regular order, as if the whole movement had been merely a review.

Buonaparte, immediately on discovering that Wellington had withdrawn, ordered his cavalry to pursue. This happened about four o'clock. The weather was oppressively sultry,—the air stagnant, the heat tropical, the sky filled overhead with dark, massive, electric clouds. A body of French lancers rushed on to assail a regiment of hussars in front of Genappe; some British guns were fired to break their advance; and either by concussion of their sound, or perhaps only by coincidence, the clouds above instantly burst asunder, a tremendous thunder-peal volleyed through the heavens, and down came a deluge which in a few seconds saturated the ground, rendering it difficult or impossible for cavalry to manœuvre anywhere except on the firm main road. The British hussars, being now pent within the narrow chaussée of Genappe, were no match, with their sabres and their light horses, for the French lancers, whose weapons, like the spears of the Macedonian phalanx, presented an impenetrable front; so that they felt compelled to retire. But Lord Uxbridge, leading back the 1st life-guards from the further side of the town, and seizing the moment when the pursuing lancers were on the worst part of the ascent from the bridge, converted the repulse of the hussars into immediate victory. His charge with the life-guards took effect like a thunder-bolt. "Its rapid rush down into the enemy's mass was as terrific in appearance as it was destructive in its effect; for although the

French met the attack with firmness, they were utterly unable to hold their ground a single moment, were overthrown with great slaughter, and literally ridden down in such a manner that the road was instantaneously covered with men and horses, scattered in all directions. The life-guards pursuing their victorious course, dashed into Genappe, and drove all before them as far as the opposite outlet of the town." This smart check on the French pursuit operated so regularly that all the rest of the British retreat was left perfectly undisturbed. The allied army arrived at the destined battle-ground in great discomfort. The drenching weather which broke upon the skirmish at Genappe, continued throughout the rest of the day, with bursts of lightning and squalls of wind. The torrents of rain converted all the country into a temporary marsh; the passage of waggons and of troops converted roads and fields into masses of mire several inches deep; and the prolonged thunderstorm, together with scarcity in food and drink, rendered everything dismal. Many of the troops, when in position for the night, had to lie down in mud; others had to bivouac among uncut rye-crops, four or five feet high, soaked with rain; and all, scarcely excepting the principal officers, were in such circumstances of dire misery as nothing but the combined fierce operation of the war of armies and the war of the elements could have so suddenly produced. The French, of course, on arriving at their ground, which they did very soon after the allies, were subject to the same miseries. Yet both armies were undamped in the morale, full of fire, and eager for the morrow; for all the men had a distinct presentiment of battle,—believed fully that the two greatest captains of the age, Europe's arch-disturber and her arch-pacifator, were about to measure swords; and the two parties, French and allies, were alike confident of victory.

The battle-field of Waterloo, on which the armies now lay, is situated 10 miles north of Quatre Bras, and 13 south of Brussels. It is intersected northward through the centre by the great road from Charleroi to Brussels, and north-north-eastward across the west end by the road from Nivelles to Louvain. A gently elevated ridge of ground commences at a wide crevice or small ravine about $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile east of the Charleroi road, and extends nearly in a straight line west-south-westward to a point about $1\frac{1}{4}$ furlong west of that road, and then curvingly south-westward to the Nivelles road, where it is terminated by a flanking ravine. This ridge, which has a total length of about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles, was occupied along the crest by the main part of the front battle line of the allies. The southern slope of it confronted the French, and served as a natural glacis, which could all be freely swept by the allies' guns: while the northern slope was available to conceal reserves from the enemy's view, and to screen them in some degree from the point-blank fire of his artillery. An unpaved country road ran along the crest, nearly in the line of the allied front-ranks; and this proved of much use, especially in mov-

ing the guns during the progress of the battle. The eastern extremity of the ridge swells into a small hill, which assisted the crevice beyond to protect the allied left flank. The country to the east of the crevice expanded into open tableau, broken in the distance by woods and vales, through which the forces of Blucher were to approach. Four hamlets or farm-steads, with enclosures, Frischermont, La Haye, Papelotte, and Smolhain, stood in a line with each other 3 furlongs in front of the hill at the east end of the ridge, and were advantageous as advance covering posts at the extreme left. The farm-stead of La Haye Sainte, with strong square farm-yard enclosure, stood on the Charleroi road $1\frac{1}{2}$ furlong from the allied front, and was an important post both for covering the allied centre, and for commanding the chaussée. A ragged hedge ran for about half a mile along the slope of the ridge eastward from La Haye Sainte, and afforded great support to that part of the allied front-line. The small village of Mont St. Jean, with a farm-stead of the same name in front of it, stood on the Charleroi and Brussels road, at the intersection of the Nivelles and Louvain road, about a mile north of La Haye Sainte, and, being enveloped by the reserves and muniments of the allied rear-centre, was of great and various utility. The village of Waterloo stood about a mile farther north, also on the Brussels road, at the edge of the forest of Soignies, and was the place where the Duke of Wellington and his staff slept on the nights of the 17th and the 18th.

French writers name the battle of the 18th after Mont St. Jean, in consequence of that place having been the nearest village to the centre of conflict; while British writers, accordantly with the great victor's own will and example, name it after Waterloo, partly for sake of euphony, and partly because that place was British head-quarters. No part of the conflict, however, not even the most penetrating thrust, ever reached Waterloo. The forest of Soignies spread far to the east and the west, behind both flanks of the allied army, and was more than six miles in diameter. Had the allied army been beaten, they must all have retired or fled into that forest; and there, on the whole, they would have had better facilities for defending their retreat than in almost any description of open country. A sort of plateau, formed by expansion of the west end of the allied ridge, extended backward to the western vicinity of Waterloo; and the south-western verge of this, which overlooked the flanking ravine, $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile north-westward from the Nivelles road to a point a little beyond the village of Braine le Leud, was occupied by a deflected part of the allied battle-array. The hamlets of Merbe-Braine, Le Mesnil, and Le Straye stood on the plateau, considerably back from its verge, forming a kind of covered line toward the forest of Soignies; and would have given important assistance in the event of a retreat. The chateau of Hougomont, with walled garden, a small wood, and an attached paddock, stood $\frac{1}{4}$ a mile south-south-west of the angle where the main part of the

allied line ended and the deflected part commenced; and, chiefly on account of its occupying that situation, though partly also on account of the comparative strength of its covers, it was regarded by both belligerents as the key of the whole battle-field. A road led from Braine le Leud westward to Braine le Chateau, and another north-westward thence to the town of Hal, on the great road from Mons to Brussels, nine miles from the battle-field; and all that space was held by a chain of allied outposts, with a strong terminating force at Hal, to arrest any attempt which the French might make to sweep widely past the allied right flank.

A space in front of all the allied battle-position was a very slightly contoured valley, varying in width from six to eight furlongs, and nowhere enclosed except around Frischermont, La Haye, Papelotte, Smolhain, La Haye Sainte, and Hougomont. This proved the main arena of the battle, the theatre of its most terrible combats, the scene of successive tremendous charges, followed by still more tremendous repulses, heaving hither and thither like conflicting billows till on one side suddenly broke all down in spray; and a better field for a great pitched battle, for deciding the destinies of many nations, a field of more desirable capacity, freer from undue obstructions, a fairer field with less favour, can hardly be conceived. Buonaparte's range of vantage-ground, too, was quite or very nearly equal to Wellington's. A series of eminences, almost fused into a ridge, but much more varied in contour than the allied ridge, extended along all the south side of the valley, and bore aloft the French front line, with its terrible array of artillery, in almost exact parallel to the allied front line. Several enclosures and woods protected the right flank. The farm of La Belle Alliance, on the Charleroi road, a little behind the front line, gave assistance to the centre. The village of Planchenoit, about a mile south-east of La Belle Alliance, contained strong extensive covers, and stood up like a bulwark against the assault of any portion of the Prussian army which might be supposed possible to elude Grouchy, and to penetrate to the flank. The farm-house of Rossomme, on the Charleroi road, about a mile south of La Belle Alliance, was the place where Buonaparte slept on the night of the 17th, and now offered valuable facilities to him and his staff for surveying the whole field and the adjacent districts throughout the battle. The country all behind was sufficiently free from obstructions, and sufficiently intersected with roads, to afford ample facilities for an orderly retreat in the event of disaster. And several good enclosures near one another on the Nivelles road afforded protection to the left flank.

The Duke of Wellington firmly hoped that the dispositions he had made would both stop the French and prevent them from turning his right flank. All the population behind him, however, including even the chief persons in Brussels, the French royal family at Ghent, and some of the authorities beyond the Scheldt, were in consternation. He therefore took time, even amid his

tremendous proper cares, at an early hour of the morning of the 18th, to order ultroneous measures for the quieting of their fears. In particular, he wrote to the French royal family, recommending them what to do in the event of any of the Buonaparteian army threatening to approach them; he wrote to the governors of Ghent and Antwerp, giving certain instructions respecting the opening of inundations and the removal of magazines; and he wrote to Sir Charles Stuart, the British representative at Brussels, as follows,—“Pray keep the English quiet, if you can. Let them all prepare to move, but neither be in a hurry or a fright, as all will yet turn out well. I have given directions to the governor of Antwerp to meet the crotchets which I find in the heads of the King's governors upon every turn. The post horses are embargoed in my name, I conclude, to prevent people from running away with them; but give the man orders to allow any body to have them who goes with an order from you.”

The Duke, notwithstanding his attention to these matters, and in spite of his accumulation of fatigues during the previous two days, in spite also of continued dismalness of the weather, was on the battle-field at day-break, to perintend in person the positioning of his troops. The morning opened with a drizzling rain, promising no respite to the discomforts of humidity and gloom; yet the allied soldiers rose all with alacrity from their dripping lairs to take their places steadily and sternly, but not with any vauntings of either sound or show, in the array of battle. Their number, exclusive of those detached to the right, who could not come into the impending action, was 67,655. The infantry amounted to 49,608, the cavalry to 12,402, and the artillery to 5,645; and they had 156 guns. The total of the men comprised 23,991 British, 5,838 Germans of the King's legion, 11,220 Hanoverians, 5,962 Brunswickers, 2,880 Nassau-men, and 17,724 Dutch-Belgians.

The Prince of Saxe Weimar's Nassau brigade was posted in Frischermont, La Haye, Papelotte, and Smolhain. Best's Hanoverian brigade and Bylandt's Belgian brigade were posted in front line on the slope of the ridge, from a point opposite Smolhain to the vicinity of La Haye Sainte. Picton's division, consisting of Vincke's Hanoverian brigade, Pack's British brigade, and Kempt's British brigade, occupied the crest of the ridge, from the extreme left of the battle-field to the Charleroi road. Vivian's, Vaudeleur's, and Ponsonby's brigades of British cavalry, and Ghigny's Belgian brigade of cavalry, stood in reserve in the hollows behind Picton's division. Alten's infantry division, consisting of Ompteda's brigade of the King's German legion, Kielmansegge's Hanoverian brigade, and Halkett's British brigade, occupied upwards of one half of the western part of the ridge, beginning at the Charleroi road. Cooke's division of the British guards, comprising Maitland's and Byng's brigades, occupied the rest of that part of the ridge, to its termination at the Nivelles road; some of them, however, along with small bodies of Germans, being pushed for-

ward to the occupancy of Hougomont. The Brunswick division stood in reserve behind Alten and the guards. Clinton's division, comprising Adam's British brigade, Plat's brigade of the King's German legion, and Halkett's Hanoverian brigade, was posted on the eastern part of the plateau, contiguous to the west side of the Nivelles road; and Chasse's division, comprising two Dutch-Belgian brigades, was posted on the extreme right, around Braine le Leud. These two divisions, however, though forming what we have called the deflected front, and serving to protect the right flank of the whole position, really constituted a grand reserve, and came to be used as such toward the close of the battle. All the cavalry, except the four brigades of the left wing, comprising Somerset's, Dornberg's, Grant's, and Arentschildt's British and German brigades, Trip's and Merlen's Dutch-Belgian brigades, and a few Brunswickers and Hanoverians, were posted in the hollows behind the infantry of the right wing,—most of them in the triangular space between the ridge, the Brussels road, and the Nivelles road.

The several bodies were placed in formations most suited to their powers of fighting and to the features of the ground. The Dutch-Belgians and some of the rawest of the Germans, in consequence of being strongly suspected of a wish to run away, were either distributed in small bodies among the braver troops, or carefully placed in situations where they would have little to do, or whence they could not easily flee. The batteries of field artillery were placed either in front of the lines or in the intervals between the brigades, according to the nature of the ground; but all in such commanding situations as to sweep clearly down the slope and across the valley. The men at each gun, by remarkable provisory order of the Duke, had arrangements to unlimber a wheel at the near approach of a cavalry charge of the enemy, to trundle it off to the nearest square during the charge, and to trundle it back and resume their fire in all haste as soon as the charge should be repelled. Hence, though the French cavalry often during the battle cut off most of the guns, they never could take one away; hence also, along with the advantageous position of the batteries, were the allied artillerymen enabled to work their fire with a vigour which had never been surpassed, perhaps never nearly equalled. All the dispositions for battle, in all arms, in all parts of the field, were superintended by the Duke in person. His Grace rode busily over all the ground, throughout all the morning, and even gave orders for improving the defences of Hougomont and the other outposts. His chief generals fully seconded his care. The fiery Picton was the ruling spirit on the left. The brave Prince of Orange wielded authority between the Brussels road and the Nivelles road, and also was next to Wellington in general command. The noble Hill commanded on the plateau and away to Hal; and, though so situated as rather to be shut out from the battle than made sharer in it, he eagerly watched for opportunity to influence it, and at length made a grand



Angela

contribution to its victorious issue. And the dexterous Uxbridge, as well throughout the day and on to its close, as in the preliminary dispositions, threw an animation and a steadiness into all the cavalry which even the best of them had never exceeded at the most conquering crisis of the Peninsular war.

The French force on the field of Waterloo comprised 68,900 men and 246 guns. The men comprised 47,579 infantry, 13,792 cavalry, and 7,529 artillery. Many were veterans, inured to victory; and all were effective soldiers. The restored prisoners of war from Britain and Russia formed no mean proportion; the remnants of the victors of Wagram and Austerlitz were not a few; and even the rawest had been well-trained and were full of enthusiasm. Never in this most conquering days had Buonaparte commanded a finer army. All rose that morning from their bivouacs in as buoyant a spirit as if the field were already all their own; and they moved into battle-position with every possible demonstration of confidence. The weather soon so far cleared up as to lend occasional glimpses of sunshine, through the prevailing gloom of the clouds, to aid their display. "Eleven columns deployed simultaneously to take up their ground. Like large serpents clad in glittering scales, they wound slowly over the hills, amidst an incessant clang of trumpets and rolling of drums, from the bands of 114 battalions and 112 squadrons, which played the *Marschallaise*, the *Chant de Depart*, the *Veillons au Salut de l'Empire*, and other popular French airs. Soon order appeared to arise out of chaos. Four of the columns formed the first line, four the second, three the third. The guns, stationed along the crest of the ridge in front, with matches lighted and equipment complete, gave an awful presage of the approaching conflict. The infantry in the first and second lines, flanked by dense masses of cavalry, stood in perfect order; four and twenty squadrons of cuirassiers, behind either extremity of the second, were already resplendent in the fitful rays of the sun; the grenadiers and lancers of the guard, in the third line, were conspicuous from their brilliant uniforms and dazzling arms; while in the rear of all, the four and twenty battalions of the guard, dark and massy, occupied each side of the road between *La Belle Alliance* and *Rosomme*, as if prepared to terminate the contest." Jerome Buonaparte commanded on the left, Reille in the centre, and Drouet on the right. Foy, Bachelu, Donzelot, Alix, Marcognet, and Durutte, naming them as they stood from left to right, were the principal infantry generals of division. Piré, Kellerman, Guyot, Domont, Subervie, Milhaud, Lefebvre-Desnouettes, and Jacquinot, also naming them from left to right, were the principal cavalry commanders. And Lobau and Ney stood with the reserve behind the centre, to conduct master manœuvres or lead on the imperial guard.

The Duke of Wellington had no motive to commence the battle. His plan, even if the Prussians could have joined him in the morning, was to stand on the defensive. He did not hope to receive any efficient support from the Prussians

till about one o'clock, or later; and, being himself very much weaker than Buonaparte, he could not in prudence either make an attack, or do anything to invite collision. But Buonaparte had very strong reasons for the opposite policy. Every minute of delay was loss to himself and gain to the allies,—an useless diminution of his own army's moral strength, and an assistive maintenance of Wellington's integrity of strength toward the junction of Blucher. Why then did not the subtle Corsican, the master warrior of an hundred fields, make ready to strike at early dawn? Why, especially, did he let hour after hour glide away amid idle pageantic displays of his legions? Either he was demented, or he did not know his circumstances,—continued to be grossly mistaken respecting the relative positions of Blucher and Grouchy. At length, however, about half past eleven o'clock, after he had passed in great pomp along the front of his whole line, and then retired to his post of observation at Rossomme, he gave the word, and the battle began.

Jerome Buonaparte led down six battalions, in three columns, to assail Hougomont. Lord Wellington had, only a few minutes before, revised his dispositions for the defence of that outpost, and was then in front of the nearest part of his line, in readiness to support them. He guessed exactly where the first blow would fall, and felt perfectly alert to repay it. One of his batteries opened terribly on the columns long before they reached Hougomont, and others were immediately ready. But the columns, in spite of severe sudden losses, moved steadily onward, entered the wood, rushed into close combat with the defenders from tree to tree, and soon enveloped the whole place in smoke. Thirty British guns poured down a storm of shot, in the vain hope of appalling them; as many French guns, or more, spoke fiercely out in reply; and the other guns on both sides of the field speedily began to lend their voices to the thunder, till, in a brief time, a continuous cannonade played with incessant roar from end to end of the lines. It exceeded everything of the kind the oldest soldiers had ever heard, and made the very earth shake again, for miles round the field. Not fewer than twelve thousand men were gradually led forward to the assault of Hougomont; but, though fighting like furies, blind to danger, unflinching from death, and putting the marks of combat many times on every tree, they made little impression on the place itself, and none whatever on the general battle. The post lay low, and did not necessarily command any part of either of the belligerents' main position; so that it was not worth a tithe of even the commencing blows of the sharp strife which was spent upon it. Yet it continued, with only short intervals, to be the object of strong, stern, stubborn attacks, met with unbending resistance, and terminated by disastrous repulses, during the entire day. The enemy, indeed, gained long possession of the wood and the orchard; but, except on one occasion, when a few resolute men pushed through the gate into the yard, and were instantly killed on the spot by the

British guards, they never were able to force the inner enclosure. And though the mansion and some of the offices were set on fire by howitzer shells, yet the burning ruins were still maintained by the gallant defenders,—assailed to the last by the furious enemy, but still maintained. Never before was a small, temporary, comparatively unimportant post, like this of Hougomont, subjected to such a succession of heavy, long, desperate attacks.

Buonaparte hoped at first that, by seizing Hougomont and pushing masses of men along the Nivelles road, he might be able to break Wellington's right wing or turn his right flank. But he soon discovered, not only that the Hougomont post was vastly sterner stuff than he had imagined, but that the British field-marshal's defensive dispositions over all that end of the field, and away to Hal, were much too formidable to be easily or at all overthrown. Therefore, leaving the left of his own army still in close coil round Hougomont, to work their utmost will against it, he resolved to make a grand assault upon the British left, either to penetrate it or to turn it, with the view of cutting off Wellington's communication both with Brussels and with Blücher. Immediately, a powerful cavalry reconnoissance rushed down to Papelotte and Frischermont, causing much commotion among the Nassau brigade there, and came back with a report that the ground on the allied left flank was utterly unfavourable for manœuvre; and as speedily as possible, a grand muster was made of twenty thousand men, comprising all Drouet's corps, who were the freshest soldiers in the field, together with bodies of cavalry and artillery, to assault the allied left centre. The infantry were to move in four columns, so close to one another as to fall with one momentum upon all the part of the line occupied by Best and Bylandt, by Pack and Kempt; a brigade of Donzelot's division in the most westerly column was to assail La Haye Sainte; the cavalry, consisting, however, of only two small bodies, were to give support on the flanks and in the rear; thirty pieces of artillery were to be brought forward to the most advanced heights of the French ridge, to play over their heads during their progress across the valley; and all Milhaud's cuirassiers, acting as an independent body, were to move simultaneously with them, against the allied right centre, to effect a diversion.

At half-past one o'clock the attack was made. Ney led it. Buonaparte rode forward to La Belle Alliance, amid a sea of plumes, to set it a-going. The cannonade over all the line was invigorated to the uttermost, so as to become tremendously murderous. The advanced batteries covering the attack made terrific carnage. The four columns moved so closely to one another as to make all the eastern part of the valley seem one continuous mass of glittering arms; and they raised such loud shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur*" as to make the din of their voices distinctly heard to the extremities of the field, above the roar of the cannonade. Grandly they advanced, fully expectant of victory. Bylandt's

brigade, before being touched by them, but already much shattered by the shot from the batteries, broke suddenly up, and rolled away in headlong flight, almost running down some of the British troops behind them. Picton's two British brigades, who had fought so desperately at Quatre Bras, and lost so vast a proportion of their numbers there, now stood completely uncovered in a thin line of two men deep, without any infantry support, to receive the whole shock of the assailing columns. But, though only about three thousand strong, they felt themselves equal to their terrible task. Some of their riflemen, who were posted on vantage-ground, a short way in front of the main line, even lapped round the shoulders of the outer columns, and began to gall their flank, disdainingly to retire till the last possible moment of ability to escape capture. The main line stood behind the ragged hedge, ready either to remain firmly under its shelter, or to burst suddenly through its interstices, according to the circumstances of the onset. The columns advanced very near in mass, with exhilarating shouts and the loud roll of drums, and then commenced deploying, but were too close to one another, and on too unfavourable ground, to deploy with rapidity. Picton seized the moment of their embarrassment to pour upon them from his whole line a shattering volley; and then, before the boom of its report had yet died upon the breeze, he called loudly out, "Charge! charge! hurrah!" His men, answering with a stentorian shout, burst through the hedge, and rushed upon the foe. A short, sanguinary, desperate conflict followed. The brave Picton himself fell dead in the *melée*, by a musket-shot through the right temple. Many of his men fell with him; but the rest, though so few against so many, were speedily the victors. Under their close telling practice, the assailing legions, losing the columnar form, and unable to attain the linear one, became mere shapeless masses, full of stern bravery indeed, and pouring out a heavy fire, but temporarily deprived of all tact, feeling like men entrapped or paralysed, and totally unable to withstand the driving tempest of steel and lead which they had so suddenly provoked.

The Duke of Wellington, on observing the menace of the grand attack on his left, had ordered Ponsonby's cavalry brigade to stand close in the hollow behind Picton in readiness to support him, and the cavalry brigades of Vaudeleur, Vivian, and Ghigny to be also on the alert. Ponsonby's brigade, comprising an English regiment, the Royal dragoons, a Scotch regiment, the Scotch-greys, and an Irish regiment, the Enniskillen dragoons, and called on that account the Union brigade, was one of the finest in the field. Its commander informed the colonels to look for a particular signal from him at what he might deem the proper moment of attack, in order to render their movement simultaneous and astounding; and at so critical a moment did he give that signal, and so electrically was it obeyed, that the dragoons dashed through the intervals of the infantry, round their flanks, and in amongst the enemy with all the



W. H. P.

force of a surprise. The Highlanders, as the Scotch-greys burst through, vociferated the war-cry, which the greys echoed back, "Scotland for ever!" and many of them held on by the horsemen's stirrups, or otherwise ran forward, to share in the cavalry charge. Down went the assailing front like the crest of an avalanche. The enemy's four shapeless columns were instantly broken into fragments, and either trodden down or scattered. A few knots of them, scornful to yield, fought sternly to the death, yet served not to impede the progress of the overwhelming torrent, but only to give evidence of its perfect resistlessness as it swept wildly past. Others who escaped unhurt, or who fell and rose again, or who were pushed aside they knew not how, ran wildly about the field in quest of shelter; and many, throwing down their arms, rushed in upon the British infantry and surrendered. Two eagles and two thousand men were taken; the ground was everywhere strewn with killed and wounded; the supporting bodies of cavalry were overthrown; and all the thirty covering guns, together with about ten more, were either spiked or captured.

Buonaparte watched keenly the overthrow of his columns; and, in spite of the intense pain it gave him, he could not but admire the extraordinary bravery which caused it, exclaiming in hurried breaths as it went on, "These brave Scotch!" "These terrible greys!" But he quickly saw also that the greys, together with the rest of the Union brigade, were overdoing their bravery, pushing it into perilous impetuosity; and at the juncture of their reaching the crest of his position, out of rank, out of hand, blown, exhausted, and far distant from support, he hurled Jacquinet's cavalry against them, fresh and full-formed, with the double view of chastising them, and giving cover to his own routed infantry. Horrific was the retaliation. Many of the Union brigade were struck in death to the ground; many received ghastly wounds; and still more were temporarily captured,—made prisoners till after the deroute of the French at the end of the battle; insomuch that scarcely one-fifth of the brigade got back to the allied position to take part in the rest of the day's service. Even its commander, Sir William Ponsonby, met a gory death in the repulse. His namesake also, the Honourable Frederick Ponsonby, one of the colonels of Vandeleur's brigade, was cut to the ground, savagely maltreated when down, and left for dead on the spot. That brigade had started from the allied ridge close on the rear of the Union, to give support, but had found cause to describe a detour, which made it almost too late for the rescue; yet it came into action against Jacquinet's horsemen flankwise, when they were streaming in pursuit, and dealt them a heavy reprisal, driving them all back with great slaughter to the foot of the French position.

The brigade of Donzelot's infantry division which assailed La Haye Sainte had a separate fight from that of the rest of Drouet's corps, and did not partake directly in their repulse. The battalions of it rushed at once upon the defenses

of La Haye Sainte, and were sheltered by them from the crushing charges of Picton and Ponsonby. They assailed the place with surpassing bravery and stubborn will; and went almost instantly through the garden-hedge into the garden, making fight for the possession of the interior wall-enclosure. A battalion of Luneburg light infantry withstood them courageously for some minutes face to face; but being ordered by their commander to retire within the enclosure, they no sooner turned their back to the foe than away they fled headlong, sweeping officers and other soldiers before them, and hurrying on like hunted deer toward the main position. The right wing of Milhaud's cuirassiers, moving on to assail the allied centre in co-operation with Drouet's grand attack, happened to be closely on the rear of the fugitives, and, dashing right in among them, cut an enormous proportion of them down before they could get under shelter. The other defenders of La Haye Sainte, however, though far too few for their work, and commanded only by subalterns, spurned fear and would rather die than flinch; and their vigorous, resolute, fiery assailants, after vainly penning them up during the overthrow of Drouet's columns, were at length attacked by a body of Somerset's dragoons, and nearly all captured or sabred on the spot.

The advance of Milhaud's cuirassiers against the allied centre was in good timing with that of Drouet's infantry against the left. But the Duke of Wellington clearly foresaw this also, and made sufficient preparation to repel it, putting his menaced infantry into position to form advantageous squares, and placing Somerset's cavalry brigade, consisting of the 1st life guards, the 2d life guards, the royal horse guards, and the 1st dragoon guards, in immediate support. On came the cuirassiers, at charging speed, in the pomp of expected victory; and out went the household troops, at a rushing pace, in at least equal enthusiasm. "Just as the cuirassiers came close upon the squares," says Siborne, "and received a fire from their front faces, the two lines dashed into each other with indescribable impetuosity. The shock was terrific. The British, in order to close as much as possible upon the cuirassiers, whose swords were much longer, and whose bodies were encased in steel, whilst their own were without such defence, seemed for a moment striving to wedge themselves in between the horses of their infuriated antagonists. Swords gleamed high in air with the suddenness and rapidity of the lightning flash, now clashing violently together, and now clanging heavily upon resisting armour; whilst with the din of the battle-shock were mingled the shouts and yells of the combatants. Riders vainly struggling for mastery quickly fell under the deadly thrust or the well-delivered cut. Horses plunging and rearing, staggered to the earth, or broke wildly from their ranks. But desperate and bloody as was the struggle, it was of brief duration. The physical superiority of the British, aided by transcendent valour, was speedily made manifest; and the cuirassiers, notwithstanding their

most gallant and resolute resistance, were driven down from off the ridge, which they had ascended only a few minutes before, with all the pride and confidence of men accustomed and determined to overcome every obstacle."

The Duke of Wellington, during considerable part of these terrible conflicts, and also during some of those which followed, stood beside a solitary elm-tree contiguous to the Brussels road, on the crest of his position, in advance of Mont St. Jean. The tree seemed to be a mark for the enemy's cannon, and was soon all barked and splintered with shot. "That's good practice," remarked our hero, as the branches were struck above his head; "they did not fire so well in Spain." He was entreated to stand aloof from so perilous a spot; but, finding it the best place for comprehensive observation of the centre of the battle-field, he remained on it long, and returned to it often, in utter disregard of danger. Almost all persons near him, almost all the members of his staff though but occasionally beside him, were wounded or killed; yet did he take no hint to abridge the completeness or lessen the frequency of his observations. The tree was afterwards called the Wellington tree, and was pared away in chips, and eventually cut down, by persons desiring souvenirs of the battle. Buonaparte for a long time stood constantly behind the strong cover of his imperial guard at Rossomme, rarely descending from his distant, well-sheltered post of observation there till an advanced hour in the afternoon. But at one moment when he came near La Belle Alliance, and while the Duke of Wellington was at his tree, the commander of the nearest British battery said to the Duke,—“I have got the exact range of the spot where Buonaparte and his staff are standing; and if Your Grace will allow me, I think I can pick some of them off.” “No, no,” replied our hero; “generals-in-chief have something else to do in a great battle besides firing at each other.”

But the Duke did not stand mainly or even comparatively much at his tree. He acted, throughout the battle of Waterloo even more than in any of his most eventful previous battles, as if he had been ubiquitous. He performed all kinds of commanding officer's work, in all grades of rank from that of colonel to that of generalissimo, in all parts of the field, in all conditions of the forces. He flew, as if on the wings of the wind, from end to end of his array, from front to rear, from charge to recoil, from triumphant push to ignominious retreat. No emergency was too small to elude his vigilance, or too mean to escape his regard. He checkmated every move of the enemy, ordered every redistribution of his own troops, and either superintended or led on every critical charge. Wherever danger was prominent, or conflict doubtful, there did he appear, exposing himself to the thickest of the iron shower with a freedom and a frequency which made all around him tremble for his life. “Do not stir,” said the Prince of Orange to a general opposite Hougomont, who espied a cunning creeping movement of the enemy near the Nivelles road, at an early stage of the battle, and

who wished to rush down and check it,—“Do not stir, the Duke is sure to see that, and to attend to it;” and instantly there appeared a reserve detachment, charging down from the right; to effect an overwhelming repulse. On the flight of Bylandt's Belgian brigade, from Drouet's onset, and while the men were in the very delirium of their panic, the Duke galloped up to them, in his most suasive mood, making just the gestures and saying just the words which most finely blended kindness with authority; and he brought them all back in a few minutes to take post permanently as a reserve to the part of the front which they had abandoned. And frequently at the most crushing junctures of the conflicts which we have yet to describe, he threw himself into the centres of squares charged by the enemy's cavalry, cheering the officers by his directions, and stimulating the nearly exhausted men by some words of encouragement.

The conflicts resulting from the attacks of Drouet's infantry and Milhaud's cavalry ceased about three o'clock. The valley between the armies, with the exception of the debris of battle, became then quite clear. All the batteries on both sides immediately were adjusted to the most destructive range, and invigorated to the most furious speed. The front ranks of the allies, from being peculiarly exposed, along a comparatively uniform elevation, suffered dreadful carnage. “The columns of infantry lay down upon the ground to shelter themselves as much as possible from the iron tempest that fell fast and heavily,—round-shot tearing frightful rents directly through their masses, or ploughing up the earth beside them,—shells bursting in the midst of the serried columns, and scattering destruction in their fall, or previously burying themselves in the soft loose soil to be again forced upwards in eruptions of iron, mud, and stones, that fell among them like volcanic fragments.” The British field-marshal, consistently with military prudence or with his plan of battle, could do no more to resent this carnage than work his own batteries energetically in reply, or to mitigate it than draw all his cavalry and his reserve-infantry behind the reverse slope of the ridge, and make the front ranks of infantry lie constantly ensconced on the ground, waiting patiently there another attack of the enemy. Nor was that attack long in being made. Buonaparte, even while the former defeat was only winding up, organized a grand assault with Milhaud's and Lefebvre-Desnouette's cavalry against the allied centre, supported by Piré's light cavalry against the right, and by two columns of infantry against La Haye Sainte; and at half-past three o'clock, he set this in motion. But the attack on the right was intended only as a diversion, the attack on La Haye Sainte was not intended to penetrate to the main position, and even the attack on the centre was not destined to be met in the first instance by any of the allied cavalry, all of whom the Duke of Wellington now resolved to hold as much as possible in reserve for the exigencies of the crisis of the battle; so that this last attack, apart from its supports, and as a rush against infantry squares, was the present main thing of

interest, the more so as all Byng's brigade of the British guards and no small portion of Reille's infantry corps had been absorbed into the incessant great skirmish around Hougomont, the former being supplanted in the main position by a body of Brunswickers who were not likely to equal them in steadiness, and the latter possessing little ability to render any efficient aid.

The horsemen in array for this grand attack comprised 43 squadrons. They were formed in three lines, and made a magnificent appearance. First were cuirassiers, in burnished steel, with crested helmets: next were red lancers of the guard, in gaudy uniform, on richly caparisoned steeds; and next were chasseurs of the guard, with brilliant costume of green and gold, and black bear-skin shakos. The three lines, as they moved across the valley, seemed to scorn the iron hail which rattled upon them from the allied batteries, and they looked to be irresistible. The cuirassiers gallantly ascended the ridge, heedless of the thinning of their numbers by the closer shot; and, as the allied artillerymen, according to pre-arrangement, retired at their approach to take refuge in the squares, they already imagined themselves victors, in real possession of the relinquished batteries; and raising a triumphal shout, which instantly was echoed by the whole French army, they dashed impetuously over the crest of the position, through the intervals between the squares, and away to their rear and beyond it, followed at equal speed by the lancers and the chasseurs. They might now, to an unpractised eye, have seemed to be rioting in triumph; but in reality they were in little better plight than swarms of vermin among well-set traps. "Not in a single instance," says Mitchell, "did they preserve their order and come in a compact body against the ridges of bayonets; and even the best of these first charges, and the first were made in a more determined manner than those that followed, failed at a considerable distance from the infantry. The horsemen opened out and edged away from every volley. Sometimes they even halted and turned before they had been fired at; sometimes after receiving the fire of the standing ranks only. In this manner, they flew from one square to another, receiving the fire of different squares as they passed; they flew—more frequently at a trot, however, than at a gallop—from one side of the square to another, receiving the fire of every face of the square. Some halted, shouted, and flourished their sabres; individuals and small parties here and there rode close up to the ranks; it is said that on some points they actually cut at the bayonets with their swords, and fired their pistols at the officers. But nowhere was there one gallant effort made to break a square by the strength and impulse of their steeds. Not a single leader, from general to cornet, set an example of soldier-like daring, by dashing boldly into the midst of levelled muskets and presented bayonets." Soon were the whole 43 squadrons in disorder; and suddenly were they then swept, by assault of the allied cavalry, from among the squares, over the ridge, and down the slope; the allied artillerymen running so alertly back

to the guns as to be in good time to send after the fugitives a shattering fire. Milhaud and Desnouettes, instantly on reaching the French position, re-formed the squadrons, and came on again with the same pomp, the same confidence, greater fury, and more caution, scarcely giving the squares breathing time till they became re-engaged; but though struggling longer this time than before, shedding more blood and sustaining more loss, they were as effectually beaten. The two infantry columns, also, who had, the former time, advanced simultaneously with them to assail La Haye Sainte, were now so baffled as to feel obliged to retire.

It was now a few minutes past four o'clock. A brief interval of repose followed. This, in the estimation of good military judges, was the crisis of Buonaparte's fate at Waterloo. He had, at the time of his grand assault on the allied left, descried, about seven or eight miles distant, in the direction of Wavre, a peculiar appearance, which he justly suspected to be a strong body of Prussians advancing to join Wellington; and he had then detached Domont's and Subervie's cavalry to reconnoitre them, and to take post in the wood of Paris, along the brow of a ravine, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile east of the extremity of the battle-field, in such a manner as to intercept communication or approach. But now he knew that the advancing force was too strong to be intercepted, that it was moving steadily toward his flank, and that though excessively retarded in its progress by the difficulties of the ground over which it was marching, it seemed likely to be able to come very soon into action; and at the same time, he could not learn from his scouts, whom he had anxiously sent out, a single word respecting Grouchy. Here was a juncture requiring a promptitude and an energy greater than he had ever displayed in the best days of his conquests. Either he must instantly retreat, or he must at once deliver such a concentrated blow upon Wellington as should overwhelm him before Blucher could come up, or he must deliberately embroil himself in a double battle, the one in his front and the other on his flank, with no other means than had already failed, after $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours' fighting, to make any impression upon that in his front. The retreat would probably have been the most prudent course. It might not have been an orderly one; it would probably have been a disastrous one; but it would at least have given him fair scope both for saving a large proportion of his army, and for strongly rallying it behind the fortresses of the French frontier. The precipitation of his whole force in one crash upon Wellington would have been the most heroic course; but this was not within the limits of his magnanimity, and had not yet come within the limits of his despair. He therefore adopted the third course,—braced up his resolution to accept a new antagonist while still struggling hard with the old. Accordingly, Lobau, with about 7,000 infantry who hitherto had stood in reserve, and with Durutte's division of Drouet's corps, was ordered to form a new battle-front, at right angles with the old, extending

from the flank of Marcognet's division to the south side of Planchenoit; and the cavalry brigades of Doinont and Subervie were ordered to fall back in proper time to the rear of this new battle-array to support it in action.

But did not Buonaparte at least change his mode of fighting Wellington? Did he not, amid such serious increase of peril, relinquish the plan he had hitherto pursued of attempting to overpower him by sheer assault; did he not now begin to manœuvre,—to practise dexterity,—to bring into play his great reputed genius for trick and stratagem? No such thing. He seemed clearly to think that Wellington was only to be beaten down, not to be fenced with,—that, if allowed to parry thrusts instead of being compelled to resist blows, he would soon prove himself the better swordsman of the two. Buonaparte therefore determined to go on as before with sheer bludgeon-work,—altering nothing except to make the bludgeon heavier and the blow more smashing. Soult, indeed, had told him before, and now told him again, as the fruit of his experience throughout the Peninsular war, that the British would not be deforced,—that they would rather stand all to the death than flee. But Buonaparte had no faith in such romantic bravery; he believed, at all events, that even the most resolute ranks might be so terribly thinned as to be at last overpowerable; so that, in spite of Soult's experience, in spite of fortune's frowns, in spite of every call of humanity and every dictate of right reason, he went on with the murderous plan of drowning bravery in blood.

Little could be now done against Wellington's left, except to keep its attention sufficiently engaged to prevent it from sending reinforcements to the right. But all the part of the array between the Brussels road and the Nivelles road stood fully exposed; while the ground in front of much of it was peculiarly favourable to the practices of cavalry and horse-artillery. All this was now to be re-assailed, in the hope that every part of it might be weakened, and one or more parts penetrated or deforced. The terrific cannonade against it was renewed in the utmost possible vigour, with such changes of arrangement as promised increase of execution. Another grand cavalry attack upon it was organized, comprising all the same squadrons as before, together with all those of Kellerman and Guyot, making a total of no less than 80 heavy squadrons. Another infantry attack also was to be made, with circumstances of augmented strength, upon La Haye Sainte. And the fight at Hougomont, both for its own sake and for sake of giving support to the cavalry attack, was at the same time fed and stimulated.

The present grand cavalry attack proved to be exactly similar to the two grand cavalry attacks previously made,—similar both in itself and in its fate; so that it needs not be described. But it also proved to be the first of a tremendous series,—prolonged incessantly through the period of three hours,—absorbing the whole of the French cavalry, excepting those who stood in the new battle array

behind Planchenoit, supported by every possible power and combination of the artillery,—varied by strong infantry cooperation, both in columns and in swarms,—compelling the Duke of Wellington to bring fully into action all the reserves behind his centre, as well as some upon his right,—and never once allowing a breathing-time to either assailants or assailed till an enormous proportion of both lay dead or bleeding on the ground, and all the rest were almost fainting with fatigue. Such another conflict, so dreadfully gladiatorial, so like a murderous *melée* of bulls or bears, had not occurred through all the European war. How the brave allied infantry survived it, or even how they fought it, can hardly be conceived. The battalions at the right end of Halkett's brigade and the left end of Maitland's, in particular, performed then feats of endurance which have never been surpassed. The artillerymen, indeed, were both puissant and most alert, obstructing every charge to the last possible moment, and out again to avenge it before the repulsed assailants were half way down the slope. The British and the German cavalry also, though not the Belgian, were wonderfully heroic, ever promptly springing forward to sweep away the French horsemen the moment they became disordered among the squares, and sometimes engaging them unbroken in fierce subordinate combats. The squares of infantry, however,—ever exposed to the French cannonade, ever the butt of the cavalry attacks, ever consisting of the same men, without alternation or reinforcement, and ever standing on the defensive, simply to be mowed down, with no means to retaliate except the mere musketry of their rear-ranks at the moment of close assault,—these were the men who displayed the crowning courage of even crowning Waterloo,—whose astonishing endurance throughout that terrible bludgeon-conflict did at least as much as their great chief's generalship did on many a former battle-field of manœuvre, to avert defeat and make sure of victory.

“In an attacking body,” remarks Maxwell, in his *Stories of Waterloo*, “there is an excited feeling that stimulates the coldest, and blunts the thoughts of danger. The tumultuous enthusiasm of the assault spreads from man to man, and duller spirits catch a gallant frenzy from the brave around them. But the enduring and devoted courage which pervaded the British squares when, hour after hour, mowed down by a murderous artillery, and wearied by furious and frequent onsets of lancers and cuirassiers,—when the constant order, ‘Close up—close up!’ marked the quick succession of slaughter that thinned their diminished ranks, and when the day wore later, when the remnants of two and even three regiments were necessary to complete the square, which one of them had formed in the morning—to support this with firmness, and ‘feed death,’ inactive and unmoved, exhibited a calm and desperate bravery which elicited the admiration of one, to whom war's awful sacrifices were familiar. Knowing that, to repel these desperate and sustained attacks, a tremendous expenditure

of human life was unavoidable, Napoleon, in defiance of their acknowledged bravery, calculated on wearying the British into defeat. But when he saw his columns driven back in confusion,—when his cavalry receded from the squares they could not penetrate,—when battalions were reduced to companies by the fire of his cannon, and still that ‘feeble few’ showed a perfect front, and held the ground they had originally taken,—no wonder that his admiration was expressed to Soult,—‘How beautifully these English fight! But they must give way.’”

When the attacks of the cavalry were combined with attacks of infantry, aided by a covering approach of guns, then the devoted squares suffered to the uttermost, seeming as if they would at length be destroyed by mere power of butchery. No doubt they derived great negative advantage from the refusal of the cavalry to charge right on to the bayonets’ point, — from the incompetency of the French tactics to make a vigorous combination of cavalry and infantry attacks,—and from the inability of the French artillerymen to play upon them at the times when they were in attitude of full exposure to repel the onsets of the cavalry. Still they displayed a fortitude which was truly marvellous both in degree and in duration. Even their great leader almost trembled for them; and, as well to stimulate them as to seek protection for his person, he threw himself at the successive charges, into square after square, speaking words of encouragement. To the 95th, after they had repulsed a number of charges, and while they were waiting another, “Stand fast 95th! We must not be beaten. What will they say of us in England?” To another regiment, he said, “Hard pounding this, lads; but we can pound longest.” To others, who indicated a tendency to flag, or whose officers ventured to beg a breathing-time, or a reinforcement, he replied, in the heroic tone which went into the inmost heart of such soldiers, that they must stand as they were till victory or death arrived, and that he would stand with them. And to several who asked, entreated, or re-entreated permission to retaliate the attacks, he said, “Not yet, my brave fellows; be firm a little longer; you shall have at them by and by.” And all continued to obey him, steadily and enthusiastically, proud to win his notice, eager to do such stern devoir under his eye. “Vain were all attempts to break that heroic infantry, which seemed as it were rooted in the earth. Lying down to avoid the driving shot which swept over the field, the men in silence beheld their ranks torn by bombs and ricochet shot without once moving; but no sooner did the cuirassiers appear than the whole, instantly starting up, threw in such a volley that half of the horsemen were stretched on the plain, and the remainder recoiled in disorder out of the frightful strife.” “The assailants, becoming enraged, brandishing their swords, and exciting one another by shouts of ‘Vive l’Empereur,’ reiterated their attacks with redoubled but fruitless vigour. Like the majestic oaks of the forest, which are poetically said to strike their roots

deeper and more tenaciously into the earth as the fury of the storm increases, so stood the Anglo-allied squares, grand in the imposing attitude of their strength, and bidding defiance to the tempestuous elements by which they were assailed on every side."

Some other parts of the allied army, however, during this dreadful period had very different behaviour. Trip's Belgian cavalry being, by Lord Uxbridge himself, at a critical juncture of the conflict, ordered forward to make a charge, not only disobeyed, but first gave a deaf ear to an arousing appeal to their manliness, and then broke into disorder and rushed away from the field. The Cumberland regiment of Hanoverian hussars being, about the same time, ordered to take post in an advanced part of the rear to make a mere show of their numbers, wheeled round, struck spurs into their steeds, and galloped right off to Brussels without once drawing bridle. A large proportion of the Dutch-Belgian infantry, as well as a few of the Germans, at the very junctures when their services were most needed, either never fired a shot or fired only one shot or two and then ran. Many soldiers in even the better German corps seized frivolous excuses for going to the rear; some pretending to be whirled off by a movement of cavalry; some affecting to be wounded when they were only scratched; and others making a mock display of sympathy for a fallen comrade, one carrying his cap, another his knapsack, another his musket, and as many as could lay hands upon him bearing away his person. Most of the followers of the army, also, who were an immense multitude, and likewise the parties in charge of the baggage-wains, together with the peasantry of the district, created prodigious confusion, almost a chaos of men and things, around the villages in the immediate rear, and along the great road to Brussels, affording a near close cover into which all fugitives from the ranks could plunge. So great and rapid was the thinning of the allied position everywhere between the Brussels road and the Nivelles road, partly from this desertion of cravens and partly from the fall of heroes, that, before six o'clock Lord Wellington felt obliged to strengthen that part of the position by calling up to it Vaudeleur's and Vivian's brigades of cavalry from the left, calling down to it the best portion of Hill's corps from the deflected right, and summoning close to its flank Chasse's Belgian division from Braine le Leud.

The third attack on La Haye Sainte, in spite of the great support given to it by the terrific conflict with the squares, failed as signally as the first and the second; but, about six o'clock, a fourth and still stronger one was successful. "The assailants on this occasion," says Mudford, "soon perceived that the garrison had exhausted their ammunition, and could not return a shot. Emboldened by this discovery, they instantly rushed forward, and burst open one of the doors; but a desperate resistance was still made with the sword-bayonet, through the windows and embrasures. They then ascended the walls and roof,

whence they securely fired down upon their adversaries. This unequal conflict could not long continue; and after an heroic defence the post was surrendered. It is affirmed that the French sacrificed to their revenge every man whom they found in the place. It is at least certain, that some individuals were most barbarously treated. The shattered and dilapidated state of the house, after the battle, conspicuously evinced the furious efforts which the enemy made for its possession, and the desperate courage displayed in its defence. The door was perforated by innumerable shot-holes,—the roof destroyed by shells and cannon-balls; there was scarcely the vestige of a window discernible; and the whole edifice exhibited a melancholy scene of ravage and desolation."

The capture of this place was the only gleam of success which had yet fallen on the French arms. Buonaparte was so elated by it that he instantly despatched a courier to Paris, announcing it as a crisis in the battle most surely tending to victory. Nor, at this awful juncture of the battle, the British almost exhausted, the Prussians not yet making themselves felt, the French still in possession of a powerful reserve, was the event altogether unworthy of his high appreciation. Most British writers, indeed, are pleased to speak of it as trivial; but the *Quarterly Review's* article which we formerly quoted from, reputed to have been written by Colonel Gurwood and the Earl of Ellesmere, more justly says,—“It was a serious annoyance. It led to some additional loss of life and limb in our ranks; it gave facilities to the French for their repeated attacks on our centre; and in the event of our being compelled to retire, it would have been of great advantage to them. It might have been avoided, for it was occasioned by nothing but exhaustion of the ammunition for its garrison. There was but one communication with the farm, by a gateway on the road from Brussels to Genappe, and this was commanded by the French artillery. An easy remedy might have been, but unfortunately was not, adopted—namely to break out a communication through the back wall of the farm house, which would have been available, not only for the introduction of ammunition, but for the relief and reinforcement, if necessary, of the garrison. We doubt whether in any continental service the neglect of so minute a feature in a general action, whatever its eventual importance, would be laid to the account of a commander-in-chief. We have reason, however, to believe that the Duke of Wellington has often volunteered to bear its responsibility; and as it is the only confession he has had to make, we shall not dispute the point with His Grace.”

The French made instant earnest use of this acquisition. Large bodies of infantry, collecting within and behind the buildings, swarmed thence as skirmishers against all the front of Kempt's and Alten's divisions. Two guns, with most raking range, were planted in advance of the buildings. Bodies of cuirassiers found facility for ensconcing themselves, to take sudden advantage of any confusion caused by the clouds of skirmishers. Reille's infantry, at the same

time, partly reinforced the fight at Hougomont, and partly swarmed up as skirmishers against Halkett and Cooke. Some forces on the extreme French right likewise speedily succeeded in obtaining possession of La Haye, Papelotte, and Smolhain. Lobau's battle-front, which had already been some time in grips with the foremost of the Prussians, was not only perfectly firm, but seemed to be making movements which indicated triumph. False reports, sparkling and plausible, were busily circulated by Buonaparte's staff, that Grouchy was at hand. The whole French army, or at least the greater part of it, at this juncture, throughout a period of half an hour or more, displayed extraordinary exhilaration, as if assured victory at last were just about to alight upon their eagles. Yet they threw not away one spark of their excitement in idle joy, but assiduously used it all in reinvigorated onslaught. Their fighting was as fierce and effective now as in the first collisions of the strife. One of their pushes from La Haye Sainte, complicated with skirmishers and with cuirassiers, produced no less a disaster than the almost total destruction of an entire German battalion, with General Ompteda at its head. Their swarms of skirmishers, acting in a manner of their own, with the support of cavalry and artillery, inflicted serious damage on almost every part of the allied front. "It was in following up success of this kind that the real strength of the French armies of the Republic and the Empire consisted during the war. In these tirailleur onsets and advances from post to post, the natural gallantry and intelligence of the soldiers, the skill of inferior commanders, as well as the spirit of enterprize which distinguished the whole, were always eminently conspicuous." And seldom had the skirmishing swarms been more bloodily biting than during the hour at Waterloo which followed the capture of La Haye Sainte. Wellington, however, though so fearfully weakened, was still unflinching, and Blucher in grand strength, was now at hand.

The Prussian field-marshal, true to his engagement with Wellington, and scorning the severe personal contusions he had received in his fall on the field of Ligny, had caused himself to be lifted on horseback at Wavre at the break of day, and had immediately put all his four corps in motion toward Mont St. Jean. He had not proceeded far till, intelligence reaching him that Grouchy was in full march upon Wavre, he felt obliged to make the corps under Thielman countermarch, with instructions to defend the passage of the Dyle, to conduct the resistance there in any manner which might seem best, but on no account to expect reinforcements till the battle in front of the forest of Soignies should be decided. Blucher then continued to lead his other corps earnestly forward,—one of them in the direction of Mont St. Jean, and the other two in the direction of Namchenoit. But there were obstructions to their march, over all the distance, such as few armies, in such a country, at such a season, had ever encountered. The thunder-rains of the previous day and night had con-

verted much of the country into a sea of mire; the roads, ill-made and soft, had been almost obliterated; and much of the most traversable tracts was an alternation of sweeping torrent, treacherous pool, and sinking soil. The infantry could proceed only with great difficulty, in straggling order; the cavalry were compelled to pick their way, as if travelling over a morass; and the guns often sank to the axle in stiff mud, and could be dragged out or onward only by immense exertions of large bodies of the men. The columns extended at times over miles of ground. "We shall never get on," repeatedly exclaimed some of the most willing groups. "But we must get on," replied Blücher; "I have given my word to Wellington, and you will surely not make me break it; only exert yourselves a little longer, and victory will be ours." And on they still went, from one obstruction to another, in a rivalry of toil, ever encouraged by Blücher, often roused by the arrival of messengers from the battle field, and increasingly stimulated by the roar of the distant cannonade. At length about half past four o'clock, two brigades belonging to the columns which were moving against Planchenoit marched into collision with the enemy, and provoked a violent conflict. But they were far from support, and much too few to make a successful push; so that they soon felt compelled to fall back, either to rest on their arms or to renew the combat only as other brigades arrived. Toward six o'clock, Blücher received intelligence that Thielman was attacked at Wavre by a superior force. He then, however, had both seen and felt enough of the ferocity of the struggle on the field of Waterloo to make him intensely vexed that a large proportion of his troops were still lagging in the distance; so that he said in reply,— "Tell Thielman to do his best; the campaign of Belgium must be decided at Mont St. Jean, not at Wavre." Only about half past seven did the head of the column which had been moving direct toward Mont St. Jean go into action, and at the same time even the columns which had moved against Planchenoit, and whose foremost parts had already been so long engaging the enemy's attention, were not yet in full strength. But, as if to compensate for all the dismal delay which had taken place, they then rushed on with an energy which was all on fire to seize an immediate most signal victory. Just at that juncture, too, as we must now proceed to relate, the direct battle between Buonaparte and Wellington reached its crisis.

The reanimated efforts of the French after the capture of La Haye Sainte looked for a time as if about to be successful. The Duke of Wellington, though still calm, became exceedingly anxious. He continued to give every order in his usual sharp decided manner; but he looked oftener at his watch than before, and could not repress the audible utterance of a wish for the arrival of either the Prussians or night. He knew indeed, both from the sound of their cannon and from the reports of messengers, that a portion of the Prussians had become engaged at Planchenoit; but he knew also that the great bulk of them were still

struggling on the march; and he saw no evidence that those engaged were making any impression. No part of his position except the extreme left commanded a view of the Prussians' line of approach, or of the ground allotted for their exertions; and even that part commanded no other view of Planchenoit than the useless and tantalizing one of the spire of its church. Hence, up to seven o'clock, and past it, he neither saw nor felt any diversion in his favour. "When, therefore, he beheld his line so fearfully reduced in numbers, which he had no means of replacing, and which the indomitable courage of his British and German troops alone had hitherto been able to supply, it is not surprising that he should have manifested some little impatience for the arrival of that portion of the Prussian forces, which was to co-operate more immediately with his own army. The latter, with the exception of the Dutch-Belgian troops which still continued in reserve, for it was useless to place them where they would be exposed to the brunt of the battle-shock, presented but a mere wreck of that proud array which it had displayed in the morning. Exposed, too, as they had been for so many hours to a tremendous cannonade, which only ceased at times but to give place to attacks of cavalry and musketry, their exemplary passive forbearance seemed, in some instances, to be approaching its utmost limits. Frequent messages reached the Duke from commanding officers, soliciting reinforcements and supports, since their corps were reduced to skeletons; but the only reply they received was, that no reinforcements could be granted, and that they must hold their ground to the last man. In all three arms of the service, the losses had been awfully severe. Battalions, dwindled to mere handfuls of men, were commanded by either captains or subalterns. A vast number of guns along the whole extent of the line had been disabled. The British and German cavalry-brigades, with the exception of Vivian's and Vaudeleur's, on the left, were reduced to less than the ordinary strength of regiments. Somerset's and Ponsonby's brigades united did not comprise two squadrons. However, such of the brave British and German troops as were still in the field, nobly represented the valour and devotion which, under the guidance of a master-hand, were destined to be crowned with lasting triumph. Familiarized as the men had become with scenes, in rapid succession, of violent death, under almost every variety of aspect, from the sudden gush of life, to the slow and lingering anguish,—from the calm and tranquil sleep 'that knows no waking,' to the ghastly writhings of convulsive death-throes, the short and frequent command of 'Close up!' as their comrades fell around them, continued to be as mechanically obeyed as would have been any common parade order in a barrack-square."

Buonaparte, observing that Wellington still remained unshaken while the main body of Blücher's force was entering the field, passed suddenly into a mood of mind to commit all the issue of the battle to a single concentrated, desperate throw. He saw that now not empire alone, not victory alone, but common

safety was at stake,—that a continuance of his present tactics would probably entail a disastrous overthrow,—that retreat, without prodigious loss, was no longer practicable,—and that the instant, energetic, simultaneous precipitation of his whole available force upon Wellington's lines afforded him the only hope, but nevertheless a distinct or even clear hope, of triumph. All his troops who had been so long in the conflict, indeed, were so exhausted as to be little capable of further exertion; though even the worst of them could scarcely be more exhausted than the troops with whom they had been contending, and whom they were again to assail. But there were yet in reserve about eight thousand soldiers who had not that day drawn a trigger,—all men of the imperial guard, the picked warriors from Napoleon's armies of conquest, none of whom had been permitted to enter the guard till they had served twelve campaigns; and these, after being augmented by some battalions of the same character who had just been giving aid at Planchenoit, he destined to be the central mass and mainstay of his summary grand attack. "These veterans, who had for years been their country's pride, and almost the terror of continental Europe, could truly say that they had never fled from a field of battle. Amidst the disasters of the French army their fame had remained untarnished; and they were now to be tried against men who, like themselves, acknowledged no victors. They were called upon to support the sinking cause of a long-cherished leader. The blot which a hundred battles, gained by the British, had inflicted on the military escutcheon of France, was to be effaced; the blood of the thousands who had fallen by British arms was to be avenged; the unconquered were to meet the unconquered, and the world was to learn from the result who were its first and foremost soldiers."

Reille's corps was ordered to form into columns, and advance against the extreme right of Wellington's front. Dronet's corps was ordered to hurl its whole strength against the left centre. One grand column of the guard was formed adjacent to the south-east of Hougomont, with the view of moving into the interstice between Maitland's brigade of the British guards and Halkett's brigade of Alten's division. Another grand column of the guard was formed on the Charleroi road, beside La Belle Alliance, with the view of moving a short distance down that road, then deflecting to its left, and then launching its whole force against nearly the same point as the other column. A powerful artillery was attached to the flanks of these columns to support them. Four battalions of the guard, not comprised in the two columns, were posted in squares on the brow of the French position, supported in the intervals and on the flanks by the remains of the heavy cavalry, to act in any manner which the exigencies of the general attack might require. And all these arrangements, as well as some subordinate ones, embodied the idea of simultaneously engaging the attention of all Lord Wellington's troops,—in the way of diversion over the greater

part of the line, and in the way of overwhelming assault in the best part of the centre.

The British field-marshal, as usual, promptly descried the coming storm, accurately divined its character, and perfectly prepared to meet it. His chief solicitude had reference to the point where the heads of the two monster-columns of the imperial guards seemed likely to strike. He recalled some of his own guards from Hougomont, drew Adam's brigade close to him, called in Chasse's Belgian division, posted his men four deep in two converging lines in the form of two sides of a quadrangle, amassed a great strength of guns at the apex of these lines, on the point looking down the part of the slope which the assailing columns must ascend, and posted all his most effective cavalry immediately in the rear, in readiness to make a sudden sweeping charge at any advantageous moment. His dispositions, as came to be proved by the event, were admirably adapted alike for buffeting back the enemy in disastrous repulse, and for pursuing that repulse into sudden victory. Yet many writers, even good military ones, have censured a principal feature of them, the four-deep formation of the men, as a frivolous, timid, useless sacrifice of one half of his infantry strength. But, in estimating the onset, he saw the French cavalry going into array as well as the imperial guard; and, judging from the experience of all the previous parts of the battle, he could scarcely but conclude that he was about to be attacked by the combined forces of cavalry, infantry, and artillery. Now his troops, in order even to make good resistance, but especially in order to make a safe pursuing descent into the valley, obviously required solidity of phalanx to engage with the cavalry, as well as extension of line to engage with the infantry; but they neither would have had the necessary solidity if formed in the usual manner of two deep, nor the necessary extension if formed, as before, in squares; nor, we may add, would they afterwards have descended in any other form than the four-deep order with such conquering effect, as a continuous dense mass—seeming to be column, square, and line all in one—upon their repulsed panic-stricken assailants.

The columns of the imperial guard came on in a style of heroism worthy of their fame. Napoleon in person accompanied the eastern one as far as the hollow of the high road, and there addressed to them a few words, the last he ever spoke to his soldiers, and pointing to the centre of the British position cried, "There is the road to Brussels." The shouts of "Vive l'Empereur," from these devoted soldiers, rising loud above the roar of the cannonade, were heard by Wellington, and blew the bravery of all the nearest of his troops into most furious blaze. The first column looked like a triumph in the distance, but like a hecatomb when it came near. Torrents of shot descended upon it as it began to ascend the slope, followed by streams of cannister and of musketry as it began to be flanked by the overlapping lines of Halkett and Adam; so that it seemed

for some seconds as if making no advance, but as if incessantly shorn of its head and melting away along its sides; and, in a few minutes, after a vain struggle to deploy, it broke and fled. The other column, however, which was considerably in the rear and to the west of it, and led on by Ney, continued to approach with intrepid step. "Ney's horse was shot under him: but, bravely advancing on foot, sword in hand, he showed himself worthy of his high reputation. At first this formidable column appeared irresistible, the guns were forced back, and Ney led his bold veterans to within forty paces of the English guards. These troops had been ordered to lie down, behind the road which passes along the summit of the ridge, and where Wellington himself stood. 'Up, Guards, and at them,' he cried; and the men on both sides of the angle into which the French were moving, springing up at once, quickly advanced a few paces, and poured in so deadly a volley, that the whole first two ranks of Ney's men fell at once. The storm of musketry never ceased for an instant, every man loading and firing independently. Steadily advancing they pushed the French column, though still bravely fighting, down the slope; and Vivian's cavalry charging them on one flank, while Adam's foot assailed them on the other, the attack thus in front and on both flanks was completely destructive. With the 42d and 95th the British leader now threw himself on Ney's right, while the 52d and 71st converging inwards threw in a slaughtering volley on his left. So appalling was it, that the imperial guard, like a recoiling wave, swerved in disorder to the right; and at that instant, the 10th, 18th, and 21st dragoons, charging with irresistible fury through and through the staggering French column, rode down, trampled under foot, and slew so many that the remainder turned and fled in irrecoverable disorder. 'Tout est perdu!' 'Sauve qui peut!' 'La garde recule!' were now the universal cry; and the mass, panic-struck, rushing headlong down the descent, overwhelmed like a bursting flood everything in its course, and spread disorder and dismay into the whole French centre."

Wellington instantly ordered a general advance of his whole army; and he himself, with hat in hand, rode in front, and led them on. "The order was communicated with electric rapidity along the line. Those troops that had remained during this long and eventful day in determined possession of their post, enduring immense loss, and repelling unparalleled attacks with unheard-of fortitude, now at the magic word moved forward as one man. Wounds and death were unthought of; and only one feeling of confidence and of exultation filled every bosom. A shout from the whole line shook the blood-stained battle-field, rising through the troubled air, over the din of arms, the rattle of musketry, and the roar of cannon, and fell heavily on the proud heart of Napoleon,—the knell of his departed fortune. Many of the French, from not having seen for so long a time the British infantry who remained lying on the reverse of the ridge of their position, sheltered in some degree from the thunderstorm of the French cannon-

ade, were amazed when they beheld this immense body advance majestically in line, driving before them the remnant of the imperial guard, forcing them tumultuously across the valley, and defeating them at every step. At the same time, the Prussians, with rapid pace and in the finest order, moved in from Papelotte and Frischermont, in double-necked column, to join in the attack; and one hundred guns in the form of an amphitheatre, played over them along the chaussée of La Belle Alliance. The whole French army were overwhelmed with panic and despair." Drouet's divisions broke in such haste that they made no attempt to carry off their guns; large bodies threw down their muskets with such common impulse as to leave them almost in heaps; and even the reserve battalions of the guard, together with the masses of cavalry which flanked them, offered but a momentary resistance before being trodden down and dispersed. "Tout est perdu!" was heard from every mouth; and horse, foot, and artillery, confused and mingled together, fled tumultuously toward the rear; while the British horse, still eight thousand strong, charged the fleeing mass, cutting down all who attempted to resist, and dispersing or slaying all who attempted to form."

Buonaparte watched intently this terrible reverse. He stood behind La Belle Alliance, on a small eminence overlooking all the mêlée; and he gazed so engrossedly as to refuse to listen for a moment to any of his aides-de-camp who approached. He maintained a calm demeanour, standing like a statue, till the mass of his second column of guards was in deroute; and then he became as pale as death, muttered aloud "Ils sont mêlés ensemble," and started up from his engrossment to think of measures for personal safety. Not a moment was there to lose. The British horse were coming up like a whirlwind in front, and the Prussians at Planchenoit were ready to burst in like a deluge on the rear. He instantly hurled into charge four squadrons of cavalry who were serving as his life-guard, but saw them in a few moments overthrown. He next gave direction for the working of four cannons which were advantageously placed, and which continued to play fiercely in spite of the rushing sea of men all around them, and which, in almost their last discharge, shot away Lord Uxbridge's leg, close by Wellington's side. Buonaparte next placed himself in front of a regiment of his guard which was retreating in regular formation, the only one which was doing so, and which now, that he sought protection from it, felt mortal disdain to break its ranks; and he kept steadily under its cover till he passed beyond the reach of danger. Then, turning to Bertrand, he said, "Tout à présent est fini! Sauvons nous;" and, setting spurs to his horse, he rode off at a gallop, never drew bridle till he reached Quatre Bras, snatched up in a field there the best food he had tasted since the morning, remounted in hot haste, rode all night to Charleroi, stopped even there only one hour, and continued his flight thence to Philippeville.

Some small portions of the imperial guard made resistance, amid the hubbub of flight and of pursuit, even after Buonaparte was several miles from the battle-field; and they are reported, though we believe apocryphally, to have then said, when called upon to surrender, "The guard dies, but never surrenders." But their efforts were utterly unavailing. "The British cavalry, led by Vivian and Vaudeleur, charged upon their flanks; Adam and Halkett continued steadily advancing upon them; the mass of fugitives overwhelmed their front, and prevented their firing. In a few minutes they were pierced through in every direction, cut down or made prisoners, with their generals Duhesme, Lobau, and Cambronne. After they were broken, all resistance ceased. Vandeleur's horse, which headed the pursuit, and which had attacked and carried the last French battery that fired, now became so enveloped in the torrent of fugitives that they were swept along beyond their comrades into the middle of the French army, while their arms, weary with striking, could hardly wield their sabres." Never in modern war, not even at Vittoria, had such an impetuous rout been witnessed. Even Buonaparte himself, in his official account of the battle, though so mendacious as to introvert the glory of it, and even to claim its issues down to the last stroke as a victory, yet felt compelled to say respecting its denouement,—“A complete panic spread at once through the whole battle-field; the men threw themselves in the greatest disorder on the line of communication; soldiers, cannoniers, caissons, all pressed to this point; the old guard, which was in reserve, was infected, and was itself hurried along. In an instant the whole army was nothing but a mass of confusion; all the soldiers of all arms, were mixed pell-mell; and it was utterly impossible to rally a single corps.”

Lord Wellington, immediately on becoming certain that the whole French army was routed—judging that all his own troops were too fatigued to pursue, and that the Prussians were fresher and in high spirit—sent a request to Blücher that he would undertake the entire pursuit, and issued an order to his own generals to leave the chaussée and all the tract eastward of it free for the Prussians, and to halt for bivouacking on what had been the French position. The Prussian regimental bands, on passing the British, played the national anthem, “God save the King;” and the British in response set up vociferous cheers. Wellington and Blücher, by a happy chance, in the very midst of these demonstrations, met personally in the vicinity of La Belle Alliance, and saluted each other as victors. And Blücher then gave strong assurance that he would perform to his utmost power the duties of the pursuit; and he afterwards,—in allusion to his meeting here with Wellington, and in commemoration of the alliance then subsisting between Britain and Prussia, of the union of the two armies, and of their mutual confidence, and also because here Buonaparte stood during the hottest of the battle, here gave his orders, here flattered himself with hopes of

victory, and here was hurled to ruin,—requested that, in the archives and history of Prussia, this battle should ever be called the battle of *La Belle Alliance*.

The events of the pursuit are well told—told succinctly and graphically—in the old Prussian hero's own official despatch:—"The whole French army, in its dreadful confusion, hurrying away everything that attempted to stop it, soon assumed the appearance of the flight of an army of barbarians. It was half past nine. Blücher assembled all his superior officers, and gave orders to send the last horse and the last man in pursuit of the enemy. The van of the army accelerated its march. The French being pursued without intermission, were absolutely disorganized. The chaussée presented the appearance of an immense shipwreck; it was covered with an innumerable quantity of cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wrecks of every kind. Those of the enemy who had attempted to repose for a time, and had not expected to be so quickly pursued, were driven from more than nine bivouacs. In some villages they attempted to maintain themselves; but as soon as they heard the beating of our drums, or the sound of the trumpet, they either fled or threw themselves into the houses, where they were cut down or made prisoners. It was moonlight, which greatly favoured the pursuit, for the whole march was but a continued chase, either in the corn-fields or the houses. At Genappe, the enemy entrenched himself with cannon and overturned carriages; at our approach, we suddenly heard in the town ~~the~~ great noise and a motion of carriages; at the entrance, we were exposed to a brisk fire of musketry; we replied by some cannon-shot, followed by a hurrah; and, an instant after, the town was ours. Thus the affairs continued till break of day. About 40,000 men, in the most complete disorder, the remains of the whole army, saved themselves, retreating through Charleroi, partly without arms, and carrying with them only 27 pieces of their numerous artillery. The enemy, in his flight, passed all his fortresses, the only defence of his frontiers."

The victory of Waterloo was dearly won. The total loss of the allies in achieving it, in killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to no less than 22,378 men. The British had 1,417 killed, 4,923 wounded, and 582 missing,—altogether, 6,892; the King's German Legion had 362 killed, 1,009 wounded, and 218 missing,—altogether, 1,589; the Hanoverians had 294 killed, 1,098 wounded, and 210 missing,—altogether, 1,602; the Brunswickers had 154 killed, 456 wounded, and 50 missing,—altogether 660; the troops of Nassau had 254 killed, and 389 wounded,—altogether, 643; the Belgians had 466 killed, 2,054 wounded, and 1,627 missing,—altogether 3,994; and the Prussians had 1,255 killed, 4,383 wounded, and 1,386 missing,—altogether, 6,998. But the losses of the vanquished were vastly greater. All the French corps who fought at Waterloo were practically annihilated; for all the regiments that ever mustered again beneath the imperial eagles were so shattered, so crest-fallen, so utterly unfitted in every way for any soldierly service that they counted for little more

than nothing. But even though all that rallied, and that thereafter stood steady, had continued to be efficient, the loss of men was still prodigious. "That matchless corps whose prowess had decided many a doubtful day," remarks Maxwell, "were almost annihilated, the cavalry completely ruined, the artillery abandoned; and if the number be computed, including those left upon the battleground, sabred in the pursuit, captured on the field, or made prisoners by the Prussians, with the still greater portion of fugitives who disbanded on entering France, and returned to their respective homes, the total losses sustained by Napoleon and consequent on his defeat at Waterloo cannot in round numbers have amounted to less than forty thousand men." The number of cannon and carriages taken on the field or near it was 409, comprising 92 guns, 30 howitzers, 14 spare gun carriages, 6 spare howitzer carriages, 145 gun waggons, 50 howitzer waggons, 20 forage waggons, and 52 waggons of the imperial guard.

The character of the battle, in its military aspects and impulses, lies emblazoned on the mere narrative of its conflicts. Yet an opinion or two upon it may be added. "The merits of it," says Maxwell, "have been freely examined and very differently adjudicated. Those who were best competent to decide have pronounced this battle as that upon which Wellington might securely rest his fame; while others, admitting the extent of the victory, ascribe the result rather to fortunate accident than military skill. Never was a falser statement hazarded. The success attendant on the day of Waterloo can be referred only to the admirable system of resistance in the General, and an enduring valour, rarely equalled and never surpassed, in the soldiers whom he commanded. Chance, at Waterloo, had no effect upon the results." "The situation of Wellington's army," says Foy, "was terrible. Yet neither the cannon-balls of the imperial guard, discharged almost point blank, nor the victorious cavalry of France, could make the least impression on the immoveable British infantry. One might have been almost induced to fancy that it stood rooted in the ground, but for the majestic movement which it commenced some minutes after sunset, at the moment when the approach of the Prussian army apprised Wellington that he had just achieved the most decisive victory of the age." "The battle," says Sibourne, "was remarkable for the spectacle it afforded, on the one hand, of a bravery the most noble and undaunted,—of a passive endurance the most calm, dignified, and sublime,—of a loyalty and patriotism the most stern and inflexible; and on the other, of a gallantry in assault the most daring and reckless,—of a devotion to their chief the most zealous and unbounded,—and, lastly, of a physical overthrow and moral annihilation unexampled in the history of modern warfare."

But what said the Duke of Wellington himself respecting it? Writing fourteen days after to Lord Beresford, he said, "You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what

the boxers call 'gluttons.' Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well." Yet perfectly patent, to his eagle-glancing eye, and even to the eyes of far inferior observers, as were the monotonous tactics, the rough bludgeonism, and the stern, steady, predominating bravery of the battle, the Duke regarded its movements as more entangled into intricacy, its collisions as more pregnant with contretemps, and its interludes, at least on his own side, as more frequently and foully stained with cowardice, than those of any other battle he had ever fought. For, seven weeks afterwards, in reply to an eminent literateur, who announced to him an intention to write a history of the battle, and who requested some information from him respecting certain of its incidents,—he said,—“The object which you propose to yourself is very difficult of attainment, and, if really attained, is not a little invidious. The history of a battle is not unlike the history of a ball. Some individuals may recollect all the little events of which the great result is the battle won or lost; but no individual can recollect the order in which, or the exact moment at which, they occurred,—which makes all the difference as to their value or importance. Then the faults or the misbehaviour of some gave occasion for the distinction of others, and perhaps were the cause of material losses; and you cannot write a true history of a battle without including the faults and behaviour of part at least of those engaged. Believe me that every man you see in a military uniform is not a hero; and that, although in the account given of a general action, such as that of Waterloo, many instances of individual heroism must be passed over unrelated, it is better for the general interests to leave those parts of the story untold, than to tell the whole truth.” The Duke, therefore, strenuously recommended his correspondent to let the battle of Waterloo alone.

What our hero's personal conduct was throughout the protracted doubtful period of the battle, has already been told; and such as it was then, so transcendently brave, so perfectly strategic, so patient, so persevering, so ubiquitous, so Herculean, so Argusian, so entirely worthy of all his former fame and of all his present triumph, such it continued to be to the end. Never for a moment did he flag or falter. Never for an instant did he cease to corruscate throughout the field, in energy and brilliance, wherever his presence was in any manner needed, fanning the fervour of all his host, inspiring their courage, originating and energizing all their prolonged, stubborn, tremendous labours for victory. Even at the grand crisis of the battle, when the crash of collision with the columns of the imperial guard had just been struck, when the ground in the British

front was rocking with explosives as if shaken by an earthquake, and when a momentary outburst of the setting sun threw a sudden glare of light upon the field, with an impressive effect as though a photograph of the terrific scene were being taken on the clouds, the Duke's person stood prominently on the foreground of the picture, "his hat raised high in air as the signal for the commencement of the general advance, the leaders in front of their divisions and brigades appearing, by their animated gestures, to take their tone from him." And at the crisis of his army's onslaught, amid its general advance, when the foremost part of it, in the form of a salient curve, rushed up against the spot where the four reserve battalions of the imperial guard stood in squares, he rode into the focus of peril, to the point on which the enemy's fire was concentrated, insomuch as to alarm all his officers near him for his safety, so that one of them earnestly said to him, "This is no place for you—you had better move;" but he replied, "I will, when I see those fellows off." Near the end of the British pursuit, also, when the Duke continued still to ride at the head of his foremost troops, and when he momentarily pushed so far a-head for reconnoissance as to become exposed to the random shots of both friends and foes, some of his attendants again ventured to speak to him of his danger, and entreated him to retire; but he answered, "Never mind, let them fire away; the battle's gained."

So soon, however, as the excitement of the conflict was over, our great hero passed suddenly from the exercise of his heroism to the profound indulgence of feelings which were still higher elements in his greatness. He walked slowly across the dread battle-field, which was so thickly strewn with the dead and the dying, and entered softly his humble quarters in the village of Waterloo, where his own bed had become preoccupied by one of his dearest personal friends, who had been severely wounded in the field, and was then in mortal agony; and, throughout the walk and during supper, he appeared to the few observers who saw him to be so intensely meditating as to look like the impersonation of a reverie. His habitual buoyancy, which had sparkled into glee at the end of many a hard-fought day, which had so readily risen to jocularity at the bivouac-fire on the road-side on the evening of Quatre Bras, was now so subdued by the stupendous issues of so awful a fight and so vast a victory as to leave, for this night at least, not a trace of its existence.

One subject of our hero's reflections was gratitude to the Divine Being for his personal safety. He not only ruminated this gratitude, but wept it and wrote it, recording in a brief note the following words which, though few, were full of thought,—“I have escaped unhurt; the finger of Providence was on me.” “The hidden fire of his heart,” remarks Sherer, “had long been a prayer, and the tears which he now shed were a thanksgiving. We do not mean such prayer or such thanksgiving as would have flowed from the informed conscience and the impressed affections of Gustavus Adolphus; but we do mean a secret

and silent trust in Providence, and a sincere though brief recognition of its aid." The Duke's personal religion, whatever was its character, never was and never could be showy; so that, since it spoke at all, even one word, amid the impressive silence of the night of Waterloo, its emotions must have been strong. But we may here so far anticipate as to quote a sentence upon it from Dr. Emerton's sermon on occasion of his death.—"It has caused feeling of greater delight than the rehearsal of all his victories to be informed that those who knew him best speak of his regular, consistent, and unceasing piety, of his unostentatious but abounding charity, and tell us that he consecrated each day to God, that, at the early service in the Chapel-Royal, he, who was no hypocrite, never did anything for a mere pretence, who scorned the very idea of deceit, was regularly, almost alone, confessing his sins, acknowledging his guilt, and entreating mercy in the beautiful words of our own evangelical Liturgy, not for his own merits, but for the merits of that Saviour who bled and died for him."

Another subject of the Duke's reflections was his own position as victor, with his foot on the neck of the arch-disturber of the world, proclaiming to Continental Europe the renewal of its lease of liberation, and to his own country the confirmation of her supreme place among the nations. "The fountain of a great heart," says Sherer, "lies deep, and the self-government of a calm mind permits no tears. But this night, Wellington repeatedly leaned back upon his chair, and rubbing his hands convulsively, exclaimed aloud, 'Thank God I have met him, Thank God I have met him.' And, ever as he spoke, the smile that lighted upon his eye was immediately dimmed by those few and big tears that gush warm from a grateful heart. Those many and deep anxieties, to which all his late heavy responsibility of necessity gave birth,—his noble desire as a patriot to defeat the most powerful and most implacable enemy of his native country,—his rational doubts of success against a general of experience so great, genius so acknowledged, (and by none so truly estimated as by himself,) and fortune so singular,—all that cannot be known to any one of the fears and hopes which had been pent up in his own bosom,—all these were now resolved, and dissipated by a result sudden, full, and glorious beyond any expectation he could possibly have formed, or any hope he could have admitted. This work, under the blessing of God, was his. He could look around and say, 'It is my work.'"

But another subject of the Duke's reflections, of entirely different hue, dismal and sad, which all his other strong emotions could not prevent from taking firm hold upon his heart, was his loss of men in the battle-field. He knew this to be very great, but feared it might be greater than he supposed. He therefore ordered Dr. Hume, the principal medical officer of his staff, to make all possible speed in obtaining returns of the killed and wounded. "The Doctor," we are told, "on bringing these returns, found His Grace asleep, not aware of the fatigue his system had undergone, hesitated to wake him; but, having re-

ceived the order with more than the usual peremptoriness, he ventured to give him a shake. In an instant, His Grace, dressed as he had been in full regimentals, was sitting on the bedside. 'Read' was the significant command. For more than an hour the Doctor read aloud the harrowing list, and then his voice failed, and his throat choked with emotion. He tried to continue, but he could not. Instinctively he raised his eyes to the Duke. Wellington was still sitting, with his hands raised and clasped convulsively before him. Big tears were coursing down his cheeks. In a moment the Duke was conscious of the Doctor's silence, and recovering himself, looked up and caught his eye. 'Read on' was the stern command; and while his physician continued for hours, the 'Iron Duke' sat by the bedside, clasping his hands, and rocking his body to and fro with emotion."

This picture of our hero, in grief like a woman's, may not be perfectly correct in every circumstance, but it is true, profoundly and solemnly, in all its spirit. "My heart," said he, in one of his letters, "is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained in my old friends and companions, and my poor soldiers. Believe me nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won. The bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from the greater evil; but to win such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expense of so many gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune, but for the result to the public." "Our battle of the 18th," said he again, "was a battle of giants, and our success complete. But pray God that I may be so far favoured as never to have another; for I am much afflicted at the loss of old friends and comrades." And again he said, some days after, amid the bustle of his advance toward Paris, — "Some of the regiments are reduced to nothing, but I must keep them as regiments, to the great inconvenience of the service, at great expense; or I must send them home and part with the few British soldiers I have. I never was so disgusted with any concern as I am with this; and I only hope that I am going the right way to bring it to an early conclusion in some way or other."

But perhaps the finest evidence of his grief, as to both its pungency and its delicacy, is to be found in two letters of condolence which he took time to write, amid his hurricane of cares, on the day after the battle,—the one to the Duke of Beaufort, on the wounded condition of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, now Lord Raglan,—the other to the Earl of Aberdeen, on the death of the Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon. "I am very sorry to have to acquaint you," said he to the Duke of Beaufort, "that your brother Fitzroy is very severely wounded, and has lost his right arm. You are aware how useful he has always been to me, and how much I shall feel the want of his assistance, and what a regard and affection I feel for him, and you will readily believe how much concerned I am for his misfortune. Indeed, the losses I have sustained have quite broken me down; and I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired." And to the Earl of

Aberdeen he said,—“You will readily give credit to the existence of the extreme grief with which I announce to you the death of your gallant brother, in consequence of a wound received in our great battle of yesterday. He had served me most zealously and usefully for many years, and on many trying occasions; but he had never rendered himself more useful, and had never distinguished himself more, than in our late actions. I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow with which I look round me, and contemplate the loss which I have sustained, particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot suggest it as any to you and his friends: but I hope that it may be expected that this last one has been so decisive, as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object. It is then that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen will be some consolation for their loss.”

CHAPTER XXII.

WELLINGTON AND BLUCHER'S MOVEMENT INTO FRANCE—THE CONDITION OF WELLINGTON'S ARMY—THE ALLIES' ADVANCE UPON PARIS—THE FINAL DOWNFALL OF BUONAPARTE—THE ALLIES' ENTRY INTO PARIS—THE TERMINATION OF THE WAR—PUBLIC REJOICINGS IN BRITAIN—REWARDS FOR WATERLOO.

AT daybreak of the 19th of June, the Duke of Wellington's army moved from the field of Waterloo and from Hal toward Nivelles. The Duke himself, on that day, rode to Brussels, remained there a few hours transacting business, and then returned to his army. The Prussians took but brief repose on the night of the 18th, till they arose with out-spread wings, to resume their pursuit of the French. At night-fall of the 19th, Wellington was at Nivelles,—Blucher was at Gosselies,—Buonaparte personally was still in hot flight for Paris, in the hope of extemporizing there some mitigation of his disaster,—the disorganized main French army was swarming around Beaumont, Philippeville, and Avesnes, toward an attempt at reorganization under Soult at Laon,—and the corps of Grouchy was in retrograde march from Wavre to Namur.

Wellington and Blucher now resolved to march upon the frontier fortresses of France, and thence upon Paris, in separate, parallel, mutually supporting lines, the former on the right, the latter on the left. And on the 20th, the Duke, in order to inspire his troops with the sentiments which he wished to be in exercise on the march, issued the following general order:—"As the army is about to enter the French territory, the troops of the nations which are at present under the command of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, are desired to recollect that their respective sovereigns are the allies of His Majesty the King of France, and that France ought therefore to be treated as a friendly country. It is therefore required that nothing should be taken either by officers or soldiers, for which payment be not made. The commissaries of the army will provide for the wants of the troops in the usual manner; and it is not permitted either to soldiers or officers to extort contributions. The commissaries will be authorized either by the Field-Marshal or by the generals who command the troops of the respective nations, in cases where their provisions are not supplied by an English commissary, to make the proper requisitions for which regular receipts will be given; and it must be strictly understood that they will themselves be held responsible for whatever they obtain in way of requisition from the inhabitants of France, in the same manner in which they would be

esteemed accountable for purchases made for their own government in the several dominions to which they belong. The Field-Marshal takes this opportunity of returning to the army his thanks for their conduct in the glorious action fought on the 18th instant; and he will not fail to report his sense of their conduct in the terms which it deserves to their several sovereigns."

Wellington's army entered France on the 21st. The Duke at the same time issued a proclamation to the French people, telling them that he was their friend,—that he sought only to liberate them from the iron yoke of Buonaparte, the usurper, who had become the enemy of the human race,—that he wished them to lodge information against any of his own soldiers who might dare to do them an injury,—that he expected them to furnish prompt supplies of provisions, on fair terms, to his commissaries,—that he would protect to the utmost of his power all persons who should remain peaceably at home, and stand neutral in the contest,—but that he would treat as enemies, even to the confiscation of their property, for the subsistence of his army, as many as should show themselves by their behaviour to be taking any part with the usurper. Thus did our great hero enter France from the north, in the same spirit in which he had formerly entered it from the south,—and with the same effect, but more quickly; for he was instantly, and everywhere, except by a small minority, either hailed as a deliverer or welcomed as a friend. Blucher, however, advanced in another style, letting loose his soldiers as wolves of war, and treating France as a hostile country, whose crimes were clamant, and whose hour of punishment had come. Hence, though popular confidence smiled round the advance of the Anglo-allied army, consternation, awe, and hatred lowered upon the Prussians.

The Duke of Wellington likewise strengthened his influence with the people by inducing Louis XVIII. to join him in his progress. He had wished the King's counsellors also to join him; but, not having as yet succeeded in this, he wrote as follows, on the 24th, from Cateau, to Talleyrand:—"The King has arrived here, and has, as I expected, been received with the utmost demonstrations of joy by all his subjects; and I only regret that Your Highness did not accompany His Majesty. It was I who recommended to the King to enter France at present, because I was aware of the extent of our success in the battle of the 18th, and because I was desirous of having the influence of His Majesty's name to give to that success all the advantages which could be derived from it, and because I was aware that it would occasion a crisis in the King's affairs, particularly at Paris, to take advantage of which I wished his Majesty should be on the spot, or as near it as circumstances would admit." And the result, to the end, was exactly as the great conqueror anticipated. For the people in the north of France, wearied by the continuance of wars which had no other object than the upholding of the power of Buonaparte, were well pleased to have such good opportunity as the presence of their legitimate sovereign and of a victorious

army to make declaration for peace. Hence did the white flag soon wave from countless steeples, and did a rushing sea of Bourbonism everywhere roll in, with a force like a Solway tide, to bear the Anglo-allies resistlessly along.

Yet did not the Duke of Wellington advance without difficulties. His rapid triumph now, like his slow one in the Peninsula, was much embarrassed by the peculiar condition of his army. He felt compelled, even on the spot where the King of France joined him, to halt a whole day, for the purpose of keeping his troops in good humour and of depriving them of pretexts to plunder, by getting the apparatus of the commissariat fully forward. One of the Prussian generals commented to him on the inconvenience of thus letting the Prussian army go a march in advance, and urged him to move on. But said the Duke,—“Do not press me in this, for I tell you it won't do. If you knew the English army better, as to its composition and habits, you would agree with me. My people must be kept in camp and well taken care of, if order and discipline are to be maintained.” Yet only two days afterwards, in spite of all his precautions, his Dutch-Belgian troops were found pillaging in all directions, boldly and recklessly, in nearly the same style as his Spanish troops had formerly done in the South; insomuch that he felt compelled to inflict severe examples of punishment among the officers, and to enjoin temporary enslaving restraints upon the men. About the same time also he became severely vexed by the old plague of the bad equipments and bad commissariat-machinery of his own proper army. “I hope we are going on well,” wrote he on the 25th of June to Earl Bathurst, “and that what we are doing will bring matters to the earliest and best conclusion, as we are in a very bad way. We have not one quarter of the ammunition which we ought to have, on account of the deficiency of our drivers and carriages; and I really believe that, with the exception of my old Spanish infantry, I have got not only the worst troops but the worst equipped army, with the worst staff, that was ever brought together.”

The Duke's force, however, notwithstanding all its faults, was perfectly efficient for every purpose of the campaign. Buonaparte's field-force could never again be combined in sufficient strength to attempt any check to the march. The frontier fortresses stood only enough in the way to render a few of them desirable as a basis of the subsequent operations; and these were easily taken. And even a grand concentration of all available forces, old and new, veteran and extemporized, which was made for defending Paris, proved so comparatively feeble as to be able to offer but brief resistance. Hence were the military operations of Wellington and Blucher, from the moment of their entering France till the moment of their final triumph, few, simple, and uniformly successful; and all, together with the corresponding movements of the enemy, are told at sufficient length in the brief terms of the Duke's own despatches.

“Marshal Blucher,” wrote he on the 22d of June, “crossed the Sambre on

the 19th in pursuit of the enemy, and both armies entered the French territory yesterday, the Prussian by Beaumont, and the allied army under my command by Bavay. We have blockaded Lequesney and Valenciennes; the Prussian army Landreçy and Maubeuge. Avesnes surrendered to the latter last night. The remains of the French army have retired upon Laon. All accounts agree in stating that it is in a very wretched state, and that, in addition to its losses in battle and in prisoners, it is losing vast numbers of men by desertion. The soldiers quit their regiments in parties, and return to their homes; those of the cavalry and artillery selling their horses to the people of the country. Grouchy's corps, on leaving Wavre, made good its retreat by Namur and Dinant. This corps is the only one remaining entire." "I may be wrong," continued he on the 23d, "but my opinion is that we have given Napoleon his deathblow. From all I hear, his army is totally destroyed, the men are deserting in parties, even the generals are withdrawing from him. The infantry throw away their arms, and the cavalry and artillery sell their horses to the people of the country, and desert to their homes. Allowing for much exaggeration in this account, and knowing that Buonaparte can still collect in addition to what he has brought back with him, the 5th corps d'armée, under Rapp, which is near Strasbourg, and the 3d corps, which was at Wavre during the battle, and has not suffered so much as the others, and probably some troops from La Vendée, I am still of opinion that he can make no head against us."

"The citadel of Cambray," wrote he on the 28th, "surrendered on the evening of the 25th inst. I attacked Peronne with the 1st brigade of British guards on the 26th in the afternoon. The troops took the hornwork which covers the suburb on the left of the Somme by storm, with but small loss; and the town immediately afterwards surrendered, on condition that the garrison should lay down their arms, and be allowed to return to their homes. The troops upon this occasion behaved remarkably well. Marshal Blucher has one corps this day at Crespy, with detachments at Villers Cottenets and La Ferte Milon; another at Senlis; and another, under General Bulow, towards Paris. He will have his advanced-guard to-morrow at St. Denis and Gonesse. The army under my command has this day its right behind St. Just, and its left behind La Taulle, where the high road from Compiègne joins the high road from Roye to Paris. The reserve is at Roye. We shall be upon the Oise to-morrow. It appears by all accounts that the enemy's corps collected at Soissons, and under Marshal Grouchy, has not yet retired upon Paris; and Marshal Blucher's troops are already between them and that city." But though thus advancing so smoothly, the Duke personally made a narrow escape from death at Peronne. Anxious to obtain prompt possession of the fortress, immediately after obtaining the commandant's consent to capitulate, he went to one of the gates to wait till it should be opened. Some cowardly cannoner on the ramparts, spy-

ing him, treacherously fired a howitzer charged with grape in the direction of the spot on which he stood. The wall beside the Duke was shattered with the shot, sending off a shower of debris upon him, and, in the words of one of his staff who saw the event, "making his blue coat completely red."

"The enemy," wrote the Duke on the 2d of July, "attacked the advanced-guard of Marshal Prince Blücher's corps at Villers Cotterets on the 28th; but, the main body coming up, they were driven off, with the loss of 6 pieces of cannon and about 1,000 prisoners. It appears that these troops were on the march from Soissons to Paris; and, having been driven off that road by the Prussian troops at Villers Cotterets, they got upon that of Meaux. They were attacked again upon this road by General Bulow, who took from them ~~and~~ prisoners, and drove them across the Marne. They have, however, got into Paris. The advanced-guard of the allied army under my command crossed the Oise on the 29th, and the whole on the 30th; and we yesterday took up a position, with the right upon the height of Richebourg, the left upon the Bois de Bondy. Field-Marshal Prince Blücher, having taken the village of Aubevilliers on the morning of the 30th June, moved to his right and crossed the Seine at St. Germain's as I advanced; and he will this day have his right at Plessis Piquet, his left at St. Cloud, and the reserve at Versailles. The enemy have fortified the heights of Montmartre and the town of St. Denis strongly; and, by means of the little rivers Rouillon and La Vieille Mer, they have inundated the ground on the north side of that town; and, water having been introduced into the canal de L'Ourcq, and the bank formed into a parapet and batteries, they have a strong position on this side of Paris. The heights of Belleville are likewise strongly fortified; but I am not aware that any defensive works have been thrown up on the left of the Seine. Having collected in Paris all the troops remaining after the battle of the 18th, and all the dépôts of the whole army, it is supposed the enemy have there about 40,000 or 50,000 troops of the line and guards, besides the national guards, a new levy called les tirailleurs de la garde, and the fédérés."

"Field-Marshal Prince Blücher," said the Duke again on the 4th of July, "was strongly opposed by the enemy in taking the position on the left of the Seine, particularly on the heights of St. Cloud and Meudon; but the gallantry of the Prussian troops under General Ziethen surmounted every obstacle; and they succeeded finally in establishing themselves upon the heights of Meudon and in the village of Issy. The French attacked them again in Issy at 3 o'clock in the morning of the 3d, but were repulsed with considerable loss. And, finding that Paris was then open on its vulnerable side, that a communication was opened between the two allied armies by a bridge which I had established at Argenteuil, and that a British corps was likewise moving upon the left of the Seine towards the Pont de Neuilly, the enemy sent to desire that the firing might cease on both sides of the Seine, with a view to the negotiation at the palace of St. Cloud of a military

convention between the armies, under which the French army should evacuate Paris. Officers accordingly met on both sides at St. Cloud, and I enclose the copy of the military convention which was agreed to last night, which has been ratified by Marshal Prince Blucher and me, and by the Prince D'Eckmuhl on the part of the French army. This convention decides all the military questions of the moment existing here, and touches nothing political. General Lord Hill has marched to take possession of the posts evacuated by agreement this day; and I propose to-morrow to take possession of Montmartre."

But where in the meantime was Buonaparte? He had arrived at Paris after night-fall of the 20th of June, and was the foremost man to carry thither the intelligence of his overthrow. His first effort was to attempt to deceive his people by a false account of his defeat; his next to attempt to devise instant, energetic, gigantic measures for retrieving his disasters. But military confidence in him was shocked, political complicity with him ruptured, all his financial power of empire gone. He had lost at Waterloo, not only his army, but all his prestige as ruler, conqueror, crowned conjuror; and his mandates now were empty wind. "His ruin was so sudden and so complete that the most vigorous mind could not grapple with it. There was no proceeding which ingenuity could devise, or zeal could execute, that presented the slightest chance of success. Submission, unreserved and absolute submission, was all the victors had left him. In vain did he demand men and money. Where were they to be had?" In vain, too, did he endeavour to reassure his people by declarations that his victors were self-sitten,—that his army was still strong,—that, with a few more men, he could yet ward off every blow from Paris, and make his empire secure. Ney, who had followed close on his track, indignant at the course he had pursued in the campaign, started up at his elbow, exclaiming,—“That is false; that is false. You are deceiving the people. Your foes are entirely victorious. Blucher is not beaten. Wellington is triumphant. There is nothing left to us but the corps of Grouchy. The enemy is marching hither unopposed, and will be immediately at the Seine.”

Buonaparte found his boat whirling on a cataract, with a sheer profound fall immediately before him; so that his only chance of escape seemed to be a single sudden leap, to catch hold of the nearest twig. On the 22d of June, he made resignation of his crown in favour of his infant son, whom he wished to be proclaimed as Napoleon II. This measure served as a cover for his retiring to Malmaison, and as an occasion for forming a provisional government; but it produced no real effect upon his fortunes,—did not even retard for an hour his precipitate descent to utter ruin. The twig snapped asunder in the very moment of his clutching it. The parliament, after spending a day or two in tempestuous debates, which were all unfavourable to him, concurred in conviction with the provisional government, that there could be no hope of peace for France, and no

chance of safety for himself, but by his instantly fleeing from the country. He, accordingly, left Paris on the 29th as a fugitive for Rochefort, with the intention of sailing to America; but, after spending some days on the coast in vain projects to elude the vigilance of the British cruisers, he surrendered himself to a British man-of-war, and was soon sent, under sentence of perpetual exile, to St. Helena.

Blucher, in the pursuit from Waterloo, throughout the march to Paris, and in the negotiations with the French authorities, was most anxious to get possession of Buonaparte, in order that he might kill him. He viewed him as a felon against all Europe, outlawed by the congress of Vienna, condemned to death by the public justice of the world; he felt urged fully as much to catch him as to capture Paris,—fully as much, by any means in his power, to get possession of him as to put an end to the war; and he intended to execute him on the spot where the Duc D'Enghien had been murdered. He made great exertions, which on two occasions were very nearly successful, to seize him in his flight; he instructed Gneisenau, as his representative in negotiation, to stipulate for "Buonaparte being delivered over to the Prussians, in order to his execution;" and at an early stage of the advance from Waterloo, he sent General Muffling to the Duke of Wellington to solicit the Duke's co-operation in getting him caught and killed. "The Duke," says Muffling, "stared at me with all his eyes, and said that, after the battle they had won, they were much too conspicuous persons to be able to justify such a transaction in the eyes of Europe." Other arguments also did the Duke use, and other feelings did he express, which induced Blucher to relinquish his purpose. "But," said the latter, "ought we not to consider ourselves instruments of that Providence which has given us such a victory for the ends of eternal justice? Does not the death of the Duc D'Enghien call for such a vengeance? Shall we not draw upon us the reproaches of the people of Prussia, Russia, Spain, and Portugal, if we leave unperformed the duty which devolves upon us? Be it so. If others will exercise theatrical magnanimity, I shall not set myself against it. We act in this from esteem for the Duke." Thus did our great hero, with much difficulty, in entire disinterestedness, and at the risk of offending his co-victor, save the life of his own and his country's infuriate enemy. His own account of the affair is characteristic. "The Prussians," said he, on the 28th of June, "think the Jacobins wish to give Buonaparte over to me, believing that I will save his life. Blucher wishes to kill him. But I have told him that I shall remonstrate, and shall insist upon his being disposed of by common accord. I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so foul a transaction, and that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in these transactions to become executioners, and that I was determined that, if the sovereigns wished to put him to death, they should appoint an executioner, which should not be me."

Immediately after the formation of the provisional government, consequent on the abdication of Buonaparte in favour of his son, commissioners proceeded to the outposts of the allied armies, then near Valenciennes, to sue for an armistice. But both Wellington and Blücher regarded the abdication as a trick, containing nothing to satisfy the just pretensions of the allies, and therefore would not hear the commissioners. The Duke, in particular—referring to the treaty of the 25th of March, which bound the allies to force Buonaparte to desist from his projects, and to place him in a situation where he could no longer have power to disturb the peace of the world—told the commissioners by letter that he could not consider Buonaparte's abdication, "under all the circumstances which had preceded and attended it," as any attainment of the allies' object, and that therefore it could not form any inducement with him to suspend his operations.

Five other commissioners waited on him on the 30th at Etrées, on the same ground, adding such particulars respecting Buonaparte's flight to Rochefort as they thought likely to produce effect. But they had no better success. His Grace continued inflexible, saying that he "must see some steps taken to re-establish a government in France which should afford the allies some chance of peace." The commissioners, after some hesitation, begged him to tell them what he thought would satisfy the allies. "I then told them," says he, "that I conceived the best security for Europe was the restoration of the King, and that the establishment of any other government than the King's in France must inevitably lead to new and endless wars; that Buonaparte and the army having overturned the King's government, the natural and simple measure, after Buonaparte was prisoner, or out of the way, and the army defeated, was to recall the King to his authority: and that it was a much more dignified proceeding to recall him without conditions, and to trust to the energy of their constitution for any reforms they wished to make either in the government or the constitution, than now to make conditions with their sovereign; and that, above all, it was important that they should recall the King without loss of time, as it would not then appear that the measure had been forced on them by the allies."

The provisional government were not alert enough to make a graceful use of these suggestions. They stood wasting time on the back-ground, or higgling vainly for better terms, till they became constrained by force. Commissioners again appeared before the Duke on the 2d of July; but were then told by him that he would not consent to suspend hostilities except on the grounds that every French soldier should withdraw beyond the Loire, and that Paris should be entirely surrendered to the allies for the unconditional entry of the King. The Buonapartean authorities had no alternative but to submit; so that next day they concluded that convention to which allusion has already been made,—the chief provisions of which were, that the French army should put itself in march next

day to take up a position behind the Loire, that Paris should be completely evacuated in three days, and that all persons belonging to the depots, as also all persons belonging in any way to the administration of the army, should be removed.

On the 7th of July, in terms of the convention, the allies took possession of Paris. "On that day," says Alison, "Britain's victorious army, headed by Wellington, made their public entry, along with the Prussians, into the French capital, where an English drum had not been heard for nearly four hundred years. They approached by the imposing entrance of the barrier of Neuilly, defiled through the Champs Elysées, and, dividing in the place Louis XV., spread on either side round the Boulevards, and took military possession of all the principal points in the capital. The troops had not the splendid appearance of the Russian and Prussian guards on the former entry. The brief but dreadful campaign of Waterloo had soiled their dress and torn their accoutrements. But their aspect was not on that account the less striking. It had less of the pomp of the melodrama, but more of the reality of war. With inexpressible feelings the French beheld the standards riddled with shot and blackened by fire,—the proud but grave air of the men,—the soiled coats, but clear and burnished arms,—the splendid bearing and magnificent horses of the cavalry, by whom the last remains of the old guard had been destroyed. The Highland regiments, in particular, arrayed in their full and beautiful national costume, attracted universal admiration. But it was a very different spectacle from the former entry of the allies in 1814. Joy then beamed in every eye; hope was buoyant in every heart; all felt as if rescued from death. The reality of subjugation was now experienced; the crime of the nation had been unpardonable; its punishment was unknown, but all felt it could not but be great. With a proud step and beating hearts, to the triumphant sound of military music, with looks erect and banners flying, the British troops defiled through the capital. But the French regarded them with melancholy hearts and anxious looks. Few persons were to be seen in the streets. Hardly any sound but the clang of the horses' hoofs were heard when they marched through the city. The English established themselves in the Bois de Boulogne, in a regular camp; and the Prussians bivouacked in the churches, on the quays, and in the principal streets."

Thus terminated the campaign of Belgium. Here also terminated the political life of Buonaparte, the military career of Wellington, and the long, continuous, convulsive sequents of the French revolution. Buonaparte now was finally overthrown. Wellington now stood up, to the view of mankind, as the pacificator of Europe. The wars were now ended which, for a quarter of a century, had afflicted the world. All persons who had been watching public events, and who were competent to judge of them, now pronounced our hero the greatest man, the greatest general, the greatest international benefactor of

the age. By conquering at Waterloo, and by pushing on thence to Paris, he suddenly gathered the effects of all his own former victories, and the effects of the victories of all the other allied generals since the Revolution, into a focus for producing a durable, prosperous European peace. Some political matters, indeed, both intricate and weighty, arising out of the war, remained to be adjusted; but even these he had brought into conditions which rendered the settlement of them at once certain, speedy, and pacific. Nor had he done his work or earned his reputation merely or mainly by military qualities; but he had displayed a moderation, a generosity, a personal integrity, a political prudence, a moral skill, an all-pervading nobleness which were of more value, even in the field, than all his arts of strategy, and which met not a stroke of competition or a line of parallelism in the character of his great antagonist. "It was not only his victories and his immense military successes," remarks Maurel, "which now pointed him out as the first man in Europe. He had shown an elevation of thought, a simplicity of purpose, a height of probity, and a depth of good sense which, in the midst of such a whirlwind, such an insanity of ambition as he was opposed by, seemed not merely admirable but miraculous. His genius, his character, the whole current of his life and deeds, and his slow and gradual growth, all concurred in making him the most effective obstacle that Europe could oppose to the aggression of Buonaparte."

Some parts of France and all parts of the rest of Europe were filled with joy by the results of the Waterloo campaign. Spain and Portugal felt them to be a confirmation of their recent deliverance. Italy, Germany, and Russia accepted them as a guarantee against reinvasion. All nations whose troops shared in them, or whose armies were pouring into other parts of France, received them as contributions to their historical dignity, and as security for their prosperous prosecution of the arts of peace. The Belgians and the Dutch, in particular, with the exception of a small Buonapartean faction, felt under them as if suddenly transferred from a prison to a palace, and almost went mad with joy. "Throughout the north of Germany, also, wherever the iron yoke of Buonaparte had been felt, the people exulted as much now, when their deliverance was secured, as they had done in the preceding war when it was first obtained. At Hamburgh, it is said, such universal joy had never been displayed as when the news of the victory of Waterloo arrived. A public thanksgiving was appointed; a collection in the churches was made for the sufferers; and on the day which had thus been set apart for the duties of religion and charity, the tomb of the grandly patriotic Klopstock was restored, which Davoust, the tyrannical lieutenant of Buonaparte, had spitefully thrown down."

But Britain rejoiced more in the triumphs than any other nation. And well she might. For the conquering hero was her own; the vanquished foe had been more rancorously her enemy than any other's; she had made pre-eminent

sacrifices of both men and money; she had been committed to a death-struggle, as to whether she should live on or be extinguished, yet was now, again, and more than ever, the greatest of the nations; and withal, high though her pride was in her hero, and assured as she had become that he might be reckoned invincible, yet was she somewhat taken by surprise to find him, on this most critical occasion, so very splendidly victorious. "Accustomed," says Ficton, "as we were to victory upon the land as well as upon the seas, since the star of Wellington had risen,—confident as we were in our general and in our army,—even they who were most assured of success, and of speedy success, dreamed not of success so signal, so sudden, so decisive. The glory of all former fields seemed at the time to fade before that of Waterloo. At Cressy, at Poitiers, at Agincourt, the ease with which the victory had been obtained appeared to detract from the merit of the conquerors; there the multitude of the enemies had been delivered into our hands by their own insolence and presumption; Blenheim had been less stubborn in the conflict, less momentous in the consequences; and all the previous actions of our great commander from Assye or Vimiero, to Toulouse, now seemed mere preludes to this last and greatest of his triumphs."

The excitement, the enthusiasm, the tumultuous exultation produced, among all classes of the British people, in all parts of the empire, by the news first of Quatre Bras, next of Waterloo, next of the advance upon Paris, far exceeded all former rejoicings on account of victories. The whole nation was almost in a delirium. Vast crowds, under intensity of desire to foresee the result, had thronged every avenue of information, toward the hour of news, on every day or every section of a day, since the time of Buonaparte's outbreak from his exile; and now that the result was known, that their own hero's foot was on the usurper's neck, all appeared for a season to forget their ordinary avocations, in a common mental carouse of phrenzied delight. "No one who was then of age to understand what was going on," says Alison, "can ever forget the entrancing joy which thrilled the British heart. Even those who had lost sons or brothers in the conflict shared in the general exultation; grief was almost overwhelmed amid the universal joy; it was felt that life could not have been so well sacrificed as for the advancement of such a cause. The lover left his mistress, the mother her child. Spontaneous illuminations were seen in every city; exultation beamed in every eye; all work, alike in the streets and in the fields, was suspended."

The rejoicing, however, was not all a phrenzy, but contained emotions of enduring worth. A national thanksgiving to the Divine Being was appointed by the government, and cordially acquiesced in by the people. A contribution for behoof of the maimed at Waterloo, and of the widows and orphans of the slain, was made in every parish and chapel of the kingdom, to the aggregate amount of five hundred thousand pounds. Acts were passed by parliament,

almost by acclamation of its members, and with the hearty concurrence of the nation, conferring suitable rewards on the victorious troops and officers. Every soldier who had fought at Waterloo, whether private or subaltern, was allowed to reckon that day's work as two years' service in the account of his time for increase of pay, for pension, or for promotion. A regulation was adopted that thenceforth pensions granted for wounds should rise with increase of rank; so that a wounded ensign, entitled to a pension, should, if he ever ascended to the highest ranks, receive the pension of successively a wounded field-officer and a wounded general. The legislature likewise decreed that a national monument should be erected in honour of Waterloo, and of the heroes who had fallen there; and that special monuments should be erected in the cathedral of St. Paul, to the memory of Sir Thomas Picton and Sir William Ponsonby.

Never did the Duke of Wellington more warmly lavish praise upon his soldiers than for their behaviour at Waterloo; and though he had hitherto been averse to their receiving any such indiscriminate honour as should not strictly indicate degrees of merit, yet, on this occasion, of his own accord, he recommended to the Duke of York, as Commander-in-chief, that they might all receive a medal. "I am convinced," said he, "that this measure would have the best effect on the army; and if that battle should settle our concerns, they will well deserve it." The medal, accordingly, was given, --given with grand effect, --and continues to be proudly worn on the breasts of the few who still survive. The Duke likewise rose high above all his former reserve in dealing with the reference which, as a matter of course, was made to him to name the most deserving of his officers for the honours of knighthood; for he asked that the Order of the Bath should be so modified as to admit, not only as formerly the officers of high rank, but to admit also his captains. "I confess," said he, "that I do not concur in the limitation of the Order to field-officers. Many captains in the army conduct themselves in a very meritorious manner, and deserve it; and I never could see the reason for excluding them from the Order."

His Grace himself, however, at this most triumphant period, was the great object to be honoured. Already, indeed, had so many honours been conferred upon him, such prime ones in Britain, such exalted ones in other lands, such valuable ones everywhere, that few more of any mark remained to be bestowed. Yet whatever could be done was done most readily, to show that now, much more than ever, the Duke of Wellington was the man whom all princes and people delighted to honour. First came the thanks of the Prince Regent of Britain, warmly given, and personally communicated. Next came the thanks of the British parliament, emphatically noting the Duke's "consummate ability, unexampled exertion, and irresistible ardour." Next came a grant of £200,000 from the British exchequer, in addition to former grants, as "a further proof of the opinion entertained by parliament of his transcendent services, and of the gratitude

of the British nation." The King of the Netherlands also created him Prince of Waterloo; the King of France created him Duke de Brunoy and Knight of the Holy Ghost; the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the Kings of France and Prussia, made him a field-marshal of their respective armies; and the authorities and people of Britain, both then and afterwards, to the end of his life, in celebration of his concluding military triumph, heaped upon his name every kind of honour which it occurred to them to devise, insomuch that Wellington and Waterloo, in all sorts of associations and connexions, became household words in every nook of the empire, and are likely to continue so till the end of time.

The current style in which all classes of the British people spoke of him was profusely panegyrical. Vast though his services and merits had been, they were trumpeted by popular fame as still vaster, absolutely prodigious, literally immense. The eulogies in parliament, as became the dignity of the legislature, were more measured, and strictly to the point; and some passages of them may here be quoted as specimens of the selectest of the wreaths with which Britain thought fit to adorn the brow of the hero of Waterloo. "Their Lordships," said Earl Bathurst to the House of Lords, "must be eager to discharge the debt of gratitude to the Duke, who had so gloriously relieved them from anxiety. Buonaparte had begun the campaign himself, and the battle was completely his own act and choice; but his boasted genius shrunk under the ascendancy of a mightier genius, and the result was the complete overthrow of his army." The Earl of Liverpool said,—“Every man, as soon as he heard the account of the victory, a victory which he had no hesitation in saying was unequalled in the history of this country, anxiously inquired whether no other proof of the nation's gratitude could be bestowed besides the thanks of parliament.” Mr. Whitbread said,—“He conceived that the Duke of Wellington had done more than had been achieved by any other human being. If we had read of such achievements in history, as having been performed ten centuries ago, we should almost discredit the story. He had understood that, during the battle, the Duke of Wellington had repeatedly thrown himself into the centre of a square that was attacked, thus placing the most entire confidence in the valour of the soldiers that composed it. They also felt the same confidence in him, and the inestimable value of that commander whose life was intrusted to their defence. Although honour was the best reward for such distinguished services, yet as the Duke of Wellington had already reached the climax of human honour, the country had no way to show its gratitude but by a grant of money.” Lord Castlereagh said,—“It would be confessed that whatever the former fame of the Duke of Wellington might have been, yet, in all the various occurrences of his life, in all those great achievements which he had performed, and which had called for the thanks of parliament, he had never before attained to a height of glory like the present. And in all the great events which he had been engaged in, and those

scenes which he had witnessed, it had never before fallen to the lot of the illustrious commander to render so great a service to his country, so extensive a benefit to the world. There was in the present victory an acknowledged pre-eminence over all those that had preceded it; but when we looked at its influence and combination, in which are bound up all the interests of the civilized world, it was almost impossible to conceive an idea adequate to its magnitude and importance." Even the Prince Regent, in his formal message to parliament, was so eulogistic as to say, that, "having taken into consideration the most important and glorious victory obtained by Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington over the French army under the immediate command of Buonaparte, he was desirous of manifesting the sense entertained by himself and the country of this signal and splendid achievement, which had added fresh renown to the British arms, and which could not fail to be productive of the most essential advantage to Europe."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S PREVENTION OF SEVERITIES IN PARIS AND RESTORATION OF THE SPOILS IN THE LOUVRE—HIS NON-COMPLICITY IN THE DEATH OF NEY—INCIDENTS OF HIS LIFE IN PARIS—HIS COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION—HIS GENEROSITY TO FRANCE, AND CONDUCT IN THE CONGRESS OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—HIS PERMANENT RETURN TO BRITAIN.

LOUIS XVIII. made a public entry into Paris on the 8th of July; his new government was organized on the 9th; and the plenipotentiaries of some of the allied nations were already present, while the sovereigns of the rest were approaching, to make a new international settlement with France. Prince Blucher, however, from the hour of his entering Paris, was pleased to act in the absolute manner of a military conqueror. He did not even advert, in a tolerable degree, to the Duke of Wellington's co-ordinate authority with him in military matters, but proceeded at once, of his own will, to run mines into the bridge of Jena for blowing it up, to demand from the city a military contribution of one hundred millions of francs, and to allow his soldiers a retributive or avenging amount of military licence. His excuse was that the bridge of Jena had been built to commemorate the subjugation of Prussia, that the contribution he demanded from Paris was less than Buonaparte had levied from Berlin, that anything which his soldiers might do to the Parisians was mere clemency in comparison to what the French troops had done to the Prussians. The Duke of Wellington remonstrated with him by letter on the 8th,—remonstrated with him again in person, along with Lord Castlereagh, on the morning of the 9th,—remonstrated with him further by letter, as follows, in the course of the 9th:—

“The destruction of the bridge of Jena is highly disagreeable to the King and to the people, and may occasion disturbance in the city. It is not merely a military measure, but it is one likely to attach to the character of our operations, and is of political importance. It is adopted solely because the bridge is considered a monument of the battle of Jena, notwithstanding that the Government are willing to change the name of the bridge. All that I ask is, that the execution of the orders given for the destruction of the bridge may be suspended till the Sovereigns shall arrive here, when, if it should be agreed by common accord that the bridge ought to be destroyed, I shall have no objection. In regard to the contribution laid on the city of Paris, I am convinced that Your Highness will acquit me of any desire to dispute the claim of the Prussian army to any advantage which can be derived from its bravery and exertions, and services

to the cause; but it appears to me that the allies will contend that one party to a general alliance ought not to derive all the benefit resulting from the operations of the armies. Even supposing the allies should be inclined to concede this point to the Prussian army, they will contend for the right of considering the question whether France ought, or not, to be called upon to make this pecuniary sacrifice, and for that of making the concession to the Prussian army, if it should be expedient to make it. The levy and application of this contribution ought, then, to be a matter for the consideration and decision of all the allies; and in this point of view it is that I entreat Your Highness to defer the measures for the levy of it, till the Sovereigns shall have arrived."

Blucher's vengeance, having been already turned aside from the person of Buonaparte, must have felt wildly chafed to be turned aside also from Buonaparte's handiworks and people. But once more, out of deference to Wellington, he perfectly curbed it. His soldiers, indeed, continued to be mischievous; for, though not naturally fierce, they were so full of hatred to the French for the injuries done to their country, that they would not be restrained from acts of violence and rapine. Yet even them did the Duke of Wellington find means to make quiet. Much he did through the authority of their officers, whom he won to his views, but still more through the influence of the example of his own army, whom he caused to behave so well that, wherever they were quartered, disorders were as much prevented, and property as effectually protected, as in the streets of London. "The Duke of Wellington," says Lamartine, "preserved the outside Paris in a strictness of discipline, which respected the dwellings of the citizens and the authority of the King, whom, while re-establishing, he wished to make popular. He acted like an ally with Louis XVIII., having acted like a conqueror with Napoleon. He acted accordantly with the King's government, frequently consulting it; and he sustained it against the brutalities of Blucher; though it was not till he obtained the interference of the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia that he was able to put an end to the Prussian general's reprisals." So well aware was Louis of Wellington's services, and so highly did he appreciate them, that on one occasion he requested him to present all his principal officers to him at the Tuilleries; and then, forming them in a circle round him, he said, "Gentlemen, I am happy to see you around me, I have to thank you, gentlemen, not for your valour—I leave that to others,—but for your humanity to my poor people. I thank you, gentlemen, as a father in the name of his children."

Lord Wellington stood accredited at Paris as plenipotentiary of Britain; so that he passed at once from the triumphs of a conqueror to the duties of a diplomatist; and he carried into the tedious, vexed, perplexed deliberations, which were necessarily precurent to a treaty, all the generous moderation toward France which he had already so signally displayed at the head of his army.

"Throughout these deliberations, he acted as a mediator between the French and the more violent of the allies. The Prussians treated France as a bandit, deserving of capital punishment for her crimes. The Duke looked upon her as a prodigal, whom it was alike the policy and the interest of her neighbours to conciliate and reclaim." He even conceded, on abstract grounds, that it would be just to punish her, and might, for the moment, be expedient to humble her, yet contended, on grounds of humanity, of magnanimity, of comprehensive policy, and of enduring pacification, that it would be best, on the whole, to leave her as powerful as she had been before the Revolution, and entirely unabased. He deserved well, if ever man did, the highest encomiums of her people; and he really seemed, for some weeks, to be soaring to the summit of Gallican fame; yet by a single affair, which really contained not anything in the slightest inconsistent with his general character, but which happened to affect the explosive Parisians as a spark affects gunpowder, he was suddenly precipitated to an abyss of obloquy.

That affair related to the spoils of the fine arts stored in the Louvre. These had been gathered by Buonaparte from all his fields of conquest, and formed vastly the most brilliant museum in the world. The allies, at their occupation of Paris in the previous year, had failed to reclaim them, not from any inappreciation of their value, nor even perhaps from any romantic feeling of moderation, but simply because their minds were too absorbed with the immense substantial interests of the pacification of the world to think of matters of vertu. Nor might they have reclaimed them even now, had not Louis XVIII., when in exile at Ghent, made a promise to the King of the Netherlands to restore such of them as had been taken from Holland and Belgium. The minister of the King of the Netherlands now claimed the fulfilment of that promise. Blucher, on behalf of the King of Prussia, claimed also that those should be restored which had been taken from Prussia. Both were very resolute in their claim, and said they would take no denial. And then, the Duke of Wellington, in fairness to all the other allied powers, though his own country had no stake in the matter, pleaded that, if restoration were made to one, it must be made to all.

The mere market value of the articles in question was great. Those claimed by Prussia comprised 86 important manuscripts, 187 statues, principally antique, 127 paintings, many of them of the very highest price, and such a multitude of other articles that the catalogue of the whole extended to 53 closely printed pages. Those which had been taken from Spain, from central Germany, from Switzerland, from Lombardy, and especially from Venice, from Tuscany, and from Rome, were immensely more numerous and vastly more precious. "But the entire collection, as it stood displayed in the Louvre, in addition to its intrinsic worth to the merchant and the virtuoso, happened to be

was an adventitious value to the French citizens; for the Parisians had become fascinated with it as a magnificent toy, and were well pleased to be made the keepers of the gewgaws of the world. Louis XVIII., therefore, shrunk from fulfilling his promise to the King of the Netherlands, and seemed appalled at the demand for a general restoration. But the Duke of Wellington, who would permit no breach of faith, who detested the influence of "dirty popularity," and who had the advantage in this case of being perfectly disinterested, held the King fast to his word in regard to Belgium, and insisted on the claims of all other countries. The King referred him to the prime minister, the prime minister to the national custodian of the fine arts, and each of these three back and forward again to the others; and at length, after no more tergiversation was possible, the third said to the Duke, "If you are to have the galleries, you must take them."

To give our hero the trouble of suing and driving for the galleries, when they ought to have been quietly surrendered at his simple request, was unjust; but, in addition, to throw upon him the odium of taking them forcibly away, against the popular will, was oppressive. The former was an attempt to deter him through his patience; the latter an attempt to overcome him through his moral courage. But he was far too firm to care a straw for either. Convinced that what he was doing was right, he would have coolly surmounted obstacles twentyfold greater to accomplish it. He, accordingly, posted a body of his troops, to co-operate with a body of the Prussians, in seeing the galleries carried away. Instantly, throughout the city, his name became infamous. The Parisians regarded the work as a robbery, pronounced it to be his work, began to hate the British troops more bitterly than they had hated the Prussians, and even became so turbulent that there seemed for some days a serious risk of insurrection. Wellington could easily have set himself right with them, by divulging the true origin of the affair, in Louis XVIII's. promise to the King of the Netherlands; but he chose to let them remain in error, with the effect of temporarily confirming the opprobrium which they heaped upon him, rather than remotely imperil the pacification of Europe by transferring the odium to Louis. What a noble magnanimity!

But how base, on the other hand, were the French,—both rulers and people! Had they given play to any impulse of honourable feeling, they would, of their own accord, have restored the spoils. The right spirit was apparent in the breast of Louis, in his time of adversity, when he made his promise to the King of the Netherlands, but became smothered when the adversity passed away, and perhaps it scarcely ever existed at all, from the time of the Revolution onward, in the breasts of one-tenth of the French people. The years of conquest were years of such rapine as made nearly all the soldiers robbers and nearly all the people resisters. Buonaparte's rule, in particular, made most Frenchmen feel as if they

had acquired a title to all the good things in the earth. Soult, for example, the most trusted of Buonaparte's lieutenants, an "honourable man" after the Restoration, one of Buonaparte's chief lieutenants again during the 1815 days, and a nobleman of mark, a high statesman, a principal diplomatist, one of the magnates of France, throughout subsequent governments, on the day of his death in the same year as the Duke of Wellington—brought from Spain to his own private palace immense collections, which he appropriated by mere seizure, which he never dreamed of paying for or delivering up again, and which, after his death, were sold at a great price. Had not this spirit pervaded the mass of the Parisians, they would have readily said, respecting the foreign galleries of the Louvre, what one of the best of recent French authors, Lamartine, has said,—“These were not property, but the spoils of war. Impartial equity cannot impugn the former proprietors of these *chefs d'œuvres* for carrying back to their countries and capitals the treasures which had been ravished from them. The sword had been the only title: and in turn, it produced—not a retaliation, for French property and national monuments were respected—but a forcible restitution of the spoils.” An estimator of the Duke of Wellington's character, but especially of the character of Blücher, and the character of the other generalissimos and plenipotentiaries, in reference to the part they acted in this affair, will even say further, in the words of an English historian,—“Impartial justice must admire the dignified restraint which confined the restitution to the removal of objects illegally seized by Napoleon during his conquests, and abstained, when it had the power, from following his bad example by the seizure of any which belonged to the French nation.” The faithful biographer of Wellington must go still further, and say that never, in any part of his military career on the Continent, did the Duke take possession of enemy's property of any kind, except in a manner of perfect equity,—if for himself, by paying for it,—if for his army or his country, by delivering it up for adjudication on the admitted principles of international law.

Scarcely did the excitement respecting the Louvre begin to subside when the Duke's firm sense of duty, in another way and about a widely different matter, involved him again in tremendous obloquy. The occasion of this was an article in the military convention of the 3d of July, which provided that “the inhabitants and in general all individuals in the capital should continue to enjoy their rights and liberties, without being disturbed or called to account, either as to the situations which they held then or previously, or as to their conduct or political opinions.” The Duke, at the time of signing this convention, as we formerly saw from his own official account of it, regarded it as “touching nothing political;” so that, while feeling bound on the one hand, to maintain most rigidly all its provisions in a military bearing, he felt equally bound on the other hand to treat it as a nullity in any political bearing. He had no difficulty

II. HIS NON-COMPLICITY IN THE DEATH OF NEY.

the embarrassing between his situation as a generalissimo and his situation as a plenipotentiary; and he viewed the convention as affecting exclusively the future. Hence did he afterwards say, respecting that provision of it which we have quoted,—“The object of this was to prevent the adoption of any measures under the military authority of those who made it, towards any persons in respect of the offices which they had filled, or their conduct, or their political opinions. But it was never intended, and could not be intended, to prevent either the existing French government, under whose authority the French Commander-in-chief must have acted, or any French government which should succeed to it, from acting in this respect as it might deem fit.”

The allied powers placed on the foreground of their negotiations with the new Bourbon government a demand for vengeance upon the leaders of the perfidious, treacherous, disastrous revolt which, instantly on Buonaparte's reappearance from Elba, had thrown the whole army of France, and great part of her civil administration, over to his side. This was a purely political matter, perfectly patent to Wellington as a plenipotentiary, and totally unaffected by the convention. Therefore did he, in his usual spirit of moderation and humanity, along with Castlereagh and Talleyrand, make strenuous exertions, against stubborn difficulties, but with eventual success, to get an enormous list of prescriptions, which the allied powers handed in, reduced to thirty-eight persons for conditional or temporary exile, and nineteen to be brought to trial. But at the most momentous one of the cases brought to trial, which happened also to be among the last, the case of Marshal Ney, a claim was set up for indemnity on the ground of the convention; and that claim, besides being suddenly taken up by the public press, was formally appealed, in the way more of remonstrance than of entreaty, to all the foreign ambassadors in Paris, but specially to Wellington and Blücher. A belief arose that Wellington, in particular, had perfect power to save Ney—that probably he felt fully inclined to save him—that, at all events, he was bound in honour to save him. Ney himself wrote to him, Ney's wife sought and obtained an interview with him, a general chorus of wolf's-cry and woman's-wail opened full voice upon him, all demanding his protective interference, on the ground of the convention, as a matter of right. This shut him sternly up to his position of generalissimo, shut him completely out from his position of plenipotentiary, and left him no alternative but to say that he could not interfere. Madame Ney now thought proper to present an account of her interview with him, incorrect and defective, making her appear to be heartless and tyrannical. This intensified the popular cry, and raised against her a hurricane of reproach. The Duke would probably have been the stormy petrel as it regarded himself; but, seeing how strongly it affected public confidence in the good faith of treaties, he penned a vindication in which he was obliged to say, “It appears,” said he, “that Marshal Ney had been treated with



J. C. p. de Talleyrand



— — — — —
Key
— — — — —

a passport given to him by the Duc d'Otrante, under a feigned name, on the 6th July. He could not be supposed to be ignorant of the tenor of the 12th article of the convention; and he must then have known whether it was the intention of the parties who made it, that it should protect him from the measures which the King, then at St. Denis, should think proper to adopt against him. But if Marshal Ney could be supposed ignorant of the intention of the 12th article, the Duc d'Otrante could not, as he was at the head of the provisional government, under whose authority the Prince d'Eckmühl must have acted when he signed the convention. Would the Duc d'Otrante have given a passport under a feigned name to Marshal Ney, if he had understood the 12th article as giving the marshal any protection, except against measures of severity by the two Commanders-in-chief? Another proof of what was the opinion of the Duc d'Otrante, of the King's ministers, and of all persons most interested in establishing the meaning now attempted to be given to the 12th article of the convention of the 3d July, is the King's proclamation of the 24th July, by which nineteen persons are ordered for trial, and thirty-eight persons are ordered to quit Paris, and to reside in particular parts of France, under the observation and superintendence of the police, till the chambers should decide upon their fate. Did the Duc d'Otrante, did any of the persons who were the objects of this proclamation, did any person on their behalf, even then or now claim for them the protection of the 12th article of the convention? Certainly the convention was then understood, as it ought to be understood now, namely, that it was exclusively military, and was never intended to bind the then existing government of France, or any government which should succeed it."

But, after thus repelling the appeal to him on the ground of right, could not the Duke of Wellington, of his own accord, setting aside form, and in a spirit of humanity, have interfered on Ney's behalf in some other way? What hindered him to plead as a man, if he could not as a general? Many things hindered him,—such as the risk of damaging his military authority, the maintenance of his consistency in regard to military executions in his own army, the previous expenditure of his influence as plenipotentiary on behalf of all the accused, the paramount guilt of Ney above the guilt of the other traitors, and the Duke's stern, sensitive, habitual repugnance to intermeddle with any public matter which lay beyond his own official sphere. The last of these considerations is the least weighty of them all; yet a great English historian, who deploras Wellington's non-interference as a grave error, pronounces this consideration an ample apology. "While history," says he, "may lament that the opportunity of doing a generous deed was lost, it must do justice to the motives on which it was abstained from. It was, from first to last, a ruling principle of the Duke of Wellington's conduct to confine himself to his own department, and avoid all interference with the duties or actions of other men or

authorities. Obedience and fidelity to government, even when he deemed it wrong, was ever with him the first of obligations; and it was founded not on any desire of individual elevation, but on a strong sense of military and patriotic duty. No doubt can exist that it was this feeling which made Wellington abstain from any public interposition in favour of Marshal Ney; for never was there a conqueror whose whole career was so distinguished by moderation and clemency in the use of victory."

After all, the Duke of Wellington probably did interfere on behalf of Marshal Ney. He was the likeliest man in Europe to admire everything that was admirable in the marshal's character, and to find palliations for his guilt. Ney far more than any other soldier who ever met a felon's fate has been applauded and bewailed by the soldiers of all nations; and he could not fail to be eminently interesting to Wellington. If the saving of even Buonaparte's life was a care to our hero, much more must have been the saving of Ney's. Even the fact that he could not do anything for it in any public capacity, may have only urged him the more to make every possible effort by private intercession. No record says that he made such intercession; but a firm general opinion, both of observers at the moment and of reasoners since, sees good reason why the record is wanting, and promises confidently that the intercession was made,—made zealously and to the last hour of hope. But never were the Parisians more phrenziedly fickle or more flagrantly unjust: for first, all classes, even such as ought to have been most friendly to Ney, clamoured loudly for his blood,—and then, the moment they obtained it, disgusted with what they had done, turned fiercely round, and charged the guilt of it upon the allied magnates, but chiefly upon Wellington. So that whatever our hero did to save Ney, no matter how much it was or how earnest, besides being all done privately, was done in such a perplexity of circumstances as prevented every knowledge of it from coming abroad beyond the limits of circumstantial evidence.

The death of Ney was very tragical. A platoon of soldiers shot him down like a vile thing, in circumstances of the utmost ignominy. No man with half a heart in any nation can think of his fate without a shudder. Whatever degree of scorn seems due for his revolt to Buonaparte, is utterly overpowered, in all minds, by intense pity that so brave a man, of such brilliant genius, should have met so foul a death. Frenchmen who wished to render the Duke of Wellington odious throughout the civilized world, could not do better than attempt to fasten upon him a complicity in the disgrace and horror of that tragedy. Nor could unscrupulous men among the Duke's own impugnors or opponents at home excite a stronger prejudice against him than by adopting the charge, and circulating it as true. The instant, however, that the real abettors of Ney's condemnation are known, all the infamy of the affair is concentrated upon Wellington's prime accusers themselves, and he stands out to view as truly

a victim of popular malice as Ney,—only in his reputation indeed, but without the shadow of a pretext, and in a manner of the grossest outrage. All Paris, excepting only a small minority, made an earnest call for Ney's blood." "Some females of the highest rank," says Lamartine, "were implacable in their demands for vengeance. High birth, great fortune, and literary education did not preserve the ladies of the aristocracy and of the court from the same truculent spirit which women of the most abject condition had exhibited under the Reign of Terror at the doors of the revolutionary tribunals." And as the hour of trial approached, the voice of powerful intercession, most probably the voice of Wellington himself, which had drawn the attention of King and Peers, and seemed likely to prevail, was drowned amid the counter-cries of the Parisians, rising like demon-shouts from Pandemonium. "Ladies of the highest rank," says Lamartine, "young, beautiful, and rich, loaded with gifts, favours, titles, and court-dignities, forgot their families, their ease, and their amours, quitted their houses at day-break, ran about and intrigued all night, to gain over a voice among the judges from the side of indulgence to that of punishment. In the saloons of the aristocracy the King's ministers were actually mobbed and entreated to give his blood as a personal favour to the applicants." And yet we are to be told, told by Frenchmen too, that the Duke of Wellington was to blame for Ney's condemnation! Away with such a mockery!

A whirl of other matters, during these affairs of the Louvre and of Ney, kept the Duke in continual excitement. Not the least stirring was his festive intercourse with society. Paris, as the autumn progressed, became increasingly a theatre of gaiety, full of stars of the first magnitude, of all kinds, from all parts of Europe, who shed their glittering glories round our hero as a sort of central sun. "Hundreds of the great English families also rushed thither to gaze upon the conquering armies, and to contend for the honour of a smile from Lady Castlereagh in her evening circle, or a bow from the great Duke at his morning levee." Nor were the Duke's cares small in the discharge of his duties of generalissimo. His British troops became increased, by arrivals from Canada, and by recoveries from Belgium, to about sixty thousand men; his other troops had been augmented, at their advance on Paris, by accessions from Saxony and from the smaller states of Germany, to a strength one half greater than they had possessed at Waterloo; and no small proportion of the whole, owing to heterogeneousness among themselves, or to contentiousness with the natives, were continually liable to pass into difficulties which nothing short of much vigilance and exertion on the part of the commander-in-chief could prevent or remove. But what most intently occupied the Duke were the diplomatic deliberations leading to the international settlement of the allied powers with France. These deliberations concerned the reimbursement of the allies for the expenses of the war, indemnification to cities and states for spoliation by Buon-

Bonaparte's armies, the forming of a new boundary-line for the French territory, with contraction of its extent and enfeebling of its frontier, and the creation of a guarantee against future infraction of the peace of Europe, by establishing within France, at France's expense, an army of occupation. The plenipotentiaries, notwithstanding their being the picked statesmen of the world, could not poise these questions except in their most athletic mood; and not a man of them all was such an assiduous gymnasiast with them as Wellington,—who not only bore his full share in actual deliberation, but wrote long memorandums for the guidance of his coadjutors.

Stupendous difficulties stood in the way of settlement. The demon of intrigue was strong in the French court. The demon of discord, or at least of competing interests, was strong among the allies. The demands of most of the powers for indemnification were exorbitant. The resources of France to meet these demands were almost a nullity. Upwards of 800,000 foreign troops, comprising all who had been put into movement against Buonaparte, lay quartered upon the French people. Conflicting theories prevailed as to the surest mode, or even as to a promising one, of rendering the pacification of Europe permanent. And the clash both of opinions and of interests had reference to at once the indemnities, the political readjustments, and the military arrangements. Some of the subtlest of the diplomatists, among whom was Talleyrand, were thrown to the ground like beaten wrestlers by the iron strength of these difficulties; but the Duke of Wellington perfectly mastered them all, and came off amid resonant applause. On the 20th of November, a treaty was concluded, restoring the French frontier to the state in which it stood in 1790,—binding France to pay seven hundred millions of francs, equal to £28,000,000 sterling, to the allies for the expenses of the war,—recognizing the right of states, cities, and individuals to indemnification for Buonaparte's spoliations, with authority to deliver in estimates of their respective losses,—and stipulating that an allied army of 150,000 men, to be maintained at the expense of France, and to consist of four equal contingents from Britain, Prussia, Austria, and Russia, and of one aggregate contingent from the minor German states, should occupy for five years all the northern border of France, from the straits of Dover to the Rhine. The Duke of Wellington may, in some sense, be regarded as the author of these terms, for he prevailed upon his coadjutors to reduce them all and of others which were much more severe; and he was unanimously requested to take the command of the army of occupation.

About two months before the signing of the treaty, a grand review of all the Russian forces in France, comprising 132,000 infantry, 28,000 cavalry, and 540 pieces of artillery, was held, in the presence of all the potentates, on the plains of Vertus. The spectacle was both magnificent for its vastness and very striking for its exactitude. "Well, Charles," said the Duke of Wellington at the

close of it, to Sir Charles Stuart, "you and I never saw such a sight before, and never shall again. The precision of the movements of these troops was more like the arrangements of a theatre than those of such an army. But still I think my little army would move round them in any direction, while they were effecting a single charge." And well might the ever-victorious hero of an hundred fights say so. His "little army," through all the Peninsular war and in the recent whirlwind campaign, had proved itself abundantly worthy of this honest boast. And he now gave it an opportunity, in a review of its own, on the plain of St. Denis, also in presence of all the potentates, to display its agility. It had become, as we formerly noted, about sixty thousand strong,—little more indeed than one third the strength of the Russian host, but still a most unwonted strength for a British army; and, in consequence of the arrivals to it from Canada, it now comprised a large proportion of the Peninsular veterans. "The soldiers, as if by enchantment," says Alison, "went through with admirable precision, under the orders of their chief, the whole manœuvres that had won the battle of Salamanca. The rapid advance of Packenham's division athwart the line of Thomiere's march, the onset of D'Urban's Portuguese horse, the splendid charge of Le Marchant's heavy dragoons and Anson's light cavalry on Clausel's division, the desperate struggle on the rock of the Arapiles, the momentary success of the French in the centre, and the decisive attack of Clinton's division, which restored the day and won the victory, were all displayed in mimic warfare, but with most imposing effect. The pageant rivalled in precision, and exceeded in magnificence and interest, as well as proud circumstance, the representation by Napoleon of the battle of Marengo on its memorable field, the year he was made emperor. The rapidity of the British movements, the quick fire of their artillery, the terrible vehemence of their charge with the bayonet, were the subjects of universal admiration."

This army was broken up on the 30th of November; and, though part of it was still to remain in France as the British contingent of the army of occupation, the Duke of Wellington could not see the rest of it depart without measuring out to the whole an encomium on its character. "Upon breaking up the army which the Field-Marshal has had the honour of commanding," said he in a general order, "he begs leave again to return thanks to the general officers, and the officers and troops, for their uniform good conduct. In the late short but memorable campaign, they have given proofs to the world that they possess, in an eminent degree, all the good qualities of soldiers; and the Field-Marshal is happy to be able to applaud their regular good conduct in their camps and cantonments, not less than when engaged with the enemy in the field. Whatever may be the future destination of those brave troops, of which the Field-Marshal now takes leave, he trusts that every individual will believe that he will ever feel the deepest interest in their honour and welfare, and will always be happy to promote either."

The allied powers gave a high proof of their admiration of the Duke of Wellington's talents, and of their confidence in his wisdom, in appointing him to the command of the army of occupation. They regarded that command, not only as requiring the nicest prudence for the maintenance of a good understanding with the people of France, but also as likely to make sudden, severe, diversified exertions upon the soundest judgment, in the event of any serious insurrection; and, in a formal memorial on the subject, addressed to Louis XVIII's prime minister, they said,—“They do not dissemble that, in the variety of forms under which the revolutionary spirit might again manifest itself in France, doubts might arise as to the nature of the case which might call for the intervention of a foreign force; and, feeling the difficulties of framing any instructions precisely applicable to each particular case, the allied sovereigns have thought it better to leave it to the tried prudence and discretion of the Duke of Wellington to decide when, and how far, it might be advisable to employ the troops under his orders.”

The Duke made such dispositions of the army as were admirably fitted to ~~curb~~ any tendency to insurrection, ~~which~~, however, need not be described. He likewise did all he could, and found he had exceedingly much to do, to keep the troops on good terms with ~~themselves~~. His general orders during the period of occupation, which was all a period of peace, in one set of places, under one set of circumstances, amounted in aggregate bulk to nearly one-fourth of his general orders during the ever-tortured, ever-changing, often-critical, period of the Peninsular war, which was nearly twice the length of the former in duration; and they consist, to a surprising degree, of reprimands, instructions, and regulations for ~~the~~ suppression of irregularity and disorder,—the terms by which he designated drunkenness, violence, and robbery. Part of one of them may be quoted to ~~indicate~~ the spirit of his administration:—“Measures for the prevention of irregularity will be much facilitated by a division of the several companies into squads, and the judicious distribution of the officers and non-commissioned officers. The several squads should be cantoned as nearly as possible together. The officers and non-commissioned officers, who should be quartered with their respective squads, should be required to visit their men's quarters at irregular hours after dark, to see that they are present in their quarters at proper hours, and orderly. But what most astonishes and concerns the Field-Marshal is to have observed in so many recent instances of robbery and disorder, that the non-commissioned officers themselves have either been accomplices in the offences committed or privy thereto. It therefore behoves the officers commanding regiments to require a more strict attention from the officers. Patrols should take place in the several villages, &c., during the whole of the night, and the officers commanding should concert measures with the different mayors that the public houses may be closed at proper hours.” The Duke's exertions, however,

were entirely successful; so that, as regarded the British contingent, the Prince Regent of Britain, at the end of the period of the occupation, saw cause to say that "the discipline and good order established by His Grace were calculated to conciliate the inhabitants, and to uphold the character of the British arms in the view of surrounding nations."

The Duke, during the greater part of the time of his holding the command of the occupying army, continued to reside in Paris. His life there was a continual mixture of dignity, amusement, and business. He all along enjoyed the esteem of certain classes of the French; and he soon began to rise into favour among the general body of the people. They were disposed at first to contemn or deride him; but, when they saw how anxious he was to please them, how sedulous were his efforts to mitigate their country's calamities, how the attraction of his presence and of his splendid hospitalities drew hundreds of wealthy British families to spend their fortunes in Paris, they rapidly learned to think him far more a friend than a foe. What the French writer, *Capefigue*, says of him is a true echo of the sentiments entertained by multitudes of his Parisian observers,—“He saw a good deal of Louis XVIII.; and his English principles were in perfect agreement with a system of moderation and freedom. He possessed an honest, upright heart, and had a habit of judging easily and simply of the course of events; and when, on various occasions, he acted as arbiter of the claims of the allies, he almost invariably gave his opinion in favour of our unfortunate country.” The Duke felt perfectly secure among the Parisians, and always rode freely abroad on horseback, attended by a single groom. “Except an occasional execration from some lower class Frenchman, spoken often in the same tone to any English passenger,” says a writer in a London periodical, “I never heard of the Duke’s meeting an insult in his daily rides about; at least none that caused any public remark or complaint. I have still his inflexible figure when on horseback before my eyes, almost savouring of the drill,—his on the whole fresh healthy complexion and active make, notwithstanding his services in the burning climate of the south. He had the appearance of being taller than he really was; latterly he had seemed to shorten and grow broad.” A French guard, indeed, was always mounted at his residence; but this served more for etiquette than for protection.

Yet was the Duke obnoxious, and could not fail to be so, to some of the numerous assassins who have so long infested Paris. In June, 1816, on occasion of his giving a grand entertainment to all the notabilities of the city, including the members of the royal family, and while the entertainment was at its height, a plot was discovered to blow him and all his guests into the air. A large quantity of gunpowder had been introduced to the sunk flat of his house; and a train of oiled rag for exploding it was in process of combustion when the discovery was made. The Duke enjoined silence upon his domestics till the

company retired; and he afterwards made due inquiry for the framers of the plot, but was never able to trace them. In February, 1818, also, while His Grace's carriage was entering the gate of his house, a ruffian of the name of Cantillon, who had been a subaltern officer in Buonaparte's army, discharged a pistol at His Grace, but happily missed his aim. The King of France, and the ambassadors of the allied sovereigns, warmly congratulated the Duke on his escape; and the Prince Regent of Britain sent him an autograph letter, thanking Providence for having spared a life "so important to the preservation of the general tranquillity of Europe." Cantillon, though chased by the guard, got clear off at the time, but was afterwards apprehended and brought to trial; yet, through the perversity of the jury, in defiance of evidence, he was acquitted.

Buonaparte, on hearing of this affair of Cantillon, to his unutterable infamy, in total contrast to the consideration which Wellington had so repeatedly shown for his life, and in a spirit of assassinism which may almost justify a surmise that he had some complicity in the plot for the explosion, bequeathed to the ruffian a large reward. "We bequeath," said he, in a codicil, "ten thousand francs to the subaltern officer, Cantillon, who has undergone a trial upon the charge of having endeavoured to assassinate Lord Wellington, of which he was pronounced innocent. Cantillon had as much right to assassinate that oligarchist, as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena. Wellington, who proposed this outrage, attempted to justify himself by pleading the interest of Great Britain. Cantillon, if he really had assassinated that lord, would have excused himself, and have been justified by the same motives, the interest of France, to get rid of a general who had, moreover, violated the capitulation of Paris, and by that had rendered himself responsible for the blood of the martyrs, Ney, Labédoyère, &c., and for the crime of having pillaged the museums, contrary to the text of the treaties." "This clause in the last will of a dying man," remarks Sir Walter Scott, "is not striking for its atrocity merely, but for the inaccuracy of the moral reasoning which it exhibits. Napoleon has drawn a parallel betwixt two cases, which must be therefore both right or both wrong. If both were wrong, why reward the ruffian with a legacy? But, if both were right, why complain of the British government for detaining him at St. Helena?"

Those attacks of the newspaper press which so often accompany all kinds of public eminence, and which so specially assailed the Duke of Wellington at all the most critical points of his career, were peculiarly violent during the period of his residence in Paris. One of the worst of them was an attack in a Flemish journal, charging him with having used his influence at the Tuilleries to fix a person in the administration of a French colony, under circumstances adverse to the interests of France and subservient to those of Britain. The Duke felt induced, for sake of the tranquillity of the French mind, to institute proceedings

against the libeller; and he prosecuted him to conviction, but not to punishment, the judges declaring that "the libel was not calculated to expose the Duke to the consequences of a criminal or a correctional action, or to the contempt or hatred of the public." Another newspaper attack of a different kind was he induced to notice; which challenges our curiosity for this reason, if for no other, that he noticed it in the manner—so contrary to his custom, so unconventional for dignitaries—of a personal communication to the editor.

"My name," said he, "is frequently mentioned in your newspaper; and as it is a sort of privilege of modern Englishmen to read, in the daily newspapers, lies respecting those who serve them, and I have been so long accustomed to be so treated, I should not have thought it necessary to trouble you on the subject, if you had not thought proper to contradict, as from authority, in a late paper, certain reports which you had before published, respecting differences between the Duc de Berri and me. This formal contradiction of certain reports tends to give the appearance of truth to certain others which remain uncontradicted, which have still less foundation, in fact, than those which you have been authorized to contradict. I mean, for instance, those reports which you have more than once published respecting a supposed intercourse between a certain Madame Hamelin and me. I should be justified in calling upon you to name the person who gave you the information upon this subject: nay, I believe no body would blame me if I were to go farther; but I feel no resentment upon the subject, nor any desire to injure you. All I beg is, that you will contradict these reports; and your own desire to publish only what is true respecting an individual will probably induce you in future to be more cautious in selecting the channel of your intelligence respecting me, when I assure you that not only I never had any intercourse or even acquaintance with Madame Hamelin, but that I never even saw her. Other circumstances respecting me have been published in your paper, which are equally false with those to which I have above referred; but I will not trouble you upon them; nor should I have written to you at all, as I am really quite indifferent respecting what is read of me in the newspapers, if you had not given an appearance of truth to some reports, by the formal contradiction which you have published of others."

On the 29th of June, 1816, the Duke of Wellington quitted Paris to make a visit to England. The reason of his doing so was a decline in health, for which a course of Cheltenham waters had been prescribed. His reception along his route in England was superlatively enthusiastic: and his stay at Cheltenham, where he appeared very much in public with his Duchess and his children, attracted vast numbers of visitors, from great distances, to obtain a view of his person. He afterwards went to London, and was equally one of the wonders of the world there. The House of Commons once more voted their thanks to him, "for his eminent and unremitting service to His Majesty and to the public,

especially in the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo;" and appointed a committee of their number to wait upon him, "to offer the congratulations of the House on his arrival in this kingdom." The Prince Regent directed that a French mortar which had been taken at Cadiz should be mounted on a magnificent carriage, and placed on the parade of the House Guards, as a record of the liberation of Andalusia in consequence of the victory of Salamanca. All classes of admirers who had seen the Duke in London in 1814, seemed to think that a new glory had been thrown around him, rendering his person more attractive to the eye, by the exploits of the Belgian campaign. Therefore was he, everywhere, to all kinds of observers, fully as notable a spectacle as when he arrived from the Peninsula.

He returned to France in the autumn of 1816; but the tide of tribute to him, for what he had done at Waterloo, continued to rush on as if still far from full. The mere prize-booty from the battle brought him, early in 1817, as his personal share, no less a sum of money than £60,000. A superb state pageant was performed in London, at the opening of the Waterloo bridge, on the anniversary of the battle in 1817, partly in honour of him, partly in commemoration of his victory. And a pyramidal granitic column, 210 feet in height, by proceeds of a magnificent public subscription, was founded on the 18th of June, 1818, on a fine site in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, though not finished till three years afterwards, as a testimonial to perpetuate the fame of his multitudinous achievements.

The Duke, on his return to Paris, had heavy work to do as the friend of the prosperity of France. He found her struggling with financial difficulties, which arose mainly from her engagements by the recent treaty, and which threatened to overpower her. He therefore induced the allied powers to withdraw one-fifth of their force from her territory, and to postpone for a time their claims upon her for the troops' pay. The plenipotentiaries, in an official note to the Chambers, declared that "the high personal character of the King, and the principles and conduct of his ministry, together with the sanction of the opinion of the Duke of Wellington, were the sole causes of the relief then and in that peculiar manner afforded to France." But though the French government then rose from the temporary pressure, though also they seemed about to become buoyant under a great general revival of trade, they speedily were appalled again by the tremendous amount of the demands made upon them for indemnification of Buonaparte's spoliation. These demands were permitted to be poured in, till the 28th of July, 1817; and then they amounted to a sum of incredible magnitude, which the Government could neither admit to be just nor possibly find means to pay. What was to be done? Not only, by the exorbitancy of the demands, did France appear to be pushed into hopeless antagonism to the allies, but, by competition of the claims, and by conflicting designs in the policy of carrying them

the allies seemed no less to be pushed into antagonism to one another. None but an arbiter profoundly trusted by all parties, and profoundly skilled in diplomacy, could be expected to produce an adjustment; and there ~~was~~ no such arbiter but the Duke of Wellington. All parties instinctively looked to him for a deliverance; and the Emperor of Russia, who was the least interested party, because he had the smallest amount of claim, expressly entreated him, on the ground of generosity, to interfere.

The Duke heartily assumed the irksome task, probably in the full belief that it might be worse than a thankless one, and vigorously discharged it. He saw the wellbeing, the repose, the continued pacification of Europe to be involved in it; so that he had the same motive for disposing of it which he had had for disposing of the war. And he went into it, and through it, in his characteristic spirit of noble disinterestedness and unbending impartiality. He saw, at a glance, that a proposal to abridge the army of occupation's period from five years to three years would form a ready solution of some of the chief difficulties, and a powerful preliminary toward a solution of the rest, without at the same time, under the highly improved political circumstances of the country, awakening any reasonable apprehension of a subsequent fracture to the public peace; therefore did he resolve at once to make that proposal to the allied powers, urgently and in such a shape as seemed most likely to win their consent. "With the cessation of the armed occupation," says Capéfigue, "the Duke would lose a great position in France, that of generalissimo of the allied powers, and one which made him in some sort a member of the Government; he would also sacrifice an appointment of vast pecuniary value; moreover, he knew that Lord Castlereagh and a large portion of the English aristocracy thought the continuance of the armed occupation to be necessary; yet he did not feel checked by any of these considerations, but believed and said that this measure of precaution ought to cease." The Duke likewise proposed large reductions and alterations on the pecuniary demands. He cut down the claims of the minor states to one-sixth of their amount; he showed how those of the chief states might advantageously undergo important commutations; and as regarded those of Britain, he magnanimously recommended such changes as should confer nearly all the benefits of them on France and Belgium, and bring herself out of the war with little else than her glory. So admirable for the French interests was his entire scheme of financial adjustment, that the Duke of Richelieu, the prime minister, warmly thanked him for its moderation and generosity.

The Duke's scheme was partly negotiated through the ordinary channels of diplomacy, but could not be brought to a proper conclusion, or rather to a conclusion which might be deemed sufficiently dignified, without a congress of plenipotentiaries and sovereigns. Such a congress, therefore, was convoked on the 28th of September, 1818, at Aix-la-Chapelle. But the real business was

already done; it had been done almost as it ran from the Duke's mind to his memorandums; it had commended itself instantly to the approbation, or at least to the assent, of all the potentates; and it wanted nothing at the congress, except to receive formal sanction and exalted prestige. Accordingly, all the Duke's recommendations were at once ratified into treaty, and all the mighty personages present, among whom were the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia, abandoned themselves to pageants and pleasure. The very designation of the congress, as well as its nature, came to be a reunion. Its scenes, in their general spirit, though not of course in their details, were simply a repetition of the grand gaieties of the previous meetings of the potentates at London, at Vienna, and at Paris. Entertainments, pageantries, and dissipations succeeded one another in bewildering maze. Celebrated characters, of all descriptions, were present from all parts of Europe, to share in the carnival or to witness it. Sovereigns and people, soldiers and civilians, mingled as in a dance to celebrate the pacification of the world. "We never saw so many stars in our life-time," said an observer; "they appear as numerous at Aix-la-Chapelle as in the firmament; every sovereign is surrounded with his constellation." And we need not add that, by universal consent, our illustrious hero was the brightest star of them all. "Even in matters of ceremonial, the great captain almost took rank with the crowned heads; and in real importance and personal ascendancy, he was the first figure there."

The congress continued to sit till the middle of November. Sir Thomas Lawrence was present, to paint those portraits of the allied sovereigns which now figure in the Waterloo gallery of Windsor Castle. The Duke of Wellington seized the opportunity to collect many objects of vertu; and the gallery of Cardinal Fesch being then in the market, he purchased thence some of the finest paintings of the Flemish and the Italian schools. Strenuous efforts were made by certain great philanthropists, during the congress, to obtain some measure or declaration toward the abolition of the slave trade, but without success, the potentates resolutely confining the proceedings of their reunion to the consolidating and celebrating of the general peace. The Duke, however, as well as some others, took occasion to express, in a private capacity, but in the presence of the potentates, a strong opinion in favour of the abolition; and he "denounced in severe terms the barbarity of the Portuguese in refusing to assign any definite date as the limit of their traffic in human beings, suggesting that, after the 30th of May ensuing, they should abandon it or be treated as pirates."

Our hero had now finished his connexions with the Continent. He had now completed the sequents of the European war. He had now seen his great work of pacification brought to a close. He had now no more to do for that work either by diplomacy or by the sword. He was now to sit down under all his laurels, to wear them to decay amid the stillness of the repose of the world. No

employment now remained for him but either the pursuits of private life, or public peaceful duties connected with his country's government. He therefore rose from the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle to return permanently to Britain. Even the army of occupation was then up and away, in a state of dispersion, moving toward its troops' respective homes. But its several regiments bore with them the following valedictory order, which he had addressed to them in the beginning of November:—

“Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington cannot take leave of the troops whom he had the honour to command without expressing to them his gratitude for the good conduct which has distinguished them during the time they have been under his orders. It is now nearly three years since the Allied Sovereigns confided to the Field-Marshal the chief command of that part of their forces which circumstances rendered it necessary to keep in France. If the measures which Their Majesties commanded have been executed in a manner to give them satisfaction, this result must be wholly attributed to the prudent and enlightened conduct manifested on all occasions by their Excellencies the Generals commanding in chief,—to the good example they had given to the other generals and officers who were subordinate to them,—and lastly to the excellent discipline which has always prevailed in the contingents. It is with regret that the Field-Marshal has seen the moment arrive when the dissolution of this army was to put an end to his public connection and his private relations with the commanders and other officers of the corps of the army. The Field-Marshal deeply feels how agreeable these relations have been to him. He begs the Generals commanding in chief to receive, and make known to the troops under their orders, the assurance that he shall never cease to take the most lively interest in everything that may concern them; and that the remembrance of the three years during which he has had the honour to be at their head will be always dear to him.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S MANSIONS—HIS POLITICAL POSITION IN BRITAIN—NEW OFFICES AND HONOURS CONFERRED UPON HIM—HIS MISSION TO THE CONGRESS OF VERONA—HIS EMBASSY TO THE COURT OF ST. PETERSBURG—HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE COMMAND-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES—THE DEATH AND CHARACTER OF THE DUKE OF YORK

WHEN the British parliament voted first £400,000 and next £200,000 as a reward to the Duke of Wellington for his public services, they appointed commissioners to expend as much of the money as might be necessary in the purchase of a suitable estate. The commissioners looked long in the market without being able to find a proper purchase; but at length, in November 1817, they concluded an agreement with the representatives of Lord Rivers for the estate of Strathfieldsaye. This is situated on the borders of Berkshire and Hampshire, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Silchester, $6\frac{1}{2}$ north-east of Basingstoke, and 50 south-west of London. It is a "struth" or flat expanse in only a diminutive sense, but a "field" in a large and very ornate sense; and it took the affix of "saye" from the family of Saye, to whom it anciently belonged. An heiress of that family conveyed it by marriage to Sir Nicholas Dabridgecourt, who was sheriff of Hampshire in the reign of Richard II. Sir William Pitt, the ancestor of the Earl of Chatham, purchased it from the Dabridgecourts in 1686; and Pitt's descendants continued to figure on it till it was purchased for the Duke of Wellington.

The sum, which the commissioners paid for the estate was £263,000. This was too much. The estate was neither large nor in good condition. The Duke afterwards, till the end of his life, spent all its own resources upon it, and a great deal more, in georgical improvements and in the purchase of additions, without ever being able to make it a ducal-looking property. He always regarded it as a bad investment of public money, and was known to say that it would have ruined any man less wealthy than himself. But his improvements upon it, in all respects, but especially for the fertilization of the soil and for the comfort of his tenants, were immense; inasmuch that it eventually became, in an agricultural point of view, one of the best estates in England. The park is only about a mile in average breadth, and about a mile and a half in length. It has a warmly pleasant appearance, from its well-dressed management, from some undulations of the surface, from some expansions of the river Loddon, and from its grand wealth of wood; but it presents no features of magnificence, nor scarcely

any which can properly be called picturesque. The mansion also, both inside and out, both in size and in site, is far from being superb. All the Duke's alterations upon it, which were not few, failed to make it grand. "The furniture is as plain as can at all agree with perfect elegance. Everything about it is good and substantial and comfortable of its kind; but you look in vain for the splendour which greets you at every step in the mansion of the Duke of Marlborough; you are still in the dwelling of the Rivers, not in the palace of a Wellington. There is one thing, however, which the least observing will not fail to remark as highly characteristic of the hero of Waterloo; it is the extreme neatness, order, and unostentatious attention to comfort that reign throughout the whole." A symbolic tenure-service is rendered to the Crown for the estate of Strathfieldsaye,—consisting in the presentation at Windsor Castle, on the 18th of June every year, of a small tri-coloured flag with a staff surmounted by an eagle. A similar service has always been rendered by the Dukes of Marlborough for the estate of Blenheim.

Apsley House, the well-known London residence of the Duke of Wellington, was purchased by himself, immediately after his permanent return to Britain. It is one of the best situated mansions in the metropolis, "at the outlet of the thick-pent town, at the entrance of pleasant parks, where it never can be encroached on, approached by arches of triumph and statues symbolic of power and command." Its site was formerly occupied, first by a famous suburban inn called the Pillars of Hercules, and next by the lodge to Hyde Park. The mansion was built in 1784 by Lord Chancellor Apsley, who obtained a grant of the site from George III.; it was purchased in 1810 by Marquis Wellesley, who resided in it in great pomp throughout the period of his supporting the policy of the Peninsular war; and it was sold by him to the Duke of Wellington. But it had been built in a bad style of debased art; it looked to be a great sheer shabby red-brick box; it was no less inconvenient within than inornate without; and in 1828, when the Duke left it for a time to reside in Downing-street as prime-minister, it was delivered up to the Messrs. Wyatt to be recased with Bath-stone, extended by the addition of a west-wing, and generally improved into a ducal palace.

"The Duke of Wellington, however, whose occupation was war and government, felt himself rather a Vauban than a Vitruvius; and, however competent to construct or demolish bastions, was no master of the arts of an architect or the crafts of a builder or upholsterer. He trusted to those he employed; and their estimates, high when originally framed, were doubled ere the works were done. Hence arose his indelible disgust of brick and mortar—raw materials of ruination—and his habit, when he related the facts by way of a warning to friends about to build, of adding, 'the bill for my house in Piccadilly would have broken any one's back but mine.' And we may here observe that he had a

marked dislike to the name Apsley House, which he never used either in speaking of his residence or in dating from it. In truth, what with one expense or another, the original purchase, and these costly alterations, this patchwork house, ill-contrived and unsatisfactory at best, did not stand him in much less than £130,000. Neither, when these vast improvements were made, was the Duke fortunate in the taste of the period. Then Rococo was the rule, and a Crockford-club perversion of the Louis XIV. style marked the fashion of the day; then gentlemen of the gold-leaf and papier-mâché order, who could not make houses beautiful, made them gaudy. No wonder, therefore, that the results, outside and inside, should disappoint many, who, in these times of progress, when matters are a trifle better managed, expect to find a palace worthy of such a possessor and price."

From the first year of his owning this mansion till the year of his death, the Duke held in it, on every 18th of June, a great festival commemorative of Waterloo. This, for ten years, took place in the usual dining-room, and was attended only by officers who had been in very high rank at the battle. But in 1830 and all subsequent years, it was held in a magnificent saloon, called the Waterloo gallery, contained in the new wing of the mansion, and attended by Waterloo officers of any rank, to the utmost number that the place could pleasantly accommodate. That saloon is one of the most gorgeous private halls in the world,—tapestried with pictures and packed with decoration; and on the occasion of the banquet, it contained such a display of the military strength of empires, in its morale and in its honours, as has never been excelled in any land; yet is the saloon, like the house itself, an unpleasant witness that the Duke was no such genius in the fine arts as in the art of war. "The general style of it is that of Louis XIV. gone crazy. Gilding and yellow damask have done their best for pomp and their worst for art. The paintings either blush unseen, or look like black spots huddled on the gaudy background." Similar error of taste, though with variety of effect, pervades all the other apartments. The collections of the objects of art are much diversified, exceedingly rich, and immensely numerous, yet look to a connoisseur to be in a state of intermixture almost as incomprehensible as the *melée* of a battle. "The pictures seem to be hung more with reference to size than any other consideration." "The Duke had a most catholic or pagan love for art, jumbling together heterogeneous subjects, sacred and profane, and seems to have been willing to open his Pantheon for any representation." "Devoid of any high æsthetic perceptions, and no judge of fine art, he was far above making pretension to anything out of his line, and never uttered one syllable of the cant of connoisseurship. He took and looked at art in his own practical way, and enjoyed imitations of nature and fact, on canvas or in marble, just in proportion as the fidelity of the transcript appealed to his understanding. While he could not sympathise with the ideal and transcendental, he

fully relished those exact, though perhaps humble, representations which come home to the senses and to the common sense, to the business and bosoms, of all men. Self-relying, he confined his acquisitions simply to what was pleasing to himself; so that the objects of art which he collected, and their arrangements in his rooms, be they good or not, have a decided interest of their own as bearing evidence of his heart, mind, and character."

At the moment of the Duke of Wellington's permanent return to Britain, the office of master-general of the ordnance was vacant. This was immediately offered to him, along with a seat in the cabinet. The duties of the office were exactly suitable to his habits, strictly military, second in dignity only to those of the commander-in-chief, and comprehending complete control over all matters relating to the artillery. The emoluments also were worth his attention, comprising a salary of £3,000 a-year, with an allowance of £1,000 for a secretary. The seat in the cabinet likewise was perfectly to his taste, putting him into coadjutorship with the ministers under whose administration he had performed his principal exploits,—whose system of policy, sternly conservative, in resistance of any high popular influence, was entirely to his mind, —and the chief of whom, particularly Lords Liverpool, Castlereagh, Sidmouth, and Bathurst, he treated with the confidence of personal friends. He therefore accepted at once the offer which was made to him, and thereby found instantly employment, emolument, and power.

But in the same move he cut himself off from sympathy with the industrial masses, and assumed a position which was pregnant with political strife. A strong excitement had arisen in the nation, consequent on reaction from the times of the war, increasing rapidly among the working-classes to fever-heat, and demanding earnestly or almost frantically sweeping change and rapid progress in domestic legislation. The Duke, viewed simply as a great military commander, who had spent so many years in camps, was ill-prepared to act a prudent part, in any political capacity, toward such a state of society; but when he chose, at the very start of his political career, and without having enjoyed a day for independent observation, to connect himself officially with the old, inflexible, tory party against whom the clamour was directed, so as thenceforth to stand committed to their policy, and to take a responsible share in their councils, he could scarcely be expected, even despite his high honourableness, his gigantic common sense, and his fine cosmopolitan spirit, to escape long such collisions with the popular will as should suddenly knock his masive wreath of laurels to the dust. As regarded himself, however, the crisis was still far in the distance; and in the meantime, he looked so well to the interests of the public, in his honest earnest discharge of his duties as master-general of the ordnance, that, within two years, he abolished no fewer than sixty-eight useless offices, with a saving to the country of £14,000 a-year.

Early in 1819, the Duke took his seat in the House of Lords; and on the 2d of March, he seized an opportunity there to pay a tribute to the Marquis of Hastings and the Indian army, for their conduct in the second Mahratta war,—a tribute which, no doubt, his magnanimity prompted him the more readily to offer, that the Marquis of Hastings had behaved very differently toward him at his hour of greatest peril in the Peninsula, and that the laurels of the second Mahratta war, but for the niggard policy of the East India Company, would, fourteen years before, have been all his own and Marquis Wellesley's. "My Lords," said he, "I cannot but profess my entire concurrence in the tribute of approbation which has been bestowed upon the Marquis of Hastings for his conduct in the late war in India. There cannot remain a doubt in the minds of those acquainted with the facts, but that the wisdom of the plan on which it was commenced, and the vigour of its execution, have merited the highest praise. My Lords, I am well pleased that an opportunity like the present has occurred to do justice to the services and gallantry of our troops in India, which are, too often, neglected or disallowed. No troops in the world ever perform their duty better or observe a more steady discipline. They remarkably evinced their good qualities in all their late transactions, whether acting in great masses or in small detachments. In all situations they nobly performed their duty."

On the 24th of May, 1819, the royal daughter of the Duke of Kent, now our august sovereign, was born. The Duke of Wellington, in the character of a state dignitary, was present at the birth. "The circumstance," remarks Stocqueler, "could not fail to have its influence upon the mind of the Duke. It imparted an increased degree of interest to his connection with the Crown in after years, casting a halo of parental affection around the loyalty which, under any circumstances, he would have been proud to manifest towards his sovereign, and that sovereign a female." "The Duke," continues Stocqueler, "was now the chosen companion of the Prince Regent's luxurious leisure. The Court Circular of the time continually makes mention of the visits of the Duke at Carlton Palace; and it is not too much to say that his presence imparted dignity even to a court, which, under the auspices of Queen Charlotte relaxed nothing of the severity of ceremonial and coldness of punctilio by which it was distinguished throughout the reign of George III."

In December, 1819, the Duke of Wellington was appointed governor of Plymouth, in succession to his friend the Duke of Richmond, who had died in Canada; and two months afterward, he was likewise appointed colonel-in-chief of the rifle brigade. The former of these appointments was a mere sinecure, simply indicating how high he stood in the royal favour; and the latter, though it had invariably been held by an officer of the highest rank, yielded an emolument of less than £250 a-year.

In the end of January, 1820, George IV. ascended the throne; and though

he then acquired no power which he had not wielded as Prince Regent, so that he could not become any higher a patron of our hero than he had been before, yet he passed, by his accession, into circumstances, which riveted the Duke to toryism, and accelerated his disfavour with the people. The chief of these was the trial of the Queen, with a view to her repudiation. Never was a measure of its kind more intensely unpopular: and in consequence of the Duke standing firmly by the King, as both a staunch friend and a thoroughgoing partizan, the terrible opprobrium of it fell with not many fewer degrees of severity upon the field-marshal than upon the monarch. At the coronation, also, which took place in the summer of next year, when the Queen had been practically acquitted, and when, in spite of her claiming a right to be crowned, she was not even permitted to be present as a spectator, the Duke officiated as Lord High Constable of England, and thereby proved to the public how determined he continued to be, notwithstanding all its clamour, to stand unflinchingly by the views which had led to her impeachment. His real motive, beyond all question, was a rigid sense of duty to the sovereign,—not as his personal friend and patron, but as his country's king; and though it may have been tinged by partizanship, tinged also perhaps by gratitude, it must be allowed, in his case, to have been undoubtedly honest.

Two months after the coronation, the Duke accompanied the King on a visit to Hanover. "The King took the route by way of Ostend and Brussels. The vicinity of the field of Waterloo tempted His Majesty to proceed to the locality of the great battle; and he enjoyed when there the inestimable advantage of the society of the Duke, who pointed out to him the scenes of the various contests. George IV. was gifted with a strong comprehension, military tastes, and a perfect acquaintance with the science of war. With all the details of the great struggle fresh in his memory, he realized with facility the images conjured up by the exact description of the Duke. It is difficult to say who was the proudest man on that day,—the King, who heard upon the battle-field the story of the battle from the lips of the mightiest soldier in the memorable fight,—or the Field-Marshal, who 'showed how fields were won,' with the proudest sovereign in Europe for his auditor."

The princes of Europe, though they had no more titles of honour to confer on the Duke of Wellington, continued to express their admiration of his exploits by heaping upon him a variety of costly presents, with which he adorned his halls. Some of the wealthiest classes of the British people also, notwithstanding the waning of his popularity with the masses, rose vigorously up to express, in some substantial manner, their undying gratitude for his services. In 1822, the merchants and bankers of London presented to him a magnificent shield, produced at the cost of upwards of £7,000, representing most artistically in its compartments some grand chief incidents or emblems of his several victories.

In the same year was erected, at the south-east corner of Hyde Park, in the vicinity of Apsley House, at the cost of £10,000, subscribed in 1819—1821 by ladies, a colossal bronze trophy by Westmacott, with this inscription,—“To Arthur Duke of Wellington and his brave companions in arms, this statue of Achilles, cast from cannon taken in the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, is inscribed by their countrywomen.” The statue is about 18 feet high, and weighs upwards of 30 tons. The figure is copied from one of the famous antiques on the Monte Cavallo at Rome. But the name Achilles is a misnomer.

Events transpired in this year, 1822, which threatened deeply to affect our hero's character as at once conqueror, diplomatist, and statesman. The general settlement of Europe which he had so laboriously achieved by the sword, and which he had afterwards sought to confirm first by his diplomatic negotiations at Vienna, Paris, and Aix-la-Chapelle, and next by his connecting himself ministerially with Lord Liverpool's administration, was menaced with disruption. A reaction in favour of increase of liberty, or in resistance of excessive magisterial power, had become stronger in many parts of the Continent than in Britain. A popular party in Spain, in particular, had proclaimed the Cadiz constitution of 1812, and had obtained such general support from the army as to seem to be completely overmastering the throne. Portugal, Naples, and Piedmont became the theatres of similar revolutions. France rumbled and reeked like a volcano on the eve of an eruption. Germany returned a very audible echo to the distant shouts of freedom. Greece, Albania, and the Danubian principalities were up in arms against the Sublime Porte. A general war of the popular will seemed about to be waged, or even seemed to have been already begun, against the will of sovereigns. The ruling powers, both great and small, became much alarmed; and, in order that they might meet a common danger in good concert and with combined action, they agreed to hold a congress at Verona. But France, though acquiescing in that measure, judged it to be too remote or too inefficient to prevent the fierce fires which raged all along the Pyrenees from communicating with the masses of explosive matter in her interior; and therefore, as a precaution of her own, under pretence of establishing a quarantine against a pestilence which was prevailing around Barcelona, she suddenly collected an army along her southern frontier.

Lord Castlereagh, who latterly had become Marquis of Londonderry, was appointed plenipotentiary of Britain. He was justly viewed both at home and abroad as a strong tory, ever warmly friendly to high magisterial power, ever stoutly opposed to liberalational progress; and, having long filled the office of foreign minister, which gave him an intimate acquaintance with the sentiments of foreign cabinets, he seemed to be exactly suited to the business of the congress. But just when the time was at hand for his setting out, he became

deranged and committed suicide. The people rejoiced that he was no more,—for seldom has a statesman been more unpopular than he latterly became; and so heartily did they abhor his memory that they were ready to suspect for his sake any man who had been long and intimately his friend. The Duke of Wellington was such, honestly and to the last, inasmuch as to follow his bier with unhidden sorrow, all the more perhaps in chivalrous despite of the popular scorn; so that he gained no advance in the people's good will at Londonderry's death.

Mr. Canning, however, succeeded the Marquis in office. That brilliant statesman had been a long time in the cabinet, and was now rising rapidly in influence. He possessed certain broad tendencies to liberalism which, while they did not seriously mar his co-operation with conservatives, had begun to obtain for him, if not the confidence, at least the consideration of reformers. Lord Wellington, in the existing state of feeling either in the cabinet or in the country, could not for a moment compete with him in claim to hold the seals of the foreign office, yet was at once named by him, with the express approbation of the King, as the fittest substitute for Lord Londonderry to go to the congress of Verona. Mr. Canning's policy was to maintain the general peace, to prevent interference with the insurgent countries, and to neutralize the attempt of the Continental sovereigns to legislate collectively for Europe. Londonderry also had laboured long and hard on behalf of the general peace and of national non-interference. Canning, therefore, could frame his instructions for the plenipotentiary's duties at the congress in terms which would have been exactly suitable to fall from Londonderry's pen, if they had been required a year or two before. The spirit of them, however, was essentially different; for Londonderry's non-interference had reference to the movements of absolutism, while Canning's non-interference had reference to the struggles of liberty. The following is the characteristic part of the instructions:—"If there be a determined project to interfere, by force or by menace, in the present struggle in Spain, so convinced are His Majesty's government of the uselessness and danger of any such interference, so objectionable does it appear to them in principle, as well as utterly impracticable in execution, that when the necessity arises, or I would rather say when the opportunity offers, I am to instruct Your Grace at once frankly and peremptorily to declare that to any such interference, come what may, His Majesty will not be a party."

The Duke of Wellington made all possible haste, with all his usual zeal, to carry out these instructions. He made preliminary inquiries in Paris, on his way to Verona, and wrote thence to Mr. Canning for further suggestions. At the congress he found himself "almost in the capacity of a mediator." The great powers were divided in opinion; and he succeeded in inducing them all, excepting France, to declare for neutrality. "I was sent to Verona," says he, "to refuse, on the part of the British government, all interference of whatso-

ever kind in the internal affairs of Spain. That was the principle I was directed to enforce; and upon that principle I stood, from first to last, during the whole course of the negotiations; and, in like manner, from first to last, I endeavoured to dissuade the allied powers from interfering in them, by urging upon their consideration, at one time, those difficulties which my own experience in Spain suggested to me that they must meet, if they persisted in such a design,—and at another, by pointing out the embarrassments which that design would be likely to create to the French government, should that government pertinaciously determine to carry it into execution.”

So well were the Duke's arguments put, so powerful were they in themselves and so powerfully enforced, that even France would not stand up to meet them, but hid herself from their effects beneath the cloak of the general policy, of collective legislation for Europe, on the display of which the congress had been convoked. The Duke could not drag her thence without agitating the other powers; so that he felt obliged, in the commonest prudence, to act cautiously, not as a compeller or an antagonist, but as a counsellor or a friend. “Was it my business,” said he afterwards in the House of Lords, “wishing as I fervently did, to preserve tranquillity in Europe, to seek an occasion of bringing forward topics, the canvassing of which, when so brought forward, must excite difference of opinion at least, if not the greatest degree of irritability? Was it my business, my Lords, acting as I then did, almost in the capacity of a mediator, to employ arguments of menace and force,—arguments which all persons acquainted with the affair well know that I was by no means instructed to support?” But in as far as argument, persuasion, and influence could go, consistently with due courtesy, in so far went the Duke, earnestly and urgently, not at Verona only, but at Paris also, on his way back to London, to induce France to quash all thought of interfering with Spain. The King and the ministers affected to listen to him, induced him to believe that he was convincing them, cut short his representations by feigning a compliance with his wishes, but carried on, all the while, extensive military preparations along their southern frontier, and then, almost immediately after his return to London, pushed an army of 100,000 men across the Pyrenees. The Spaniards were in no condition to resist so strong and sudden an invasion; and, after a very brief struggle, were compelled to yield their neck to a renewal of Ferdinand's despotic yoke.

The people of Britain, especially those who had become partizans of reform, felt indignant at this rude extinction of Spanish liberty; and they hastily ascribed it, not to the councils of France, but to those of the congress of Verona. It appeared to them an index that the potentates of Continental Europe, with either the connivance or the concurrence of the Duke of Wellington as Britain's representative, had formed a combination against all political progress. Even the liberal parliamentary leaders were not slow to denounce the Duke, in

reference to his recent mission, as a traitor to the cause of liberty. His restriction to mere moral force, his obligation to abstain from menace, his successes at the congress, his efforts with France, his bafflement by the duplicity of that country, were all forgotten; only the liberalism of Mr. Canning, the emission of the Duke's instructions from Canning, the strength of the Spanish patriotic struggle, and the sudden irruption into Spain of the French compelling army, only these were borne in mind; and the conclusion was at once arrived at, that the Duke could not have done his duty. Hot discussions on his conduct arose in parliament; the state papers respecting it were called for, and produced; and Lord Ellenborough, in the House of Lords, went so far as to move an address upon it to the throne, saying,—“He felt bound, upon the authority of the papers on the table, distinctly to accuse the noble Duke of treating his instructions as a dead letter, though perhaps in this course he was sanctioned by the Ministry; and further, with using language in the course of the negotiations at Verona altogether unworthy of the character of the great country whose representative he was; and stranger still, of actually justifying the formation of the French cordon sanitaire on the Spanish frontier, and its conversion into an army of observation,—a measure which the most ordinary regard for the rights of Spain as an independent state should have led him to remonstrate against in the very strongest terms.”

Such a charge as this, in such circumstances, from such a quarter, backed as it was by a large portion of the best men of the country, both in parliament and out of it, was a remarkable instance of the effervescence of party spirit,—noisy froth and nothing more. What the Duke's party, and the Duke himself, saw occasion to urge in reply to it, is matter of curiosity, though of mere curiosity; so that we may quote a specimen, but only a brief one, of what they said. “The Duke of Wellington was sent to Verona,” said Lord Aberdeen, “to assist in preserving the peace of Europe, and he had steadily kept that object in view. Perhaps the noble Duke was not so fully convinced of the duplicity of France as some noble Lords; but if he had been, his conduct would not have been different. He did not involve himself in an endless interchange of official notes; but he calmly stated to the French ministers the dangers of the course they appeared bent on pursuing, and assured them of the strict neutrality which this country would observe. The noble Duke's language had been objected to as not sufficiently firm. This was a most unfounded accusation; and noble Lords before they made it should recollect, that if the dignity of this country demanded a certain tone, something also was due to the feelings of other independent states. The noble Duke had carried out his instructions in a candid and straightforward way, and the ministry had given him those instructions because they would not lightly incur the responsibility of plunging the country again into war. Some other noble Lords might not have been so

scrupulous." "I believe," said the Duke himself, "that if noble Lords would be so kind as put themselves to the trouble of instituting inquiries among individuals who were present and in attendance at the congress, they would learn that there was no deficiency on my part in making the strongest remonstrances and representations as to the intentions of the British government; that, so far from this being the case, I went, upon every point, to the full length of my instructions; and indeed I went as far as it was possible for me to go without giving offence to the different powers, with whom we were then in amity and alliance."

The Duke seems now to have felt that his services in the political world, for the present at least, were not wanted, and could do little good. Had any public duty appeared still to stand before him, he would, no doubt, as heartily as on all former occasions, have gone into it and through it, in his own way, in spite of any amount of popular disapprobation. But he saw none, and therefore began to give all his attention to affairs either entirely private or strictly official. During three years following the discussions on his mission to Verona, he appeared very seldom in parliament, and spoke only once on its floor, and even then on so small a matter as the setting of spring guns. His chief attention during these three years was occupied with the pleasures of the chase, the pleasures of society, the improving of his estate, the routine business of the cabinet, and the duties of his offices as master-general of the ordnance and governor of Plymouth. Any record of his doings then, therefore, would be nothing better than the record of the doings of any distinguished private gentleman, totally destitute of matters above the dignity of anecdote or gossip. Here is a striking exemplification of the difference between a warlike life and a peaceful one. So teeming were the incidents of the three most adventurous years of the Duke's military career, the years 1809—1811, that we could not narrate them in less space than about 390 of our pages; while so destitute of incident were his three years of peace after the affair of Verona, that we have given the whole of their noticeable history in this single paragraph.

The Duke was at length drawn again into prominence in connection with the affairs of Greece. The struggle of the Greeks against the Sublime Porte was still going on. It had become far-spread and ferocious; it seemed to be ever advancing, yet never making progress; and it was now a spectacle to all Europe, a nuisance to all the commerce of the Mediterranean, a centre of sympathy to all classes of admirers of ancient Greece. The great European powers were bound by the decisions of the congress of Verona to practise non-interference to the ~~best~~; but they could not prevent their subjects from sending money to the Greeks, or from going personally to fight for them as volunteers; and Russia, who had a profound political interest in making them triumphant, in order that she might prosecute a long-cherished ambition of planting her

eagles on the shores of the Mediterranean, did not scruple to afford clandestinely very powerful aid. Britain and France had as deep concern for the Greeks as she, but for widely different reasons, and with a directly opposite political interest; and as they could not prevent her from still interfering in a private manner, whereby she might work matters to a result bearing eminently or solely on her own peculiar advantage, they resolved to attempt to bring her into a treaty with them to effect a conjoint, overt, coercive interference.

The Duke of Wellington, in February 1826, was sent as a special ambassador on this affair, from London to St. Petersburg. The mission was felt to be exceedingly delicate; and the difficulties of it, which would have been great enough in the life-time of the Emperor Alexander, were enhanced by the recent accession of the Emperor Nicholas. What fitter man could be found to execute it than the Duke of Wellington? He was so much esteemed by the Emperor, so pre-eminent in general fame, so well skilled in diplomacy, so sternly true, so wisely prudent, that he was sure to succeed if any man could. And succeed he did. The Emperor received him with the highest distinction, paid him the personal compliment of dubbing one of the best regiments in the Russian army "the Duke of Wellington's," and granted to him, in his capacity of ambassador, everything which he had been sent to ask. The result was a treaty, afterwards signed at London, between Britain, France, and Russia, to compel a settlement of the war in the Levant,—issuing in the establishment of the kingdom of Greece, with securities which, though eventually disrupted wantonly and perfidiously by Russia, were then deemed sufficient for the protection of Turkey and the maintenance of the general balance of European power.

The Duke of Wellington, on his return to England, resumed his previous quietude. But he was still the most conspicuous man of his day, "the observed of all observers," the envy of princes, and the theme of history; and, had it been only in further guerdon of his vast military services, he was ever liable at any moment to be called again into prominence to receive new expressions of the State's confidence in his worth. Accordingly, on the 29th of December, 1826, he was removed from the governorship of Plymouth to be constable of the Tower of London; and on the 22d of January, 1827, at the death of the Duke of York, he was appointed colonel of the grenadier guards, and commander-in-chief of the British forces. The supreme place in the army was now vacant for the first time since he had left the battle-field; and who but he could be fitly called to fill it? "He who had led the army to victory in every part of the world in which he had been called upon to serve,—who had become identified with its honour and greatness,—who, by his rank, his position, and his familiarity with its concerns, was best able to maintain its efficiency,—and whose name as a general and a victor filled the trumpet of fame throughout Europe and Asia, was indicated by the common voice of Britain as the only individual in whom

the serious and honourable trust of Commander-in-chief of the British forces could appropriately be confided."

The influences which arose to our hero from the character of his predecessor in this great office were large and many. The Duke of York had for a long time been heir-presumptive to the throne. He had held the command-in-chief, with the exception of a short interruption, since 1795. He had thrown around it both the dignity of his princely rank and the debasement of some serious personal foibles. He had, at various times and in various ways, excited strong sensations in parliament and throughout the country, by feebleness of strategy in the field, by some circumstances in his domestic affairs which brought a fama upon his administration, by a ruinous recklessness in his private expenditure, and by extreme public declarations of tory principle. Yet he had all along been an assiduous, judicious, effective improver of the discipline of the army; and, since 1812, when the short interruption to his holding the command-in-chief came to a close, he had, according to universal belief, maintained a perfectly uninterrupted, pre-eminently honourable, absolutely princely administration. And all these facts, as well as some others, created delicacies or difficulties to the Duke of Wellington as his successor; while the most important one of them all, both for its weight and for its intricacies, the improvement of the discipline of the army, was also retrospectively embarrassing, or at least retrospectively as much the Duke of Wellington's affair as the Duke of York's, on account of its having, in most of its main features, proceeded either jointly from both or in some respects from each. In so far as the Duke of York's characteristics as commander-in-chief were faults or errors, the Duke of Wellington would be sure to mark them well in order that he might avoid them; in so far as they were excellencies, with regard to the routine of duty, he would be sure to treat them as a model which he would compel himself to surpass whenever they were surpassable, and in all cases at least to equal; and in so far as they were features of fame derived from the achievement of great permanent ameliorations in the army, the Duke of Wellington, though entitled to claim no mean portion of them as his own, would ever feel tempted, by magnanimity and official etiquette, even at the expense of tampering with truth, to ascribe them undividedly to the Duke of York. Eulogies upon the Duke of York's command-in-chief, therefore, especially when pronounced in courtly form, have a strong significance collaterally toward the Duke of Wellington. And for that reason, as well as for sake of the historical light which they throw upon the condition of the army during the period of our hero's campaigning connexion with it, two or three of the most remarkable may here be quoted.

Mr. Peel said in the House of Commons, at the time of the Duke of York's death;—"The Duke had been forty-six years a soldier; and when he came into office he had declared, that no man should, for the future, labour under the dis-

advantages which he had had to contend with. To enumerate all the benefits which the Duke had conferred upon the army, it would be necessary to go through many details of various regulations connected with religious duties, with military schools, with points of discipline, and with the security of fair hopes of promotion to every man in the service. But it was sufficient to recollect, that while the Duke of York held the office of commander-in-chief, every man knew that justice would be done him; and it was by this, and not by the minute regulations of discipline, that the English army had obtained that plastic energy which distinguished the free soldier from another. During the long period, during the ten thousand days, in which the Duke of York had been in office, he," Mr. Peel, "did not think that one of those days had passed without his devoting some portion of it to the business of his official situation. No letter ever came to the office, which, if it had a signature, was not read or attended to. Individuals might frequently have mistaken the proper quarter to which their applications should be addressed; but even in these cases a civil answer was always returned, accompanied by a direction to the applicant respecting the department to which he ought to apply. The impartiality of the royal Duke had always been the theme of applause in that House, whenever his disposal of promotion had been brought under its notice. On the augmentation of the army in 1825, the only lieutenants who were promoted were senior lieutenants; no interest was allowed to interfere in this; and the only exception to the rule which the Duke had here laid down, was one which reflected anything but dishonour. It was in the case of a lieutenant of the year 1814, who was promoted on account of his conduct at the battle of Waterloo, where the command of his regiment devolved upon him, all the other officers of the regiment having been disabled or slain. In 1825, twenty-two captains were promoted to the rank of majors without purchase. The power of conferring promotion without purchase was certainly a means of conferring favour; but the average service of these twenty-two captains, who had thus obtained majorities without purchase, was twenty-six years. Sixteen majors were also raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonels; and the average service of these, fifteen years. During the whole of the time in which the Duke of York was in office, there had never been an instance of an officer being raised by purchase over the head of another, without the offer being previously made to that officer, or unless he had for some reason forfeited his claims to promotion. Three-fourths of the commissions which had been given away in the year 1825 without purchase, were conferred upon the sons of relations or old officers. The Duke had possessed extraordinary advantages, from having been in the army for forty-six years, and having filled the office of commander-in-chief for thirty-six years. It was no slight encouragement to a soldier to know, that an experienced eye observed him, while there was no greater advantage in a commander-in-chief than to know who had seen service."

• Mr. Brougham, at the same time, said,—“It was no small praise to the Duke of York, that, having so long held the office of commander-in-chief, he had never allowed his political principles, by which he,” Mr. Brougham, “meant party-principles, to interfere in the discharge of the duties of his office. The best testimony of the sincerity and honesty with which the late Duke entertained those strong political sentiments which he was known to hold upon some subjects, was, that he entertained them free from all asperity towards the persons who differed from him.” Sir Robert Wilson also said,—“It was worthy of observation that the improvement which the Duke of York had effected in the discipline of the army, was maintained without any exaggerated severity. When His Royal Highness came into office, corporal punishment, which had been carried to so great an extent as to become a matter of opprobrium in the eyes of foreigners, was considerably reduced by him; and it was to be hoped that the House would complete what the late commander-in-chief had begun. The kindness, the benevolence, and the impartiality of the Duke of York, were well known; and although parties upon whose cases he judged might sometimes think his decisions harsh, yet in no case had any one impeached the motives upon which he had determined.”

The Duke of Wellington himself, at a most critical moment, when the Duke of York's entire professional reputation had been brought into peril, as noticed on page 258 of our first volume, had given a strong testimony to the value of His Royal Highness' services. And on the present occasion, at the earliest opportunity after His Royal Highness' death, he stepped forward to repeat that testimony, with such additions as to give it the effect of a funeral panegyric; at the same time presiding at a public meeting for taking the initiative toward the erection of a monument to His Royal Highness' memory. An English historian who speaks of the Duke of York with pre-eminent severity, says, in allusion to this monument,—“His statue stands conspicuous on its pillar within sight of the Horse Guards, where so much of his business lay. It might be that some debtors, ruined by his cruel extravagance, might sigh in their prison when they heard of its erection; and some whose domestic honour and peace had been tainted by his passions, might wonder at the strange distribution of homage in a state which professes the purity of Christianity; but it was pretty generally admitted that he had done his country better service than princes often do, and that to his labours were partly owing the successes of our wars and the high character of our military forces.”

CHAPTER XXV.

THE STATE OF POLITICAL PARTIES IN BRITAIN IN 1827—MR. CANNING'S ADMINISTRATION—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S WITHDRAWAL FROM MR. CANNING—HIS AMENDMENT ON MR. CANNING'S CORNBILL—HIS VINDICATION OF HIMSELF AT MR. CANNING'S DEATH—THE INFLUENCE OF MR. CANNING'S POLITICAL CAREER UPON THAT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE period in Britain from the conclusion of the war till the year 1827 was a period of transition. Pieces of the social machinery which had worked sufficiently well before the commencement of the war, were found to be so antiquated or rickety as to be no longer endurable after the war had closed. Abuses in administration which had arisen in connexion with the apparatus of the war, could not be allowed to continue after that apparatus had been thrown down. Diseased conditions of the government, oppressive circumstances in the national finance, flagrant vices in the parliamentary representation, great and growing inequalities in popular privilege, which had been quietly borne so long as there was paramount danger from a foreign foe, became causes of exacerbation beyond all endurance after that danger, at the cost of much blood and of enormous taxation, had been removed. And, above all, a general crash in trade and manufacture, consequent on the revulsions of commerce at the peace, and afterwards aggravated by sweeping changes in our monetary system, produced immense excitement amongst the industrial masses, leading to exorbitant demands on the attention of the Government, and originating incessant alterations, with innumerable mistakes and recriminations, between the men of resistance and the men of progress.

The ministry which had been formed at the death of Mr. Percival in 1812 was still in power. Only a few alterations had taken place among its men,—occasioned by death and resignation; and none whatever upon its measures. Differences and antagonisms of opinion, on some large subjects, existed among its members; but were matters of mutual sufferance, and did not affect its policy. Its governmental action, as a ministry, had always been, and continued to be, firmly repressive. "While new ideas were fermenting among the people with the diffusion of political knowledge and the growing conviction of mis-government, the cabinet policy was that of twenty years before, with its rigorous maxims of resistance and severity. The consequences were nothing but natural. The people were seduced by demagogues into wicked excesses and extravagant demands. They held nightly gatherings in the large towns and manufacturing

shires, hatched chimerical plots of marching on the metropolis, talked plain treason at public assemblies, and proposed the forcible overthrow of the Government. A conspiracy for the assassination of the ministry in a body was actually formed, and was not defeated by any want of resolution or earnestness on the part of the conspirators. On the other hand, the Government was confirmed by these very excesses both in its own repressive policy, and in the support of the well-affected part of the population. They spared, therefore, neither the law nor the sword. They sent artillery into one county and special commissions into another; they charged public meetings with cavalry, and strung up rioters and sheep-stealers on the same gallows. Their names were saluted with cries of execration, and their persons made the object of incessant hostility; but they paid spies to worm out the secrets of the seditious, and pursued their unswerving course in reliance on principles which had carried England, as they imagined, through worse storms than these." So terrible a tempest of administrative rigour scattered and confounded all plotters for a time; but it could not always blow; and even if it had blown long, it would only have converted terror into ruthless rage. The disaffected masses soon felt a lull, soon recovered all their confidence, and, profiting by experience, planned new forms of opposition, avoided violence, courted respectable leaders, projected great organizations, and speedily began to assume grand aspects of menace, which both awed the ministry as a whole, and evoked the practical play of the differences of opinion among its members.

What the masses demanded, in a general view, was such political change as should improve their temporal condition. This was variously interpreted, from an impracticable extreme of extravagant generalization, to an easy extreme of well-defined measures. But there were three questions which loomed much larger than any others in the agitation, and floated everywhere on its surface. First was the question of free trade, "sometimes in the guise of Spitalfields or navigation acts, sometimes involved in corn averages or warehousing regulations, but always tending to untaxed bread." Next, there was the question of the removal of political disabilities from religious opinions, with reference partly to the repeal of the test and corporation acts as bearing upon Protestant dissenters, but chiefly to the admission of Roman Catholics to the same platform of political privilege as Protestants, popularly termed Catholic emancipation. And third, there was the question of parliamentary reform, directed for a time toward the disfranchising of one constituency and the enfranchising of another, but involving eventually, with relentless sweep and stern demand, the readjustment of the entire system of parliamentary representation.

None of these questions was originally a party one. For that of free trade looked mainly to the abolition of the war-apparatus of finance; that of Catholic emancipation concerned rather the practical management of Irish affairs than

the theoretic recognition of any general principle, and moreover had been a subject of difference of opinion in all the cabinets since the opening of the war; and even that of parliamentary reform was first entertained in its germ by a tory minister, and eventually identified in its extremest ramifications with reckless demagogues, who desired, not improvement of existing institutions, but revolution or anarchy. Yet because all the three questions demanded change, involved liberalizement, and sought amelioration, they became express subjects of contest, paramount and characteristic, between the cause of liberty and the cause of oppression, between the promoters of progress and the supporters of resistance, between all sorts of allies of the whigs and all sorts of allies of the tories.

The ministry was affected variously by the agitation of these questions, according to the previous opinions of its several members. It continued compact enough, indeed, so long as there was a fair prospect of putting the agitation down; but it became disrupted into three sections, or rather showed a marked tendency to such disruption, as soon as that prospect began to grow desperate. First was a sternly inflexible section, determined to stand by the old state of things, in unyielding resistance to all change, happen what might. This section was originally the strongest; but in 1822 it lost two of its staunchest men, in the death of Lord Londonderry and the resignation of Lord Sidmouth; and it afterwards had no better supports than Lord Bathurst, who had more than any one stood identified with the measures of the war, and the Lord-Chancellor Eldon, who had become lachrymose with age. At the death of the Duke of York, also, it lost in the person of that prince, an amount of exterior support, at least in the resisting of Catholic emancipation, fully equal to all its own interior strength. Next was a section who looked circumspectly, in the manner of reconnaissance, upon all the movements of the agitation, with the firmest inclination to retain the old state of things in as far as the retention of it could be prudently thought safe, but with no less an inclination to concede promptly and gracefully as much of it to the popular will as might be found necessary for the effective conservation of the rest. The chief men of this section were the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel,—the latter of whom succeeded Lord Sidmouth in the home office in 1822. And lastly there was a section who expressly sympathized with some of the demands of the reformers, or who held some of their principles, and were prepared to recognise these officially, and to carry them into action, but who, at the same time, wished to make any concession or change only in a manner of the least possible discord with the wishes of the inflexibles. The chief men of this section were Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson,—the former principally with reference to Catholic emancipation, and the latter principally with reference to free trade.

A cabinet, in so splitten a state, under such "pressure from without," would, in any ordinary circumstances, have fallen instantly asunder. But it was kept

compact by the influence of its premier, Lord Liverpool. That nobleman had been at the head of it ever since 1812; he was a minister of singular skill in the management of colleagues, and was held in deserved general reputation for high personal character; so that partly by prestige, partly by tact, he had little difficulty in preventing a disruption. "He was not distinguished by any brilliancy of genius, and was inferior to several of his colleagues as a public speaker. But he possessed a sound, cautious, business mind, well stored with political knowledge. His habits of business were regular and confirmed, and his integrity was pure and unquestioned. He was most disinterested; and the public gave him credit for his honesty. He was never once suspected of governing to suit mere party purposes; he never made a speech for the pleasure of victory; he never entered into an intrigue to acquire or to retain power. He was open and manly in his conduct as he was honest and prudent in his resolves. And as he was quite independent of office in a pecuniary sense, the world knew that, while he would do nothing unworthy of his position, he did not care to hold it if it were incompatible with his convenience, or rendered harassing by cabinet dissensions.

Of his colleagues knew if he resigned there would be a difficulty in selecting a successor, and a common interest, therefore, held them together.' On the 17th of February, 1827, however, Lord Liverpool was struck with paralysis; and, though he did not die till nearly two years afterwards, he never again was able to transact any business. Thus was the cabinet's bond of union suddenly destroyed; and what could now be expected, amid the increasing tumult of the country's agitation, but embarrassment among the tories, emboldenment among the whigs, and enormous difficulty in continuing or reconstructing a sufficiently strong administration?

The premiership was allowed to stand vacant nearly two months, in the hope that Lord Liverpool might recover. The differences of opinion in the cabinet were so exacerbated during that period as to tend fast toward explosion. The great questions which were agitating the country seemed clamantly to demand, that the impending change of administration should be so framed as to hold them no longer in abeyance; and two of them, the corn-law and Catholic emancipation, immediately after Lord Liverpool's illness, and in spite of it, forced their way into long parliamentary debate. The members of the cabinet either felt already urged, or believed that they would very soon feel urged, to range themselves openly for action either for political change or against it. Mr. Canning, at once from his official position, from his long standing in the ministry, from his reputation among the reformers, and from his brilliance of abilities, was the most prominent man on the one side; and the Duke of Wellington, from his pre-eminent influence among conservatives, from his practised versatility in circumstances of peril, from his invincible strength of will, and from his surpassing grandeur of general fame, was the most prominent man on the other. These



Geo Canning

two statesmen, indeed, did not pit themselves against each other, or split the cabinet between them, or enter any race of overt rivalry; and though Mr. Canning desired the premiership, and expected it, the Duke of Wellington did not; yet they were unavoidably driven apart from each other by the pressure of circumstances, and were tacitly or impliedly pushed into the position of leaders by the other members; so that, in spite of the continuance of all possible urbanity in their personal intercourse, they necessarily came to suspect and oppose each other, or at least to make preparations for opposition, on the great critical dividing questions of public policy.

On the 10th of April, the King requested Mr. Canning to take steps for reconstructing the administration. His Majesty was anxious to obtain for it some consideration from the reformers by placing Mr. Canning at its head, yet wished that, both in materials and in policy, it should remain the same as before. Mr. Canning, as a matter of course, asked the Duke of Wellington to become a member of it, but did so only by note, and in terms which seemed cold. The Duke solicited explanations, but did not receive any satisfaction, and immediately sent in his resignation. Six of his colleagues, Mr. Peel, and Lords Eldon, Bathurst, Melville, Westmoreland, and Bexley, also resigned. Mr. Canning filled the Duke's place and the places of all these—except Lord Bexley's, who returned to office—with reformers; and was declared prime minister on the 12th. The Duke then resigned also his offices of commander-in-chief and master-general of the ordnance. These resignations created an extraordinary sensation. A cry was raised in parliament and throughout the kingdom, accusing the Duke of the most flagrant crimes against his country, against Mr. Canning, and against the King; and an echo to that cry still reverberates along the page of many a historian. The Duke seemed to apprehend well that a long time would elapse before the facts could be allowed to tell their own story in silence; and therefore he readily availed himself of a call of Lord Ellenborough, in the House of Lords, on the 2d of May, to make an elaborate explanation. We need not quote this in full, as it is very long and somewhat digressive; but we must quote all its prominent parts.

"On the evening of the 10th of April," said the Duke, "I received from the Right Honourable gentleman now at the head of His Majesty's councils the following letter:—'The King has, at an audience, from which I am just returned, been graciously pleased to signify to me His Majesty's commands to lay before His Majesty, with as little loss of time as possible, a plan of arrangements for the reconstruction of the administration. In executing these commands it will be as much my own wish, as it is my duty to His Majesty, to adhere to the principles on which Lord Liverpool's government has so long acted together. I need not add how essentially the accomplishment must depend upon Your Grace's continuing a member of the cabinet.' I beg Your Lordships will observe

that this letter does not state of whom it was intended that the proposed administration should be formed, although I have since learned that that information was conveyed to my colleagues; nor who was to be at the head of the government; nor was I invited, as others were, to receive further explanations, nor referred to any body who could give such; nor indeed did I consider the invitation that I should belong to the cabinet to be conveyed in those terms to which I had been accustomed in my constant intercourse with the Right Honourable gentleman up to that moment, nor to have been calculated to induce me to continue in the administration about to be formed. I was determined, however, that I would not allow such considerations to influence my answer; and I wrote to the Right Honourable gentleman on the same night as follows,—‘I have received your letter of this evening, informing me that the King had desired you to lay before His Majesty a plan for the reconstruction of the administration, and that, in executing these commands, it was your wish to adhere to the principles on which Lord Liverpool’s government had so long acted together. I anxiously desire to be able to serve His Majesty, as I have done hitherto in his cabinet, with the same colleagues. But before I can give an answer to your obliging proposition, I should wish to know who the person is whom you intend to propose to His Majesty as the head of the government?’

‘To this note the Right Honourable gentleman wrote me the following answer:—‘I believed it to be so generally understood that the King usually intrusts the formation of an administration to the individual whom it is His Majesty’s gracious intention to place at the head of it, that it did not occur to me, when I communicated to Your Grace yesterday the commands which I had just received from His Majesty, to add, that, in the present instance, His Majesty does not intend to depart from the usual course of proceeding on such occasions. I am sorry to have delayed some hours this answer to Your Grace’s letter; but from the nature of the subject, I did not like to forward it without having previously submitted it (together with Your Grace’s letter) to His Majesty.’—The following is my reply:—‘I have received your letter of this day; and I did not understand the one of yesterday evening as you have now explained it to me. I understood from yourself that you had had in contemplation another arrangement; and I do not believe that the practice to which you refer has been so invariable as to enable me to affix a meaning to your letter which its words did not in my opinion convey. I trust that you will have experienced no inconvenience from the delay of this answer, which I assure you has been occasioned by my desire to discover a mode by which I could continue united with my recent colleagues. I sincerely wish that I could bring my mind to the conclusion that, with the best intentions on your part, your government could be conducted practically on the principles of that of Lord Liverpool; that it would be generally so considered; or that it would be adequate, to meet our

difficulties in a manner satisfactory to the King or conducive to the interest of the country. As, however, I am convinced that these principles must be abandoned eventually, that all our measures would be viewed with suspicion by the usual supporters of the government, that I could do no good in the cabinet, and that at last I should be obliged to separate myself from it, at the moment at which such separation would be more inconvenient to the King's service than it can be at present, I must beg you to request His Majesty to excuse me from belonging to his councils.'

"I now beg leave to suggest to Your Lordships an important distinction between Lord Liverpool and the Right Honourable gentleman. The object of Lord Liverpool's policy was not to take any thing from the Roman Catholics, but to govern the country fairly and impartially, according to the existing laws. That of the Right Honourable gentleman, (who it must be remembered, is the most able and active of all the partizans of the other side of the question,) is to make an important alteration of the laws. The action of the two systems cannot be compared. Lord Liverpool might act impartially; and composed as his cabinet was, he was under the necessity of so acting, even if it could be supposed that his desire was to act otherwise. But the influence of the Right Honourable gentleman's government must have the effect, even if not so desired by him, of forwarding his own opinions and views of policy, notwithstanding his professions of an adherence to the policy of Lord Liverpool's government. I would ask, then, how was it possible for me to go into the cabinet, and give the Right Honourable gentleman that fair confidence and support which, as head of the government, he would have had a right to claim from me, when I knew that the necessary result of his system must be to bring the government to that state which I think, and which His Majesty is supposed to think, one of peril? His Majesty, however, thought proper to appoint the Right Honourable gentleman to be his minister, and I had no resource but to withdraw.

"But it has been stated that I withdrew myself because His Majesty would not submit to my dictation and threats in case I should not myself be appointed his minister; and this accusation is most curiously coupled with another, namely, that His Majesty offered to make me his minister, and that I refused. My Lords, those know but little of His Majesty who suppose that any man can dare to dictate to him, much less to threaten him. My Lords, His Majesty never offered to make me his minister. His Majesty knew, as well as I did, that I was and must be totally out of the question; and I so considered myself, and so stated myself repeatedly; and I was no party to any suggestion that I should be the person to fill the vacancy occasioned by the misfortune which we all deplore. Do Your Lordships suppose that, having raised myself to the highest rank in the profession which I had previously followed from my youth, that having been appointed to the highest situation in that profession, that having

been restored to my old relations of command over my old friends and companions, with the power of recommending them to His Majesty for the professional rewards of their services, after having passed my life in exciting and directing their exertions,—does any man believe that I would give up such gratification, in order to be appointed to a station, to the duties of which I was unaccustomed, in which I was not wished, and for which I was not qualified? For it must be obvious to Your Lordships, that, not being in the habit of addressing Your Lordships, I should have been found, besides other disqualifications, incapable of displaying as they ought to be displayed, or of defending the measures of the government as they ought to be defended, in this House, by the person thus honoured with His Majesty's confidence. My Lords, I should have been worse than mad if I had thought of such a thing.

“Another point to which I wish to draw Your Lordships' attention is my resignation of the command of the army, which I conveyed to His Majesty in a letter, dated the 12th of April, from which I will now read to Your Lordships the extract applicable to the subject:—‘Mr. Canning will, I doubt not, have submitted to Your Majesty the letter which I had written to him in answer to the one announcing to me that he had been appointed by Your Majesty to be at the head of your government. I have frequently had occasion to express to Your Majesty my most grateful acknowledgments for Your Majesty's most gracious favour and kindness towards me; and Your Majesty can now more easily conceive than I can express the pain and grief which I feel upon requesting Your Majesty to excuse me from attendance in your councils; and in consequence thereof, and adverting to the tenor of the letter which I have received from Your Majesty's minister, by Your Majesty's command, upon asking Your Majesty's permission to lay at your feet those offices which connect me with Your Majesty's government.’

“My Lords, I held two offices under His Majesty's government—that of commander-in-chief and that of master-general of the ordnance. Having declared to the Right Honourable gentleman that I could not serve in the cabinet, presided over by him, my office of master-general of the ordnance became vacant. I might still have continued to hold the office of commander-in-chief, notwithstanding the political circumstances, as set forth in my letter of the 11th, which separated me from the councils of the government. My illustrious and lamented predecessor in office had done so; and I should have followed his example in this respect, as I had endeavoured to do it in others. Indeed I never could see any reason why political differences of opinion should prevent me from commanding the ~~army~~ at the Horse Guards more than they would an army in the field, if circumstances should render it necessary so to employ my services. But besides political circumstances, the tone and temper of the Right Honourable gentleman's letters, and particularly that of the 11th, (which had been pre-

viously submitted to His Majesty, and was therefore a communication of the King,) were of a nature to make it impossible for me to retain the command of the army.

"My Lords, I must trouble you with a short statement of the nature of the office of commander-in-chief, and of its relations toward His Majesty on the one hand, and the Right Honourable gentleman on the other. The commander-in-chief must necessarily be daily in confidential relations with His Majesty on all points of the service. He must likewise be so with the person filling the situation now filled by the Right Honourable gentleman. Although the commander-in-chief has nothing to say to the finance of the army, yet there are questions under discussion every day respecting allowances to officers and soldiers, and expenses of every description, upon which the Right Honourable gentleman cannot decide in a satisfactory manner, unless after reference to the commander-in-chief. But this is not all. If the Right Honourable gentleman wishes to reinforce or diminish the army in Portugal, or to recall it altogether, he must consult with the person holding the office of commander-in-chief. In the same manner, the reinforcement of the troops in any of His Majesty's possessions abroad or at home must be a matter of concert with the commander-in-chief; and the Right Honourable gentleman will find when he comes to make up his budget, that he must concert his arrangements with the commander-in-chief. How was it possible for me to consider that I was likely to possess the Right Honourable gentleman's confidence on any of these points, after receiving from him, in His Majesty's name, such a rebuke as was contained in his letter to me of the 11th?"

"But it has been stated by the Right Honourable gentleman's friends," continued the Duke, "that I had given him cause of offence by my letter of the 10th," in asking him who was to be premier, "and had provoked his answer of the 11th." The Duke then goes on to show that the query was warranted by a communication made to him eight days before by Mr. Canning himself,—that it was fully justified by former practice,—and that a precedent for it had occurred in Mr. Canning's own case, at the formation of Lord Liverpool's administration. "Upon the whole, then," concludes His Grace, "I considered, when I received that letter of the 11th, that my situation, in relation both to His Majesty and the Right Honourable gentleman, was so altered as that, not thinking it proper, for the reason stated in my letter of the 11th, to remain in the cabinet, I did not think I could continue in command of the army with advantage to His Majesty's service. If I was hasty in coming to this decision, or the decision was founded in error, I ought to have been informed. I had always been on the best terms of good will and confidence with all my colleagues; and I believe there was nobody who enjoyed more of the confidence, even of the Right Honourable gentleman himself, than I did. I would appeal to the noble Lords (the ministers present) whether I ever made difficulties or ever acted otherwise than with a

view to accommodate differences of opinion. Then, my Lords, if I took a hasty or intemperate view of this case, I ask them why they did not come forward and render me the service which I had, more than once, rendered to others, by representing to me that I was wrong? Such a step has never been taken by them,—and the reason is obvious, it did not suit the Right Honourable Gentleman's views, that I should remain in command of the army, unless I should belong to his cabinet."

These explanations of the Duke of Wellington produced no good effect. Party feeling had become so feverish that it could not look at any subject coolly. Even so small a matter as a mistake, on the Duke's part, respecting an immature measure of Lord Liverpool's administration, soon produced an explosive increase of the dissension with Mr. Canning. The measure referred to was a bill for mitigating the pressure of the corn-law. It had been framed by Mr. Huskisson, under the personal supervision of Lord Liverpool; and it provided that the duties and averages on foreign corn should be the same in the case of corn stored up in bond under the warehousing system, as in the case of corn brought directly from the foreign port into the home market. Mr. Canning carried it through the House of Commons during the period between Lord Liverpool's illness and his own appointment. But it was not introduced to the House of Lords, till the 1st of June; and then the Duke of Wellington moved, as an amendment upon it, "that foreign corn in bond shall not be taken out of bond until the average price of corn shall have reached sixty-six shillings."

This amendment, in the course of the discussion which followed, was held to be fatal to the bill, tending to extinguish the warehousing system, and to operate as a prohibition. But the Duke, in making it, believed it to be perfectly concurrent with at once the spirit of the bill, the wishes of Mr. Canning's government, and the express approbation of Mr. Huskisson; and had no object in view except to prevent the warehousing system from being a vehicle of fraud. "A man," said he, at an advanced stage of the discussion, "commits a fraud in the averages; and having thereby raised the averages to that amount on which he has speculated, he comes to the King's warehouses, and gets what he wants; thus effecting the object of his speculation through his own fraud. It is on this account that I am opposed to the warehousing system. The checking that system is the only means I can perceive for putting a stop to these nefarious frauds upon the averages. But Your Lordships will readily believe that it never was my intention that this clause should have the effect of putting an end to the warehousing system altogether; still less did I intend that its effect should amount to a prohibition."

The Duke, who had never met a surprise in the course of any of his most elaborate schemes of strategy, met one instantly on the submitting of this amendment. The ministers immediately scowled upon it. Some one gave

assurance that Mr. Huskisson would make all haste to repudiate it. And distinguished men not a few, outside of parliament, the moment the report of it reached them, denounced it as a thing of mere faction or spleen, arising from bitter party or personal feeling, and intended only to embarrass Mr. Canning's government. The Duke promptly opened a correspondence with Mr. Huskisson, ascertained beyond all question that he had mistaken the views of that gentleman and of the other ministers, made haste to say so to the House of Lords, disclaimed minutely and vehemently the degrading motives ascribed to him, and declared that, if the government would give a pledge to return to a former principle of the corn-law, which did not afford facilities for fraud on the part of the corn-merchants, he would be quite willing to withdraw his amendment altogether. The discussion ended, however, in the carrying of the amendment.

Mr. Canning was greatly mortified by this occurrence. He persisted in regarding the withdrawal of his former colleagues as, in a large degree, a factious movement; he believed himself, amid the great sensation which had followed his elevation to the premiership, and was believed by multitudes of his partizans, to be an object of persecuting rancour; and, notwithstanding the Duke of Wellington's declarations to the contrary—notwithstanding that the Duke had even said, in reference to the amendment, "If ever there was a man who proposed a measure individually, and without any knowledge whether he would be supported in it or not, I am that person"—Mr. Canning stooped so far as publicly to construe the production of that measure in the light of a sort of conspiracy. Nay, in the House of Commons, on the 18th of June, he even said, "He could not exclude from his consideration that even so great a man as the Duke of Wellington had been made an instrument in the hands of others on that occasion. History afforded other instances in which equally great men had been made the instruments of others for their own particular views."

Such a stroke as this, from such a thunderer, is evidence that even an electric mind may sometimes roll along the ground. And it shows also that the times were terribly out of joint. How else could it have been ventured before a House of Commons,—ventured, too, in the hope, which was fully realized, that the majority would receive it well, and even applaud it to the echo! Mr. Peel, however, animadverted sharply on it, characterising it as a vain attempt to cast obloquy on a public man who, on the anniversary of Waterloo, if on no other day, ought not to be subjected to unfounded charges. So in substance said some others in parliament, as well as multitudes out of doors. And all persons now, who acquaint themselves with the character of the men and of the times, feel astonished that Mr. Canning should have brought such a charge, so improbable, silly, and intemperate, against the Duke of Wellington.

But there was some excuse for him. He had an over-sensitive constitution, and was in wretched health, overtaken, jaded, staggering, kept from sinking altogether only by the intensity of his excitement; and, believing as he did that the tumultuous political conflict around him, which had been so fiercely increased by the change of administration, was mainly the heavings of a personal conflict against himself, produced or abetted by the Duke of Wellington, he naturally seized the first feasible opportunity for letting fly an arrow at the Duke.

Mr. Canning died on the 8th of August. Then arose a cry, which has not yet died away, that he fell a martyr to liberty, a victim to persecution. And **not** a few of the most excited of his contemporary partizans were not slow to say or to insinuate that his executioner was the Duke of Wellington. The Duke bore the cruel charge, with his usual silent heroism, for the long period of six months; but at length he said in the House of Lords,—“I protest against any such imputation being cast upon me as that I ever entertained any personal hostility to Mr. Canning. After I left the government, I always met Mr. Canning in the way in which I had been accustomed to meet him, and did not depart from those habits which had marked our previous intercourse. But I will go further, and say that I had no hostility towards Mr. Canning's government. I did, it is true, propose that a clause should be added to the corn bill, but did I not, at the same time, beg of the government to adopt that clause, or something like it, and not to abandon the bill? I must again repeat that to the day of his death I felt no personal hostility to Mr. Canning, and that I am equally free from the imputation of having entertained any political hostility toward him.”

That Mr. Canning struggled nobly for liberalism and fell in the struggle, is true; but that his fall resulted from persecution in any sense but that of reciprocal political antagonism—that it resulted from any cause except the severe pressure of public business, in very exciting circumstances, upon a fractured constitution—*seems* to be an error. “The real conflict,” as is remarked by one of his own warmest eulogists, “was between old and new principles of policy, and the wounds which men received were as representatives of those principles. In as far as Mr. Canning could keep this truth before him, he was able to bear what was inflicted; but he could not always keep it in full view. Perhaps no man of any temperament could have done so; and it was not to be expected of one so sensitive as he. Yet he might have got through if he had had any fair chance of health.” But no such chance was within his reach.

The influence of Mr. Canning's political career on that of the Duke of Wellington was much more extensive than can yet have appeared from our narrative. He stands up to view, in the landscape of history, as a grand arch connecting the premiership of Pitt with the premiership of Wellington. A particular influence, as shown in the tenth chapter of our former volume, was exerted by Mr. Pitt

upon our hero's public early life; but that same influence, at the same time, was exerted more strongly upon Mr. Canning; and it worked out results, in the course of his political career, which came to be eventually developed in the chief events of the Duke's premiership. Mr. Canning entered parliament in 1793, when he was only twenty-three years of age. He entered as a ministerial supporter, under the auspices of Pitt, for the borough of Newport, in the isle of Wight. His oratory was so dazzling, his logic so corruscating, his energy so crashing, that many persons already pronounced him a thunderer. He became an under secretary of state in 1796, retired from office with Pitt in 1801, resumed office with Pitt in 1804, opposed Fox's ministry in 1806, took office under the Duke of Portland in 1807, resigned on a quarrel with Lord Castlereagh in 1809, entered the cabinet of Lord Liverpool as president of the Board of Control in 1816, retired on account of Queen Caroline's affair in 1820, and, as we have already seen, entered the foreign office as successor of Lord Londonderry in 1822. But he had been appointed governor-general of India, and was just on the eve of embarking in that capacity when Lord Londonderry died. He had also enjoyed much consideration as the parliamentary representative of Liverpool since 1812. His chief power, however, consisted in his being a consecutive of Pitt. In Pitt's own life-time, indeed, and for six years afterwards, he did not coincide with him on the great question of Catholic emancipation,—holding the same ground then on that question which the Duke of Wellington continued to hold on it till 1829; but from 1812, he openly took the affirmative of it, championized it, and bore it on toward triumph, insomuch as to leave it at his death in a condition which gave the Duke of Wellington, on attaining the premiership, no alternative but first to tamper with it for a little in the quasi-Canning spirit, and then to adopt and carry it.

"The mind of Canning," says an American writer, "was, in the highest degree, cultivated and refined. It apprehended rather by a touch than a grasp, and illustrated a subject more by its lucidity than its intenseness. A mirror, not a lens, it radiated and reflected, instead of concentrating light. Had he devoted himself to literature, he might not, like Rousseau (in the metaphor of Sir William Jones,) have 'written with phosphorus on the sides of a cavern,' but he would have found means to illuminate the cavern itself. If eloquence is the child of knowledge, Canning was legitimately an orator; for his intellect was rich in varied and comprehensive learning. His distinct and accurate conceptions were expressed in clear and luminous language, illustrated rather by allusion than imagery, and betraying less the profundity than the appropriateness of his acquirements. The range of his academic studies, wider by far than that of any of his great contemporaries, gave a beauty and simplicity to his style, and a point to his classical illustrations, altogether fascinating. As his ideas were never concealed under a gorgeous colouring of words, so they were never

chiselled down into naked severity of outline, or cramped by unnatural inversion or affected pauses. He neither belonged to the German school, nor to the intense school. He spoke the words of Queen Anne in the phrases of King George. If he never rose to the gigantic, and seldom to the impassioned, yet he never sunk into declamation or frivolity. If he could not thunder with Jupiter, he disdained to rattle with Salmoneus. Wit he had without doubt, and in his use of it some have deemed him too unsparing: if so, it was in the repulsion of some hot attack, or at that stage of a debate in which men fight with shortened swords."

"No man," says another writer, in reference to Mr. Canning's private character, "was ever farther removed from presumption or vanity. He was unostentatious, accessible to the humblest individual. He loved simplicity, and was gentle and affable to those about him, and of a generous but sober disposition. At times, it is true, upon occasions of officious interruption, or on a sudden wounding of his feelings, he exhibited that irritability so constantly the attendant upon genius; but on no occasion was the smallest unkindness ever wantonly inflicted by him upon others." "In his person there were no extremes. His dress was plain, but in thorough good taste. In most things, he seemed to partake of the character of his eloquence; open and manly, conscious of power, and consequently simple and unassuming. He was, in the prime of his life, what might be called, 'a very handsome man,' tall, well-made, his form moulded between strength and activity. His countenance beamed with intellect and bore a cast of firmness; yet, a mild and good natured expression lay over all. His head was even then bald as the 'first Cæsars;' his forehead lofty and capacious; his eye reflective, but at times lively; and his whole countenance expressive of the kindlier affections, of genius, and of intellectual vigour. The elaborateness of his eloquence was not visible in his carriage in the drawing-room, nor his somewhat theatrical manner of delivering his parliamentary speeches. His gait, as he paced the carpet, was natural—and wholly free of constraint. He seemed reserved rather than communicative; he spoke quick; his voice, full in tone, harmonious and clear.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LORD GODERICH'S ADMINISTRATION—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S RESUMPTION OF THE COMMAND IN CHIEF—HIS APPOINTMENT TO BE PRIME MINISTER—THE COMPOSITION AND POLICY OF HIS CABINET—THE NEW CORN-LAW—HIS REPEAL OF THE HUNT AND CORPORAION ACTS—THE RECEPTION OF MR. HUSKISSON—CHANGES IN THE MINISTRY

AT the death of Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich was made premier. He had, as Mr. Robinson, succeeded to the chancellorship of the exchequer at the time that Mr. Canning became foreign secretary. He was a thorough Canningite, and proposed to make his government a strict continuation of that of Mr. Canning. He had nothing to do but to work the machinery of the state precisely in the condition in which Mr. Canning had left it,—even with very few alterations among the workmen: and he possessed the advantage of being comparatively free from the embarrassments of any personal contest; so that he might have been expected to achieve great things, smoothly and swiftly, by the combined influence of tory experience and Canningite popularity. But he was essentially a weak man, totally unfit, in so exciting a crisis, to manage the country, to control his colleagues, or even to govern himself. His cabinet, at the very commencement, seemed struck with a moral paralysis: it afterwards acquired a little energy only to inflict blows upon itself; it soon was confounded by the sudden smash in its foreign relations arising from the sea-fight of Navarino; and so early as the 8th of January, 1828, Lord Goderich declared to the King that he could not attempt to do anything more with it, and resigned his office.

The Duke of Wellington, on Lord Goderich becoming premier, resumed the command-in-chief of the army. He did so for the army's own sake, and for the sake of things connected with it, and not at all on account of his perception of any change, for he did not perceive any, in the animus of the government. He therefore made an open declaration that he resumed the command-in-chief for the sake of the public service, that he did not resume it from any sympathy with the new premier, that he disapproved as much of the composition of the cabinet then as he had disapproved of it four months before, and that he wished to be considered as standing aloof from the cabinet's policy. His difficulties about co-operating as commander-in-chief with a prime-minister in whom he had not political confidence—difficulties which he had strongly implied to be only temporary—had, in some unexplained manner, been either removed

or overcome; and now he felt at liberty to act on his declaration,—“I never could see any reason why political differences of opinion should prevent me from commanding the army at the Horse Guards more than they would an army in the field.”

Unquestionably a subsidiary reason of no mean strength for the Duke's resumption of the command-in-chief, was his laudable wish to complete the improvements he had so long been carrying on in the army, and to regulate the promotions and rewards of the soldiers whom he had so often led to victory. Many persons, indeed, in the retrospect of his long course of command in the field and at the Horse Guards, accuse him of severity, remissness, and partiality. “He has been charged,” says an able periodical writer, “with being a cold, hard martinet, who acted on an exaggerated sense of duty, and brought all affairs within a narrow rule. If we reflect that the Duke was the target for all the discontented spirits—for all those who, having served their country in the field, or in the drawing-room and on parade, conceived that their services were not duly acknowledged—that the impertinent and unfounded claims on his consideration and administrative bounty usually far exceeded those that were based on real unrequited merits,—we may naturally suppose that an adverse public opinion might be generated against him, when he had to treat all these persons on their merits, and oppose to persevering egotism the cold front of duty and repulsion. In order to arrive at a correct estimate of the Duke of Wellington's conduct in this capacity, it would be necessary to disregard the complaints of the discontented, to sift their several cases to the bottom, and then to ascertain whether their ill-success had been owing to their own demerits, or want of perception in the commander-in-chief. Now this would be a hopeless task; and failing its performance, the next best thing is to take the opinions of officers who are well qualified to judge—who had the means of knowing the duties, sentiments, and principles of action, and could best judge whether he was actuated by caprice, negligence, prejudice, and, above all, by a disregard of the claims and services of his old companions in arms. Military men are proverbially apt to consider themselves neglected; it is natural that they should. Each man knows what he has gone through, the wounds he has received, how he has been passed over in promotion, or how this or that man was put over his head who to his eyes did not deserve it. But such men, although entitled to our utmost respect, cannot be permitted to monopolise public opinion on a topic so important as the character of the Duke of Wellington as commander-in-chief. It is in the nature of things, that they should take a confined and microscopic view of things; that they should magnify their own merits, and dwarf those of others; above all, that they should regard the subject from a limited point of view, and so lose sight of many minor considerations which might have influenced the decision of their official superior. We have reason to believe that the opinion

of those officers whose opinion is really worth having—who possessed the means of judging for themselves the character of the Duke and the exigencies of the service—is really in his favour; and that if their verdict could be taken, they would one and all declare that, with some exceptions, the conduct of that illustrious man at the head of the Horse Guards was ever regulated by a high and noble spirit of justice and impartiality. And of the Duke's close application to business, of the pertinacious perseverance with which he read every document, and probed every case, there are records enough. That he should do these things in his military capacity was only to be expected from his known conduct in the other departments filled by him in the public service. One day's duty at the Horse Guards was the repetition of another. Almost as regularly as three o'clock struck, he was at his post, seated in his plain unpretending room, and busy with the various matters crowding on his attention."

The King, on receiving Lord Goderich's resignation of the premiership, sent for the Duke of Wellington. His Majesty thought he had seen enough of mixed governments—enough also of prudent men, brilliant men, and bland men to lead them; and he now wished to see a compact, strong government, with a resolute man at its head. He therefore sent for the pacificator of the Deccan, the healer of the Peninsular anarchies, the conqueror of Buonaparte, the cynosure of the great recent European congresses, the high-souled commander-in-chief of the British forces, the acknowledged leader of the strongest political party in the British state, the man who had recently been extolled by all Europe as Europe's greatest man, and who, in spite of the waning of his popularity among the British masses, was still immeasurably the most famous of living Englishmen,—this man, of such iron will, of such electric energy, of such dazzling reputation, did the King send for to be made his prime minister. But had not the Duke of Wellington, only eight months before, in the House of Lords, on occasion of vindicating his secession from Mr. Canning, declared that he would be "worse than mad" to think of accepting the premiership? And if he should ever accept it, especially if he should accept it so soon, all parties would be sure to remember this declaration, to make it a bye-word of inconsistency, his friends to twit him with it, and his opponents to upbraid him. The generous few, however, who know that an eminent man's estimate of himself is generally of the humblest, and often the reverse of fact—these few also would remember the declaration, would construe it oppositely, and probably would give tone upon it to the many. At all events, the new premier, almost immediately after the first blush of talk upon his appointment, would begin to be judged, as to his fitness for office, not by the terms of an isolated speech, but by the immense aggregate elements of his character.

The Duke of Wellington himself, even in the face of the full breadth of his declaration, did not feel any inconsistency in accepting the premiership. He of course felt bound, when the King offered him the office, to express his sense of

unfitness for it, and to recommend that it should be given to some other person; but on being urged by the King to accept it notwithstanding, he felt equally bound to renounce instantly his own scruples, and to accede heartily to the King's will. A regard to duty, in defiance of difficulties, and irrespective of personal considerations, was ever, as we have often seen in the course of our narrative, the dominant principle of his public conduct; and this was to be determined in any case, but especially in so momentous a case as the present, not by his own estimate of his own powers, but simply by his sovereign's pleasure. Speaking in the House of Lords, on the 29th of January, respecting his acceptance of the premiership, he said,—“When I received His Majesty's commands to give my opinion respecting the formation of a ministry, it was far from my wish to place myself at its head, or to take any office other than that which I already held. But finding, in the course of the negotiation which arose out of the commands of His Majesty, a difficulty in getting another individual to fill the place, and that it was the unanimous wish of those who are now my colleagues that I should take it, I determined to accept it. But having so determined, I resigned the office of commander-in-chief.”

Still less did the King feel any inconsistency in asking the Duke to accept the premiership. His Majesty honestly believed the Duke to be far the fittest man of the day to be prime-minister, and therefore felt obliged, for the Crown's sake and for the country's, to secure his services. The habits of the Duke, as a soldier and a conqueror, which were unsuited to the civil administration of a great free country, seemed to the King and to many others to be neither so prominent nor so powerful as habits of a totally different kind, acquired in the Duke's general management of campaigns, and in his diplomacies at courts. Even Mr. Roebuck says,—“No man can be a great soldier unless he possess great administrative talent, and this talent is more likely to be brought forth and fostered by the business of war than by the management of cases at Nisi Prius; yet because of the habit of speaking, the lawyer is deemed capable of governing, while the soldier whose life is spent in action, not in talk, is considered unversed in what are called the civil affairs of state. The training of the Duke of Wellington was, however, of a much higher character than any which ordinary statesmen or soldiers or lawyers can hope to enjoy. In India, in Spain, in Portugal, he led armies and he governed nations. To feed his armies, and to keep the people for whom he was nominally engaged, obedient and favourable to his cause, he was obliged to bring into action all those great qualities of mind, which are needed for the practical government of mankind. Every intricate question of finance, the various and perplexing operations of trade, the effects of every institution, commercial, political, of law, and administration—all had to be understood, weighed, watched and applied, while he led the armies of England, and in fact governed the people of Spain and Portugal. The vast combinations needed

for his great campaigns made him familiar with every operation of government, and the peculiar relation in which he stood to the people of Spain and Portugal, and their various rulers, called into action every faculty of his mind, and made him profoundly skilled in the difficult art of leading and controlling men of all classes and of all characters."

We may so far anticipate as to say that, in regard at least to the working qualities of the Duke of Wellington in the premiership, from the first moment of his bearing the responsibilities of the office, the highest anticipations of all persons who thought favourably of him were fully realized. "One thing appeared to be certain," says the "Old Soldier's" Life of him, "that he was the least luxurious first lord of the treasury that had ever wielded the destinies of a nation; for we owe to his prying assailants an account of his daily life, which proves that his powers of endurance and application were of no ordinary kind. It was stated in most of the public journals of the time, on what was deemed competent authority, that His Grace slept upon a mattress spread upon an iron-camp bedstead; that he rose regularly at seven o'clock in the morning, breakfasted at eight, and immediately afterwards applied himself sedulously to his official duties; that on the arrival of the post, it was his undeviating practice to append at once to every application such instructions as would enable his secretary to reply to it, with little chance of a misrepresentation of his meaning, and that soon afterwards, he mounted his charger, and proceeded to the treasury, where he remained engaged in business until five o'clock, unless summoned to attend a privy council or a meeting of the cabinet. The worst part of the business, so far as laggards were concerned, was, that he was accustomed to exact from others some portion of the punctuality he was always prepared to observe himself; and many are the anecdotes which have been related from time to time, of his attempts to reform the habits of the subordinate civil officers of the Crown. One of his characteristics was, that he would not admit of the existence of a difficulty. With him nothing seemed impossible that fell within the scope of his duty. Wishing to get rid of some of the perplexity which encumbered a portion of the public accounts of the treasury, and being assured that the thing was impracticable, he is said to have remarked, 'Never mind; if *you* cannot accomplish it, I will send you in half a dozen pay-sergeants who will.' The menaced incursion was, of course, averted by the achievement of the impossibility."

The Duke attempted high tact in the constructing of his cabinet. He was expected by the tories to act strictly as an inflexible, yet he saw urgent necessity to conciliate the popular will. The times appeared to him to demand the utmost caution, alike against any firm continuance of the repressive policy, and against any sudden or broad adoption of the policy of concession. He therefore made his cabinet a mixture of toryism and Canningism, leaving out such tories as were not likely to yield some points, and retaining such Canningites as were likely to

bring him most eclat. But he managed so to select the men as to have them, with two or three exceptions, the very same who had constituted the cabinet of Lord Liverpool. There were, however, changes of office, changes of relation, changes in the spirit of individuals, and changes in the general under-current of thought, which rendered it, though not properly a progressive cabinet, yet a cabinet willing and prepared to progress. Its most distinguished men, on the tory side, were Mr. Peel and Mr. Goulburn, and on the Canningite side Mr. Huskisson, Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Grant, who afterwards became Lord Glenelg, and Mr. Lamb, who afterwards became Lord Melbourne. Lord Hill got the command-in-chief, Lord Beresford the master-generalship of the ordnance, and the Marquis of Anglesey the governorship of Ireland.

The forming of the ministry was watched intently round the whole circumference of political parties; and seems to have been at once understood, on all sides, to look less sternly than Lord Liverpool's government had done on the popular movements toward reform. Lord Eldon complained bitterly, and his friends also, that he had "neither been included in office, nor at all, not in the least, consulted,"—that he had been ignored, during all the time of the forming of the ministry, in a manner so seemingly studied as to look like insult,—and that, not till after every arrangement had been completed, nor till after there had been "very great dissatisfaction among very important persons on his account," did he receive any explanation from the new premier, who then, says His Lordship, "stated in substance that he had found it impracticable to make any such administration as he was sure I would be satisfied with, and therefore he thought he should only be giving me unnecessary trouble in coming near me, or to that effect." The explanation, however, was accepted by the staunch old tory ex-chancellor as nothing derogatory to the Duke, as no reason for any fracture of confidence in him, but as only a result of the change of the times; so that, in continuation of the interview in which it was tendered, "we conversed together," says he, "till, as it seemed to me, we both became a good deal affected."

Mr. Huskisson, on the other hand, on occasion of his re-election at Liverpool, said something on the hustings which was construed by his constituents, by members of parliament, and by the country at large, as a declaration that, previous to his accepting office in the new cabinet, he had obtained from the Duke of Wellington a guarantee that a liberal policy would be pursued. This made a great sensation. A noble Earl taunted the Duke with it in the House of Lords, and provoked him to repel it. "The noble Earl," said the Duke, "talks of guarantees. Does he suppose that gentlemen who have done me the honour to connect themselves with me in the ministry imagined I was a person holding such opinions, and having such principles, that they could not trust me without a guarantee, for the mode in which I should conduct His Majesty's government? But is it to be supposed that the right honourable gentleman to whom I under-

stand the noble Earl to allude ever used such expressions as are ascribed to him, namely, that I had given him a guarantee? If he had entered into any such corrupt bargain, would he have proclaimed his own shame by avowing that he had connected himself with one from whom guarantees were necessary? Is it not much more probable, though I have not thought it worth my while to ask for any explanation on the subject, that my right honourable friend stated, not that he had made any bargain with me, but that the men of whom the government is now composed are in themselves a guarantee to the public that their measures will be such as will be conducive to His Majesty's honour and interests, and to the happiness of the people?"

Mr. Huskisson, in the House of Commons—called up by excitement there on the same subject—endorsed this emendation of the Duke. His declaration at Liverpool, he said, was, not that the Duke had given him a guarantee, but that the constitution of the Duke's ministry was a guarantee. The bearing of this upon the public mind, however, was not at all different. Men of every party understood as well in the one way as in the other, and would have understood as well from their own observation of the ministry as from any thing which Mr. Huskisson might say, that the tendency of the new state of things was—slightly indeed, but nevertheless perceptibly—toward liberalism. Even old stern Eldon, the most inflexible of the inflexibles, who was ever ready to shut his eyes against any seeming advance of the Roman Catholics in political influence as against the most horrific of spectacles, saw beyond all question that the Canningite spirit was strong in the cabinet,—the fermentation of it rapidly converting the old wash of the Catholic question into a highly stimulating drink. And the Duke himself, in the very act of rectifying the affair of Mr. Huskisson's "guarantee," though in the same breath asserting his government to be practically a revival of that of Lord Liverpool, claimed for it an openness of opinion, an independency of spirit, and a freedom of discussion which the whole country would be sure to regard as incompatible with the former policy of resistance. "But if," said he, "I gave a guarantee to my right honourable friend, what have I done for the other members of government? Is there nobody else in the government but my right honourable friend? Every minister surely forms part of it. Every one is equally at liberty to state his opinions on every subject he may choose to propose for the consideration of government. I appeal to my noble friends whether they ever belonged to any cabinet whatever in which questions were discussed more freely." But what was more significant than all, the speech from the throne, delivered a few days after the induction of the cabinet, was perfectly silent on all the great questions of the day,—the premier thus revealing himself untrammelled and unpledged,—free to adopt whatever plans might be uppermost among his colleagues,—free also to give either resistance or assent, as the policy of the hour might dictate, to any measures which might be brought forward by the opposition.

The conflicting parties within the cabinet came speedily to a trial of strength on the most practical of all the topics of popular excitement,—the topic of the corn-law. The struggle between them was smart and long, and terminated in compromise. A bill was prepared exactly the same in principle as that which the Duke had caused to be defeated in the previous year, and differing nothing in detail except in proposing higher duties. The Duke relinquished all his objections to the principle of the bill, which was simply the principle of a sliding scale,—while the Canningite ministers relinquished objections to the higher duties; and he carried the bill through the House of Lords with as frank a bearing as if it had been entirely his own. He even said, on introducing it to the House,—“I have considered it my duty, my Lords, and my colleagues also have considered it to be theirs, in the measure which they are about to propose to parliament, to endeavour to steer their course between the two extremes” of prohibition and of free importation, “and to propose a measure which shall have the effect of conciliating all parties,—which shall, be, at the same time, favourable to the public, and which shall be permanent.”

But the premier's policy, in its relation to the movement spirit of the period, was still better elicited by the question of the test and corporation acts. These acts excluded Dissenters from offices of political trust and power, unless they consented to take the sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the ritual of the Church of England. They had been framed in the reign of Charles II., as a protection of the Established Church and of the Stuart dynasty, against the policy of the men of the Commonwealth; but they were so utterly inapplicable to the altered circumstances of the country under the House of Hanover, that an indemnity bill had, for a long time, been annually passed to enable modern Dissenters to elude them. They were, therefore, a relic of barbarous times, a blot upon the statute book, a stigma upon Britain's free institutions, serviceable for nothing but as a handle to any clique of intriguing statesmen, at any time, to inflict injury upon a large, influential, loyal class of the citizens, by preventing the enactment of the indemnity bill. Why, then, should they not be swept away? Dissenters, till quite recently, had silently endured them, on account of their not really entailing any serious practical grievance; but now they demanded the repeal of them, if for no other reason, for the very good one of their involving a most oppressive principle of intolerance.

The question, viewed as a political one, was important in itself; but it acquired additional value from its coincidence with the movement spirit of the times, and from its intimate relation to the question of the Catholic claims. These reasons gave it great favour, with the whigs, and made it intensely popular. But it stultified the government. The very Canningites were divided upon it, some of them regarding it as a mere nuisance, fitted to bring good to nobody, and serv-

ing only to obstruct the really practical and far greater question of Catholic emancipation. Lord John Russell, therefore, on the 26th of February, introduced it to the House of Commons, as a wedge for driving the resistives to pieces. Mr. Peel and Mr. Huskisson, on the part of the government, offered all the opposition which they could find any feasible materials for offering, yet offered it in such a way as to leave room for resiling. The whigs triumphed. The repeal was carried. A clause was enacted, indeed, substituting for the sacramental test a declaration that the person entering upon office would not use any of the influence or powers of his office for the subversion of the Established church. But this did not mar the reality of the repeal. And what now were the government to do? Must they intensify their opposition, concentrate their strength, and attempt to crush the repeal-bill, in the upper house? or must they yield themselves to the popular will, accept the new declaration as sufficient security for the Established church, and float quietly away with the current? Let us hear the Duke of Wellington.

On occasion of the second reading of the bill, in the House of Lords, on the 17th of April, His Grace said,—“I fully agree that the security of the church of England, and the union existing between it and the state, depend neither on the law about to be repealed by the present bill, nor upon the provisions of this measure itself. That union and security, which we must all desire to see continued, depends upon the oath taken by His Majesty, to which we are all in our respective stations parties, and not only on that oath, but on the act of settlement, and the different acts of union from time to time agreed to; all of which provide for the intimate and inseparable union of church and state, and for the security of both. The question is, what security does the existing system of laws, as they now stand, afford the church establishment? My Lords, I am very doubtful as to the amount of security afforded through the means of a system of exclusion from office, to be carried into effect by a law which it is necessary to suspend by an annual act, that admits every man into office, whom it was the intention of the original framers of the law to exclude. It is perfectly true it was not the intention of those who brought in that suspension law originally that Dissenters from the church of England should be permitted to enter into corporations under its provisions. The law was intended to relieve those whom time or circumstances had rendered unable to qualify themselves according to the system which government had devised. However the Dissenters availed themselves of the relaxation of the law, for the purpose of getting into corporations; and this the law allowed. What security, then I ask, my Lords, is to be found in the existing system? So far from Dissenters being excluded by the corporation and test acts from all corporations,—so far is this from being the fact, that, as must be well known to Your Lordships, some corporations are absolutely and entirely in the possession of Dissenters.

"Can you suppose, my Lords, that the repeal of laws so inoperative as these can afford any serious obstacle to the perfect security of the church, and the permanent union of that establishment with the state? The fact is, the existing laws have not only failed completely in answering their intended purpose, but are anomalous and absurd,—anomalous in their origin, absurd in their operation. If a man were asked the question, at his election to any corporate office, whether he had received the sacrament of the church of England, and if he said 'No,' he lost every vote that had been tendered on his behalf, and there was an end of his election; but if, on the contrary, by accident or design, he got in without the question relative to the sacrament being put to him, then the votes tendered for him were held good, and his election valid, so that no power could remove him from the office which he held. I ask is there any security in that? A noble Lord says that the original intention of the framers of these acts was, that the sacrament should not be taken by Dissenters. But the law requires that a man, on entering into any corporation, shall receive the sacrament without regard to his religious belief. Thus, my Lords, an individual, whose object is to get into a particular office, may feel disposed, naturally enough, to take the sacrament before his election merely as a matter of form; and thus a sacred rite of our church is profaned and prostituted to a shameful and scandalous purpose.

"I confess, my Lords, I should have opposed this bill if I thought it calculated to weaken the securities at present enjoyed by the church. However, I agreed not to oppose the bill, though I consented in the first instance to oppose it in order to preserve the blessings of religious peace. I was willing to preserve the system which had given us this peace for forty years; for during that time the name and the claims of the Dissenters had not been heard of. But now they have come forward, and their claims are approved of by a great majority of the House of Commons, and the bill has come up to this House. If it be opposed by the majority of this House, it is to be feared, now that the claims are made, that such an opposition will carry hostility throughout the country, and introduce a degree of rancour into every parish of the kingdom, which I should not wish to be responsible for."

Again, four days later, the Duke said,—"I am not one of those who consider that the best means of preserving the constitution of this country is by rigidly adhering to measures which were called for by particular circumstances, because those measures have been in existence for two hundred years; for the lapse of time might render it proper to modify, if not to remove them altogether. I admit, my Lords, that for about two hundred years, the religious peace of the country has been preserved under these acts; but when Parliament is discussing the best means of preserving the constitution of the country, it surely is worth while to inquire whether any and what changes, in what have been deemed the securities of the church, can safely be made, so as to conciliate all parties. A

noble Lord has stated that he has strong objections to this bill. If the noble Lord will suffer the bill to go into a committee, and will there state his propositions, every attention will, of course, be paid to them. All I hope is that Your Lordships will not unnecessarily make any alterations in the measure that would be likely to give dissatisfaction, that Your Lordships will not do any thing which may be calculated to remove that conciliatory spirit which is now growing up,—a spirit that will redound to the benefit of the country, and which, so far from opposing, we ought on the contrary to do everything to foster and promote.”

Thus grandly did the Duke of Wellington move out from his old sphere to deal a blow for liberalism. His strokes took effect, not merely against the test acts, but also in favour of the general principle of progress. What finer thing could he have said in behalf of that principle than the declaration, so nicely caustic, so quietly severe, “I am not one of those who consider that the best means of preserving the constitution of this country is by rigidly adhering to measures which were called for by particular circumstances, because those measures have been in existence for two hundred years?” Many of the tory lords, comprising even some prelates, yielded as bravely to this appeal of the premier as ever his soldiers had done to his word of battle. But old Lord Eldon writhed under it in agony. “We who oppose,” cried the ex-chancellor, “shall be in but a wretched minority. The administration, to their shame be it said, have got the archbishops and several of the bishops to support the bill. All the whig lords will be against us; the government began in the Commons by opposition, then ran away like cowards, and now will be against us; and what is most calamitous of all, the archbishops and several of the bishops are against us. What they can mean, they themselves know, for nobody else can tell; but sooner or later, perhaps in this very year, almost certainly in the next, the concessions to the Dissenters must be followed by the like concessions to the Roman Catholics.” But in spite of this agony, in spite of these predictions, in spite of the fullest evidence that all the high tories regarded the present measure as both intrinsically and impulsively “revolutionary,” the bill for the abolition of the test and corporation acts passed.

About a month later, but with very different result, occurred a high movement in connexion with the question of parliamentary reform. The whig leaders brought motions into parliament that the franchise should be taken from two boroughs, Penryn and East Retford, which had recently been convicted of corruption, and given to two large unrepresented towns. The majority of the cabinet saw reason to crush in the germ everything which might stimulate or countenance the reform agitation, and therefore thought proper to oppose these motions. But Mr. Huskisson had previously given a public pledge which obliged him, in all consistency, in the case of one of the motions, to vote against his colleagues. Instantly on going home, at two o'clock in the morning, feeling

that he had compromised himself as a minister, he wrote a letter to the premier, saying,—“After the vote which I have found myself compelled to give, I owe it to you as the head of the administration, and to Mr. Peel as the leader of the House of Commons, to lose no time in affording you an opportunity of placing my office in other hands, as the only means in my power of preventing the injury to the King’s service which may ensue from the appearance of disunion in His Majesty’s councils.”

The Duke of Wellington, on receiving this letter, which he did at ten o’clock the same morning, viewed it as a resignation, and immediately wrote to Mr. Huskisson, stating that he “considered it his duty to lay it before the King.” Mr. Huskisson was astonished. He really did not intend to resign. His letter, in spite of being so strongly expressed, was designed to be only a kind of apology. He therefore sent friend after friend, and letter after letter, to the Duke, to offer explanations. But the Duke was inexorable; and when told by Lord Palmerston that there was a mistake in the matter, he answered, in the words which have passed into a proverb, “There is no mistake, there can be no mistake, there shall be no mistake.” He was willing, indeed, that Mr. Huskisson should, of his own accord, withdraw the letter; but, that not being done, he determinedly held it to be truly and entirely a resignation. And in due time, promptly enough too, he appointed another person to Mr. Huskisson’s office.

Few acts of the Duke of Wellington have been more generally censured. Not only his political opponents, but many of his partizans, viewed it as splenetic and obdurate,—as arising far more from personal pique than from any public principle. And no doubt, as to manner, it displayed a degree of sternness which the Duke had not always shown, even at the head of his armies. No doubt also he might have begun to feel uneasiness or dislike at Mr. Huskisson’s strong influence in the cabinet, and might now be ready to evince this. But, on the whole, his conduct sprang quite naturally out of his public position. It was the conduct, neither of the man nor of the field-marshal, but of the prime-minister. His apprehension of the reform agitation, together with conviction of the necessity of united councils against it, might itself have been sufficient, or nearly so, to make him wish almost to expel any colleague who should give it countenance. But let us see, from his replies to Mr. Huskisson’s explanatory letters, what he thought due to mere governmental dignity; how far, according to his own consciousness, he treated the affair, not as a man, but as a minister.

“If,” said he, “you had called on me the next morning after your vote, and had explained to me in conversation what had passed in the House of Commons, the character of the communication would have been quite different, and I might have felt myself at liberty to discuss the whole subject with you, and freely to give an opinion upon any point connected. But I must still think that if I had not considered a letter, couched in the terms in which that letter is

couched, and received under the circumstances under which I received it, as a tender of resignation, and had not laid it before the King, I should have exposed the King's government and myself to very painful misconstructions." Again said he,—“If your letter was written hastily and inconsiderately, surely the natural course was for you to withdraw it altogether, and thus relieve me from the position in which, without any fault of mine, it had placed me—compelling me either to accept the resignation which it tendered, or to solicit you to continue to hold your office. This latter step was, in my opinion, calculated to do me personally, and the King's government, great dis-service; and it appeared to me that the only mode by which we could be extricated from the difficulty in which your letter had placed us was, that the withdrawal of your letter should be your spontaneous act, and that it should be adopted without delay.”

The Canningites in the cabinet would listen to none of this reasoning, but regarded the treatment of Mr. Huskisson as an arbitrary indignity, done not to him only, but to their party. All, therefore, excepting Lord Lyndhurst, resigned their offices. The premier, of course, could no more stoop to negotiate for their return than for Mr. Huskisson's; so that he had no alternative but to fill their places with comparatively high Tories. Select what men he might from among the few who were eminent and suitable, he could scarcely avoid the appearance of retrograding from the conciliatory policy; but he happened to select two whose profession as soldiers, joined to his own pre-eminent military character, gave currency to a suspicion, which many lips had already whispered, that he was at heart a despot. A clamour arose that he could govern only with the sword. A fear crept into many a heart that, at some near period, the constable's baton might everywhere be superseded by the trooper's sabre. And even some large-minded men among the liberals said emphatically now, what they had said but hesitatingly or not at all before, that Wellington had won too many victories to be ever anything but an absolute commander.

This, in the present instance, was the sheer delusion of a day-dream. The prime minister, in the new movement, was far more coerced than coercing. The secession of the Canningites tended rather to accelerate his progressive policy than to retard it. They would conjoin their influence with that of the whigs and the radicals to oblige him either to relinquish power altogether, or to use it more concessionally than before. His own intrinsic tendencies to conciliation also remained as strong as ever. Nor was there a single circumstance which rendered him less a statesman or more a soldier than at the first. The two military gentlemen whom he now advanced in power, Sir George Murray and Sir Henry Hardinge, had been distinguished fully as much in the arts of peace as in those of war, insomuch as to be well entitled to take a pre-eminent place among mere civilian statesmen; and the former was only transferred from the Irish department of the King's councils to the English one, while the latter,

though succeeding to the office of Lord Palmerston, was not allowed a seat in the cabinet. In fact, considering that the Duke of Wellington's companions had been chiefly military men, that he must have known some of them to be possessed of exalted abilities, and that his personal sympathies could scarcely fail to be ever highly in their favour, a very striking feature of His Grace's administration was its almost perfect freedom from military admixture. Lord Anglesey, indeed, was lord-lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Hill was commander-in-chief of the forces, Lord Beresford was master-general of the ordnance, and Sir Henry Hardinge now became secretary at war; but these all did military work, or at least work which was better done for their being military men, and not one of them was in the cabinet.

Sir George Murray and the Duke himself were the only exceptions to the cabinet's entirely civilian character. Sir George Murray became secretary of state for the colonies. This was the place vacated by Mr. Huskisson; and perhaps it was filled as well by Sir George as the place vacated by successively Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning was filled by the Duke. Sir George Murray, throughout great part of the Peninsular war, was second only to the Duke himself, in brilliancy of genius and in effectiveness of service; and yet does not figure at all in our long narrative of that war's achievements. Why? Because he worked entirely in the quasi-civil department, as quarter-master-general, doing things which could not be told without continual fractures and defacements of the narrative,—things of no popular interest in themselves, but interesting only in their grand results, whose whole force was constantly absorbed in the concurrent results of the commander-in-chief's strategy. Frequently had we occasion to remark that by much the weightiest, most intricate, most elaborate portion of the Duke's labours in his campaigns was the portion which related to supplies, equipments, surveys, quarters, and marching-discipline. Now Sir George Murray was at least as valuable to him in this department as Hill or Beresford in the comparatively lighter one of tactics or manœuvre. Sir George's arrangements, in all the latter campaigns of the Peninsular war, across the Ebro, among the Pyrenees, and in the south of France, were like a well-made rail with efficient locomotive; so that at any moment, the Duke needed only to link on his army, or any part of it, and away it went. After the conclusion of the war, also, Sir George made chorographical surveys of the battle-fields; and had he not been anticipated by Napier, he would have published a voluminous history of the war, which could have scarcely failed to become the standard history. Altogether he was a man of such high civilian abilities, both natural and acquired, as undoubtedly qualified him to hold high rank among statesmen.



George Murray G. 63

CHAPTER XXVII.

PROGRESS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION QUESTION—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S PROCEEDINGS UPON IT—HIS DIFFICULTIES RESPECTING IT WITH THE KING—THE PASSAGE OF HIS BILL UPON IT THROUGH PARLIAMENT—HIS DUEL WITH LORD WINCHELSEA—HIS APPOINTMENT TO HIS LORD WARREN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

THE question of Catholic emancipation had been variously agitated for upwards of a quarter of a century. It was at first rather an English question than an Irish one. "From the year 1781 to the year 1791," said the Duke of Wellington, in one of his parliamentary speeches upon it, "during which period many troublesome questions with respect to Ireland were discussed, the Roman Catholic question was, in fact, never heard of, and so little was the question thought about, that when the learned Lord Redesdale brought into the House of Commons at that period a bill respecting the Roman Catholics of England, it was a remarkable fact that the then lord lieutenant of Ireland was not only not consulted on the subject, but actually did not know of this bill till it was brought into parliament. So little did the Catholics of Ireland disturb the public mind at that moment!"

For a long time, too, the agitation of the question was only of a preliminarial character, desiderating rather the introduction of the Roman Catholics to the good will and confidence of their Protestant fellow-subjects, than their immediate admission to the enjoyment of equal political privileges; so that the measures then proposed for the consideration of parliament were usually of a tentative kind, designed chiefly to obtain the recognition of some principle on which enactments of emancipation might afterwards be based. "The circumstances of the discussion, also," as is remarked by the Times' biographer of Wellington, "had from time to time been seriously modified. Originally the question was considered in a light of abstract policy; and for a long time it was debated as involving points of principle alone; but of late years an agitation had been matured which metamorphosed the subject entirely. To such a state had Ireland been brought by O'Connell and the priests, that Catholic emancipation was now demanded, not on the intrinsic merits of the claim, but as the sole means of satisfying a people not otherwise governable, and bringing one third of the empire into harmony and unity with the rest. It was under this aspect that it exacted the attention of the Duke. Confident in their strength, and exasperated by the substitution of what they deemed an oppressive ministry for the liberal and promising cabinets of Canning

and Goderich, the Irish confederates raged more furiously than before. They isolated themselves, as it were, from all the relations of political and social life for the one sole object of enforcing this demand upon the government by a national movement. Ordinary crime was absorbed in this monster agitation; but there was no law but that of the priests, and no rule but that of O'Connell. At length he was even returned to parliament for Clare; and it was proclaimed by an association, whose menace seemed warranted by its power, that every county in Ireland should record alike defiance of law and order."

The question of emancipation lost none of its interest, either in parliament or throughout the country, by these fluctuations in its circumstances. It made some fitful movements, indeed; but on the whole, it always gained ground,—and gained it rapidly and greatly. The majorities against it in the House of Commons, between the year 1805 and the year 1813, fell from 150 to less than 50. In 1821 Mr. Plunkett, in 1822 Mr. Canning, in 1825 Sir Francis Burdett all carried it triumphantly through the Commons. It was still opposed in the Lords, indeed, and thrown out there by large majorities, yet by decreasing ones. It also retrograded so far in the Commons in 1827 as to be again thrown out by a small majority; but it encountered that reverse in consequence of a barrier raised against it by the violence of the Irish agitation; and next year, in spite of the most strenuous efforts of its opponents, it so far surmounted this barrier as to be once more triumphant. In fact, from the year 1821 onward, or in a degree several years earlier, it had a high ascendancy in the Commons, and held its place there firmly and warmly in antagonism to the opinions upon it in the Lords, serving as a question of strife between the two houses, a hinderance to legislation, and a general incubus on the government. And this fact, as we shall afterwards see, came to be urged, in the spring of 1829, by the Duke of Wellington, as a grand argument in favour of emancipation.

In June, 1828, about a fortnight after the changes in the cabinet, and three weeks before O'Connell's election for Clare, a resolution was moved in the House of Lords for a conciliatory definitive adjustment of the Roman Catholic claims. The debate was long and animated; and, though terminating in a majority of 45 against the resolution, it elicited proof that the question of the claims was making great progress, particularly in the ministry. The premier, especially, discussed it in a tone of gentleness in which no parliamentary opponent of it had ever discussed it before. He entered fully into its merits, rested all his difficulties respecting it on "the church-government of the Roman Catholic religion," examined the arrangements with the Pope, or "concordats," by which some of the Protestant states of the Continent had attempted to overcome these difficulties, showed that no such arrangements were, in any degree, compatible with the free constitution of Britain, and concluded,—“If we are to do anything, it must be by legislation, notwithstanding that existing laws have not been carried into

execution, and have hitherto afforded us but little security. If we are again to legislate, it must be done fearlessly. If the public mind were suffered to rest, if the agitators of Ireland would only be quiet, if the difficulties of this question were not aggravated by these perpetual discussions, and if men could have time to reflect upon the state of this question, they might become more satisfied, and it might then become more possible to discover the means of doing something."

This speech was interpreted on all hands to mean more than it said. The friends of emancipation regarded it as conciliatory; the most unbiassed observers inferred from it that the Duke wished to deal softly with the Irish agitation; and the highest of the high Tories apprehended it to portend the actual concocting by the government of some measure for appeasing the Roman Catholics. Lord Eldon, the hottest of all the hot opponents of emancipation, wrote soon afterwards,—“O’Connell’s proceedings in Ireland, and the supposed or real ambiguity which marked the Duke of Wellington’s speech, have led to a very general persuasion that the ministry intend, or at least that the Duke intends, next session, to emancipate the Roman Catholics, as he has the Dissenters; and the world is uneasy.”

The Duke’s delivery of such a speech, so soon after the changes in his cabinet, was sure evidence that he determined to be not less conciliatory in his administration, whatever more so, than before these changes occurred,—that, therefore, all the outcry about his “military” government was a shameless clamour. And before the session closed, though only seven weeks elapsed till then, plenty of other evidence of the same kind transpired. Indeed, all the Duke’s speeches of that session, particularly on slavery, on the slave trade, on the wool trade, and on the government’s foreign policy, together with the closing speech from the throne, breathed a spirit of moderation which could scarcely have been exceeded if, not the Duke, but Canning in the Duke, or Canning alive and in person, had been the speaker. To quote from them generally would only be to load our pages with useless digression; yet one of them on the wool trade presents matter so near akin to that of discussions, in subsequent times, on the question of agriculturalist protection, that a passage from it may be interesting.

This was spoken on the 15th of July, on occasion of expiscation of evidence, preliminary to a motion for imposing a prohibitory duty on foreign wool. “I must say,” remarked the Duke, “that the papers on the table show clearly that a great fall has taken place in the price of wool. They prove clearly that the lighter and poorer lands of this country do not produce much rent, if any rent at all. But, my Lords, I must say also that the fall in the price of British wool has been occasioned in a great degree by the improvement which has taken place in the agriculture of the country, by the measures taken to increase the quantity of sheep, and by the alterations which have been effected in the various breeds. The farmer has endeavoured to increase the size of the sheep, to in-

~~crease~~ the quantity of sheep, and to increase the quantity of wool; and by so increasing the quantity, ~~has~~ greatly deteriorated its quality. In the meantime, my Lords, the taste of the country has changed. Persons formerly wore clothes made from cloth of an inferior description; but now they wear only those made of the best quality of cloth, which can only be procured by being manufactured of foreign wool. Under these circumstances, to lay a tax on foreign wool, for the purpose of affording what is called protection to English wool in the market, that English wool not being fit for the manufacture of the article which is in general use in the country, would be neither more nor less than to give protection to a useless production, and to encourage the smuggling of an article which suits the taste, and is therefore necessary to the wants, of the people of England."

The Duke of Wellington, for some time before his speech on the Roman Catholic claims in June, though for how long a time we cannot say, seems clearly to have formed a wish to attempt some measure of emancipation. A well-informed writer in the Quarterly Review, who looks to have been behind the scenes, assumes that His Grace was the originator of the measure eventually introduced, and expresses a belief that, so early as February, 1828, Sir Robert Peel signified in private to the Duke his conviction that such a measure could not be much longer deferred. But the cabinet had immense difficulties with the King. They had been constituted on the understanding, on his part, that the Roman Catholic claims should be resisted; and when they so soon saw cause to think of an opposite policy, and went to him to solicit his concurrence in it, they found him impracticable. Had he simply gainsaid them, they might have known at once what to do. But as he was in a state of the utmost wretchedness from broken health, low spirits, and a total loss of self-reliance, his opposition took principally the form of a violent, fickle fretfulness, which could neither be soothed by sympathy nor overcome by reasoning. "He vacillated between despondency and levity, irascibility and weak fondness; and worst of all, not the slightest dependence was to be placed upon his word." He had, indeed, the highest confidence in his present ministers, together with lofty long-tried esteem for their leader, so that he might perhaps have readily adopted, unreservedly and definitively, the counsel which they saw cause to give him, had he not taken an exaggerated view of the Irish agitation; but he felt annoyed to the last degree with this, regarding it as an indignity to his crown, as a menace to his government, as an attempt at democratic ascendancy, which ought to be put down anyhow and summarily, before any movement, toward emancipation, on his cabinet's part or the parliament's, could be wisely made. Hence was his consent slow, hesitating, fitful, angry, and uncertain,—such for a long time as his ministers knew not what to do with; and not till they felt obliged to tender their resignation, not till very near the end of the recess of parliament, did it take a form which they could regard as conclusive, or make a basis of action.

The ministers, but particularly the premier, during all this time, wore a mysterious, wavering, stultified appearance to the public. They could neither promise a measure of emancipation nor repudiate it. Their hands were tied up, on the one side by their own wish, on the other side by the King's behaviour, from acting either in the one way or in the other. Their conduct presented variously the aspect of mystification, irresolution, unconcern, and incapacity; and, all the while, did not admit of any explanation. The consequence was that all parties bitterly blamed them. "But their difficulties," remarks Miss Martineau, who may be accepted as a perfectly unexceptionable witness, on account of the smallness of the love she bore them.—"Their difficulties were of a nature which they could not explain. They explained as much as men of honour and loyalty in their position could,—the necessity which existed for what they were doing; but about everything which most closely concerned themselves, everything which was necessary to clear their political character, they were compelled to keep silence. By others, however, bit by bit, disclosures have been made which appear to put us in full possession of their case: and a close study of the facts, as now known, seems to lead to their acquittal of all blame in these transactions. No one can imagine the difficulties they were under with the King; and the extreme seclusion in which he shut himself up gave them no chance of his so exposing himself to any eyes but their own as to obtain for them the allowance which their position required. It is all known now; or at least so much is revealed as amply to vindicate the honour of the Wellington administration."

On the 28th of September, 1828, the Duke of Wellington wrote to the Marquis of Anglesey, that the emancipation question was "a subject of which the King never hears or speaks without his mind being disturbed." On the 11th of November, he wrote again,—"I cannot express to you adequately the extent of the difficulties which the occurrences in Ireland create, in all discussions with His Majesty." And so late as the middle of December, the ministers failed to effect any material diminution of these difficulties. On the 4th of that month, Dr. Curtis, the titular Roman Catholic primate of Ireland, who had rendered important services to the British army at Salamanca, and had been intimate with the Duke of Wellington ever since, wrote a private letter to the Duke expressing a belief that the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities was the only means of pacifying Ireland. And on the 11th, the Duke replied to him,—"I have received your letter of the 4th inst.; and I assure you that you do me justice in believing that I am sincerely anxious to witness the settlement of the Roman Catholic question, which, by benefitting the state, would confer a benefit on every individual belonging to it. But I confess that I see no prospect of such a settlement. Party has been mixed up with the consideration of the question to such a degree, and such violence pervades every discussion of it, that it is impossible to expect to prevail upon men to consider it dispassionately. If

we could bury it in oblivion for a short time, and employ that time diligently in the consideration of its difficulties on all sides, (for they are very great,) I should not despair of seeing a satisfactory remedy."

Dr. Curtis broke private faith by publishing this letter. Nor did he publish it in any common way; but he sent a copy of it through O'Connell to the Catholic Association; and, having written a long reply to it, arguing that any attempt to hush the agitation of the emancipation question would be extremely dangerous, he sent a copy of this reply and of the letter itself to Lord Anglesey. The effect upon the country was like that of the fall of a bombshell upon a contending crowd. Men were all struck with astonishment, and flew asunder in opposite directions, each party regarding the event as a demonstration in its own favour, and taking ground to observe what would happen to its opponents. The Catholic Association interpreted the Duke's letter as a hint that he intended to grant emancipation; and for a few days they went almost wild with joy. Lord Anglesey understood the letter in the same sense, and proceeded instantly to commit himself as viceroy by recommending the continuance, in a lawful way, of the Irish agitation. The tories of Britain, on the contrary, interpreted the letter as a declaration against the Catholic claims,—that the continued agitation of them would be resisted to the uttermost, and might be regarded as hopeless; and they were speedily confirmed in their opinion by a prompt missive from the cabinet to Lord Anglesey, recalling him from Dublin, and transferring his government there to other hands. Lord Anglesey's adoption of the emancipation cause had suddenly made him immensely popular with the Roman Catholics, but seemed, at the same time, to have as suddenly and signally disgraced him with the cabinet. The Catholic Association now burst forth into yells, denouncing the Duke of Wellington as "a self-convicted madman," as the "insane pilot who continued to direct our almost tottering state;" while the high tories felt so reassured against the agitators, so proud once more of their "own invincible leader," as to be strongly tempted to resume their old supercilious insolence.

The Duke of Wellington's embarrassment was now prodigiously increased. He at length looked to the contending parties not only as if mystifying them, but as if wantonly exacerbating them. Vast was now the urgency for his uttering some clear word,—offering some distinct explanation; yet he felt still compelled to be perfectly mute. No wonder that Mr. Shiel said, in a speech at the Association,—“The minister folds his arms as if he were a mere indifferent observer, and the terrific contest only afforded him a spectacle for the amusement of his official leisure. He sits as if two gladiators were crossing their swords for his recreation. The cabinet seems to be little better than a box in an amphitheatre, from whence His Majesty's ministers may survey the business of blood.” Yet, amid a sea of reproach, everywhere as briny as this, our great hero floated on in silence; and

when at length the time came when he might honourably speak, he magnanimously said nothing worse respecting the letter which had so lashed the sea about him into a storm, than a few simple words which naively took all the blame of it to himself. "With the publication of that letter," said he, "I had nothing to do, and the writing it, I must confess, had been better let alone. Indeed I shall take care not to write such a letter again to such an individual."

Profound suspense still continued among all classes of politicians. Nor till a few days before the opening of parliament, on the 5th of February, 1829, did even whispers go abroad, in even the best informed circles, that the cabinet were to declare for emancipation. But the King's speech, at the opening, roundly recommended parliament to "consider whether the removal of the civil disabilities of His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects could be effected consistently with the full and permanent security of our establishments in church and state;" and in the course of the debate on the address, the Duke of Wellington announced that the government intended to introduce a measure for the removal of all the civil disabilities of the Roman Catholics, with only some special exceptions,—that they intended to introduce that measure in a substantive shape, without going into a committee,—that they intended also to introduce some concomitant measures, respecting the Irish franchise and other matters, which the measure of emancipation would require to be altered. In short, the parliament were given to understand, that the cabinet wished such a removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities as should terminate all agitation on the subject,—a removal heartily done and perfectly effective,—as complete as any Roman Catholic agitator could reasonably desire, and at the same time accompanied with all possible securities, but without any invidious ones, for Protestant institutions.

The excitement caused throughout the country, but especially in parliament, was immense. The emotions which had been pent up by the long continuance of suspense, burst suddenly forth like a deluge. The most capacious minds, with the loftiest embankments, could not contain themselves from overflowings of feeling. From the day of the opening, till the day when the announced bill was introduced, both houses of parliament continually swam and surged with irregular debate. And the matter in agitation was far less the wild waters of the proper controversy itself than a slimy silt for overlaying the character of the cabinet, but above all the character of the premier, with a dirty sediment. "Never," says an able periodical writer,—“Never was minister so assailed in this country. As for the Duke, it had been better for him that he were Buonaparte himself; for the vocabulary of abuse against that provoking personage was comparatively limited. The pens and tongues that for fourteen years and more had been employed in lauding him as the hero of heroes, were now, with as much activity and a fresher motive, engaged in heaping on the illustrious saviour of his country every epithet of contumely which insulted honour and virtue can

apply to the traitor. The Duke of Wellington was on a tripod of which each support was a treachery. He was a traitor to the Protestant cause; a traitor, and a furtive one to boot, to the whigs, who had been working at this question with exemplary quixotism and great political fame for nearly a quarter of a century, and who now saw the Duke's sword wreathed with their coveted laurels; a traitor above all to the memory of Canning, who had been 'hunted to death' only a year or so before, because he had wished to free the Catholics, and the Duke had passed the *mot d'ordre* that the work, at all events, should not be done by him who had his heart in it, but, if done at all, be effected by a cold state policy and a calculating expediency. There were the two devoted statesmen, (Wellington and Peel), the heath all on fire around them; and not only the prey of their enraged associates here, but assured, on the very highest clerical authority, that their fate was a matter of certainty hereafter. The Duke bore it all with his constitutional imperturbability, so long as the attacks were of a purely public and political nature. Perhaps his chief annoyance arose from the pertinacity with which his opponents forced him, night after night, to make premature speeches on the proposed measure, ere it came in a formal way before the house; for this guerilla warfare interfered with his ideas of regularity and discipline; but all the rest he despised, as indeed he could well afford to do, being sure of the rectitude of his own motives."

One of the principal topics of reproach was the silence which the Duke had maintained respecting his intentions,—the secrecy with which he had conducted his proceedings,—the surprise which he had practised upon parliament. This, by some strange mistake, has been treated by several historians in the way of eulogy, as though he had planned his scheme of the emancipation bill on some similar principle of clever secret strategy as he did his schemes for the lines of Lisbon, for the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, and for the campaign of Vittoria. But it was viewed in a very different light, both by his opponents and by himself. Lords Longford and Eldon, in particular, the former his near relative, and the latter his very intimate political friend, bitterly upbraided him with it as an unmannerly thing, entirely beneath the dignity of his high position; and as the charge affected rather his government than himself, rather the premier than the man, he was forward to offer explanation.

In reply to Lord Longford, on the 10th of February, he said,—“My noble relative complains as if I had concealed my sentiments and designs, and had taken parliament by surprise. Now I must beg my noble relative's pardon if I deny this charge, by reminding him that I am not guilty, in the first place, of any concealment of my sentiments, for I have repeatedly stated in this house my anxious wish to see the Catholic question settled. In making those declarations, Your Lordships will remember that I stated my resolution (though this may be, if Your Lordships will so have it,

mere matter of taste), and it had long been my determination, never to vote for Catholic emancipation if it were not brought before parliament for consideration by the government, acting as a government; for without such support I considered that the measure would have no probability of success. My noble relative ought to know that, ever since 1810, the government of this country has been formed on a principle, which prevented them from bringing this subject under the consideration of parliament. The first thing I had to do was to obtain the consent of that personage who is more interested by his station, more interested by his duty, and more interested by his obligations, than any other individual in this kingdom, in having the question settled. It was necessary that I should obtain the consent of that illustrious individual, before the ministers of the government could consider the question as a government measure. Would it have been proper in me, my Lords, to have taken any measures to bring the subject so under consideration, or to have uttered a word on the subject to others, till I had obtained that illustrious personage's consent? And when this preliminary question had been decided, when I received the permission I allude to, enabling me to make a declaration, on my not having made which the accusation of surprise can alone be founded, the commencement of the present session was so near that it was impossible to make known what had occurred earlier or in any other manner than by the speech from the throne."

Neither this explanation, however, nor the ex-chancellor Lord Eldon's own intimate knowledge of state affairs, prevented that nobleman, nearly two months afterwards, from renewing the charge of a surprise; and then the premier replied to him in very similar terms, but with more salt in them,—"I beg to tell my noble and learned friend that he has done that to me in the course of this discussion which he complains of others having done to him; in other words, he has, in the language of a right honourable friend of his and mine (Mr. Peel), thrown a large paving-stone instead of throwing a small pebble-stone. I say that if my noble and learned friend accuses me of acting with secrecy on this question, he does not deal with me altogether fairly. He knows as well as I do how the cabinet was constructed on this question; and I ask him, had I any right to say a single word to any man whatsoever upon this measure, until the person most interested in the kingdom upon it had given his consent to my speaking out? I say that before my noble and learned friend had accused me of secrecy, and of improper secrecy too, he ought to have known the precise day upon which I received the permission of the highest personage in the country; and he ought not to have accused me of improper conduct until he had known the day on which I had leave to open my mouth upon this measure."

Another ripe topic of reproach against the cabinet, but particularly against the premier, was their change of political opinion. The Earl of Guilford, on the 4th of April, urged this in strong terms, saying that the ministers had forfeited all

claim for consistency; "and particularly," he added, "did he regret that the great man whose former services gave him so powerful a claim on the gratitude of the country should now be found lending himself to the designs of the sworn foes of our Protestant institutions." "My Lords," replied the Duke of Wellington, "I admit that many of my colleagues, as well as myself, did, on former occasions, vote against a measure of a similar description with this on the Roman Catholic claims; and, my Lords, I must say that my colleagues and myself felt, when we adopted this measure, that we should be sacrificing ourselves and our popularity to that which we felt to be our duty to our sovereign and our country. We knew very well that if we put ourselves at the head of the Protestant cry of 'No Popery,' we should be much more popular even than those who have excited that very cry against us. But we felt that, in so doing, we should have left on the interests of the country a burden which must end in bearing them down, and farther, that we should have deserved the hate and execration of our countrymen. The noble Earl has adverted particularly to me, and has mentioned in terms of civility the services which he says I have rendered to the country; but I must tell the noble Earl that, be those services what they may, I rendered them through good repute and through bad repute, and that I was never prevented from rendering them by any cry which was excited against me at the moment."

The Duke of Wellington's opinions upon the Roman Catholic disabilities had never been of a high order. Never had he regarded these disabilities as any security whatever for religion, as a security of any consequence for the Established Church, or even as any considerable security for the political well-working of the British constitution. All he thought them good for was to curb the mischievous operation of the Roman Catholic system of ecclesiastical government; and he believed that there might be circumstances in which the risk to Britain from that system, even though totally uncurbed, would be far less than the risk from a disaffected, agitated, exasperated state of the Roman Catholic community. Never, therefore, on the question of the Roman Catholic claims, had he occupied the same ground as the high Tories. Neither on that question, nor indeed on any other question, as he distinctly averred, had he ever been a party man. Hence was his change of opinion, in the present instance, of a widely different character from that of Peel; for in his case it was simply a transition of opinion, adapted to a change of circumstances, while in Peel's case it was a revolution of opinion, arising from a change of principles. What the Duke of Wellington had to do, therefore, in his endeavours to carry the emancipation bill, was first to convince his opponents that they had held mistaken views of the Roman Catholic disabilities, and next to show them that the circumstances had arrived in which the removal of these disabilities would be less injurious to the state than their continuance. The former part of his argument was principally historical,—

of so little interest that we need not indicate it; and the latter part, which he evidently meant as the telling part, dwelt mainly on two things,—the state of the legislature and the state of Ireland.

On the state of the legislature, in reply to some remarks by the Earl of Falmouth, the Duke said,—“The noble Earl should have borne in mind the great majorities by which this question has been frequently carried in the other house, and he should, in particular, have considered the very large majority which appeared in the House of Commons in favour of the consideration of this question in the year 1812. The noble Earl should have considered that, up to the last year, and by its last votes, the House of Commons was opposed to this House on this question, the majority of the House of Commons being of one way of thinking, and the majority in the House of Lords being of another way of thinking. With such a state of things before me, I was to come forward at the commencement of the present session of parliament, to communicate with Your Lordships and the other house of parliament, and to ask your advice upon the state of affairs in Ireland. Now I would desire, my Lords, to know whether, if by going on in this course in the government and in parliament there should exist one opinion in the Commons and another opinion in the Lords, the government offering in the meantime no opinion at all, whether that would not constitute a state of things which should attract the serious consideration of the government with a view to the adjustment of this question? This I will also say, that I could not take into consideration in the cabinet any question whatever which was not influenced in some way or other by the state of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, and the difference which existed on the subject between this house and the other house of parliament. This was one of the evils which we had to contend with, and which my colleagues and myself took into our consideration, when we offered that advice to His Majesty which he has been pleased to accept.”

On the state of Ireland, the Duke pointed out the universality of the Roman Catholic agitation, its systematic character, its strength, its cunning, its virulence, the utter inability of the magistrates to cope with it, and added,—“My Lords, we all know perfectly well that the opinion of the majority in another place is, that the remedy for this state of things in Ireland is a repeal of the disabilities affecting His Majesty’s Roman Catholic subjects. We might have gone and asked parliament to put down the Roman Catholic Association; but what chance had we of prevailing upon parliament to pass such a bill, without being prepared to come forward and state, that we were ready to consider the whole condition of Ireland, with a view to apply a remedy to that which parliament had stated to be the cause of the disease? Suppose that parliament had given us a bill to put down the Roman Catholic Association, would such a law as that which passed lately be a remedy for the state of things I have already de-

scribed to Your Lordships as existing in Ireland? Would it do any one thing towards putting an end to the organization which, I have stated to Your Lordships, exists,—towards putting an end to the mischiefs which are the consequences of that organization,—towards giving you the means of getting the better of the state of things existing in Ireland, without some further measure to be adopted?

“But, my Lords, it is said,—‘If that will not do, let us proceed to blows.’ What is meant by proceeding to blows is civil war. Now I believe that every government must be prepared to carry into execution the laws of the country by the force placed at its disposal; not by the military force, unless it should be absolutely necessary, but by the military force in case that should be necessary; and above all things, to endeavour to overcome resistance to the law, in case the disaffected or the ill-disposed are inclined to resist the authority or sentence of the law. But in this case, as I have already stated to Your Lordships, there was no resistance to the law; nay, I will go farther, and will say that I am positively certain that this state of things, existing in Ireland for the last year and a-half, bordering upon civil war, (being attended by nearly all the evils of civil war,) might have continued a considerable time longer, to the great injury and disgrace of the country, and nevertheless those who managed this state of things, those who were at its head, would have taken care to prevent any resistance to the law, which must have ended, they knew as well as I do, in the only way in which a struggle against the King’s government could end. They knew perfectly well they would have been the first victims of that resistance; but knowing that, and knowing as I do, that they are sensible, able men, and perfectly aware of the materials upon which they have to work, I have not the smallest doubt that the state of things which I have stated to Your Lordships would have continued, and that you would never have had an opportunity of putting it down in the manner some noble Lords imagine.

“But, my Lords, even if I had been certain of such means of putting it down, I should have considered it my duty to avoid those means. I am one of those who have probably passed a longer period of my life engaged in war than most men, and principally in civil war; and I must say this, that if I could avoid by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in the country to which I was attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it. I say that there is nothing which destroys property, cuts up prosperity by the roots, and demoralizes character, to the degree that civil war does. In such a crisis the hand of every man is raised against his neighbour, against his brother, and against his father; servant betrays master, and the whole scene ends in confusion and devastation. Yet, my Lords, this is the resource to which we must have looked, these are the means which we must have applied, in order to have put an end to this state of things, if we had not made the option of bring-

ing forward the measures for which I say I am responsible. But let us look a little farther. If civil war is so bad when it is occasioned by resistance to the government, if it is so bad in the case I have stated, and so much to be avoided, how much more is it to be avoided when we are to arm the people in order that we may conquer one part of them by exciting the other part against them? My Lords, I am sure there is not a man who hears me whose blood would not shudder at such a proposition, if it were made to him; and yet that is the resource to which we should be pushed at last, by continuing the course we have been adopting for the last few years."

The emancipation bill passed the Commons on the 30th of March, by a majority of 409 to 53, and the Lords on the 10th of April, by a majority of 213 to 109. All amendments in both houses were rejected. The royal assent was given on the 13th of April. The passing of the bill was in every sense triumphant. No statesman but the Duke of Wellington could have carried it at all; and he carried it with perfect ease, in the completest possible form, and with the utmost expedition. The house that had ever strongly opposed the mere consideration of the Roman Catholic claims, - that only ten months before, under very favourable circumstances, had opposed any such consideration by a majority of 45,—now passed a sweeping final bill upon the subject by so great a majority as 213 to 109. The Duke of Wellington's influence, however, both as a man and as a minister, was very seriously damaged. All the vituperation heaped upon him at the introduction of the bill was now increased and stereotyped. The Roman Catholics, with a few exceptions, gave him no thanks, yielded him no gratitude, and no esteem, but were bold to say that he had been actuated only by fear of them; and therefore they felt rather inclined to despise him. The Protestant masses either did not see how the emancipation measure advanced the cause of liberalism, or cared nothing for it in consequence of its not affecting themselves, or concurred with the tory politicians in regarding it as a perilous infringement of the Protestant constitution of the country; so that they continued to think as suspiciously or unfavourably of the Duke as before. The middle and upper classes who hitherto had generally admired him were all, with few exceptions, more or less startled to see him in his new position,—the whigs construing his conduct as inconsistency, the tories construing it as either weakness or treachery; and even the best of them needed to make the most of their recollections of his many great diplomatic services on the Continent, in order to maintain their respect for him as a politician. And the immediate parliamentary supporters of his administration either cooled or seceded in large numbers. His government, formerly so strong, was already weak; it had spent its strength, like the American aloe, in one splendid effort of production; and, had its own credit been consulted, it would, as did afterwards the similarly situated government of Sir Robert Peel in 1846, have still further imitated the American aloe, by dying instantly down to extinction.

All bad aspersions, of all kinds, upon the Duke of Wellington's good name, in connexion with the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, produced only a temporary effect. But the Duke himself, at the time when the emancipation bill was before the House of Commons, did a thing which fixed a real blot, both black and permanent, upon his reputation. This was nothing less than the fighting of a duel. The Earl of Winchelsea, writing to a gentleman connected with King's College, of which the Duke had been chosen patron, said, in reference jointly to the founding of that institution, and to the concocting of the emancipation bill,—“Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was intended as a blind to the Protestant and high-church party, that the noble Duke, who had for some time previous to that period determined upon breaking in upon the constitution of 1688, might the more effectually, under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties and the introduction of Popery into every department of the state.” This charge, even with the aid of the excessive excitability of the times, was too clumsy, too gross, too ridiculous to do any harm. Whatever venom was in it, if there was really any, would have been perfectly neutralized by the silent indifference with which our hero had treated many a far likelier calumny. But, in spite of its contemptibleness, and in spite of his own habitual imperturbability, superlative heroism, and exalted political position, he thought proper to resent it. In spite, too, of his immense responsibility for the force of his example upon statesmen, princes, nobles, soldiers, and the world, he chose to resent it, not in any manner of moral dignity, but in the manner of a brawler. Being unable to draw from the Earl a retraction of the charge, he summoned him to mortal combat. The meeting took place on the 21st of March, in Battersea Fields. The Duke fired without effect; and then the Earl, firing in the air, tendered an apology, which the Duke accepted. What a pitiful scene! The episode of adultery and murder in the history of King David at Jerusalem, reads not much differently from this episode of the duel in the history of the Duke of Wellington.

At the time of this humbling affair, the Duke, in addition to all that we have hitherto seen him, was a public judge. He assumed this new character on the 20th of January, 1829, about the time of his receiving the King's permission to introduce the emancipation bill. The office in which he acted as judge was that of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. “The nature and duties of this office,” says one of the London Illustrated News' able summaries on the Duke after his death, “are very little known. As originally constituted, the Lord Wardenship was a kind of imperium in imperio. Originally established by William the Conqueror for the consolidation of his power on the coast, the privileges and powers of the office have become modified to suit the altered state of society and of government. The jurisdiction of the Lord Warden extends over a wide range of coast;

and the portion embraced by it is that at which a foreign enemy might be expected to attempt a landing. It is interesting to reflect that, not a very short time before the Duke of Wellington's death, he was occupied in perfecting the defences of the coast, and in strengthening the position of the country in that direction; so that the earliest and the latest holders of the Wardenship were engaged in the same duties.

"Anciently the Lord Warden combined various offices, of which the remains are to be traced in the duties of the modern functionary. He was, for the district he commanded, similar to a sheriff of a county, a lord-lieutenant of a county, a *custos rotulorum*, and an admiral, but with an authority greater than that wielded by any admiral of the fleet of the present day, because more irresponsible and self-dependent. The modern Lord Warden retains many of the powers and privileges of his predecessors, but shorn of their formidable character. The Lord Warden, as Constable of Dover Castle, is the person to whom writs are directed from the superior courts touching persons living within his jurisdiction. He is thus a kind of sheriff. On receiving these writs, he makes out his warrant, which is executed by an officer called a boder. His under sheriff is the clerk of Dover Castle, where there is a prison for the debtors in the custody of the constable. So that we must add to the many high military and civil functions of the Duke, those of a receiver and server of writs, and of a keeper of a debtors jail. Nor is this all. In former days there were held sundry courts of adjudication, at which the Lord Warden presided, the rest of the court being composed of the mayors of the towns included in the jurisdiction of the Cinque Ports, the bailiffs, and sundry inhabitants summoned as jurors. In modern days the number of these courts is reduced; but there still remain the court of brotherhood and the court of guestling, which, however, are only rarely held. The same functionaries constitute the court in each case; so that the administration of justice becomes as close and compact an affair as the ecclesiastical courts themselves. Of course the functions and jurisdiction of the Lord Warden and the special privileges of the Cinque Ports have been much abridged, more especially by the municipal corporations reform act; the object being to assimilate those privileges with the general municipal constitution of the empire. But no attempt was made to interfere with what remained of the jurisdiction of the Lord Warden as admiral of the coast. This jurisdiction embraces many subjects usually confined to the municipality; but, on the other hand, the mayors of some of the towns are *ex-officio* members of the courts held for the purpose of performing these functions. The principal is the court of lode manage at which pilots are licensed, and all complaints heard of misconduct or inefficiency; and other duties are performed connected with the local government of those ports in all that relates to their ancient character or their maritime affairs.

"At these courts, composed of the mayors and other persons representing

the interests of the different towns, the Duke of Wellington used to preside—sitting, in fact, as a judge with his municipal satellites and a regular jury composed of jurats sent from the different towns. The Marquis Wellesley predicted of his illustrious brother that he was destined to be a financier; forming his conclusion on the admirable financial plans found in his papers at Seringapatam. He little guessed that his brother was also qualified, by the organization of his mind, to fill the office of a judge. That he should have been so qualified is not a matter of surprise, if we consider that the most remarkable men the world has known have ever falsified that narrow prejudice which would confine one mind to one set of duties. Men of a high order of natural talent are always found equal to the position in which they may be placed, however novel it may be; and—like the common lawyer, who is pronounced ignorant of equity, yet makes a first-rate chancellor—they compensate by the natural vigour of their powers and the balance of their judgment for the absence of experience. So it was with the Duke of Wellington; who has been pronounced by those who knew him in that capacity to have been the best Lord Warden they ever had. To the discharge of his judicial duties, the Duke brought the same clearness of vision and uprightness that had made him great on greater scenes of action. His extensive knowledge of mankind gave him a natural command over those with whom he came in contact, and enabled him to see quickly and comprehensively, and decide for himself. His punctuality in attendance, his patience in the discharge of his duties, and his acuteness in directing the real point at issue, are spoken of as having been beyond all praise; and it is stated by those who used to be associated with him, that he even took the utmost pains himself thoroughly to sift every case to the bottom, so that all men felt an absolute confidence that justice would be done. His demeanour on what we must call the judgment-seat was characterised by gravity and self-possession; but he never permitted the time of the court to be wasted. The slightest attempt to wander from the point was sure to bring out the military instincts of the soldier from under the dignified equanimity of the judicial functionary. Many stories are told of his proceedings; among others, that he could occasionally lose not his self-command so much as his power of patiently submitting to prolixity or garrulity. On such occasions, but never when the provocation did not warrant it, the Duke has been known to get into a very un-judicial passion, reprimanding offenders in true military style.”

Connected with the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports is the official residence of Walmer Castle. This became the Duke of Wellington's usual autumnal abode from the year 1829 till his death. It is situated on the shore, within ten minutes' walk of Deal, and about five miles from Dover. It was built in the reign of Henry VIII. It comprises a large central round tower, with a strong encompassing wall. Most of the rooms are small,—some of them

unsymmetrical. The passages are long, narrow, and circuitous. The furniture during the Duke's residence, was very plain, the decorations few and simple, and the immediate appliances of his personal comfort in the strictest keeping with his Spartan habits. Even the external appearance of the castle might, without any great stretch of imagination, be regarded as a type of his character in the peaceful period of his latter years. "Placed behind the high shingly beach, which the incessant action of the waves has formed on this part of the coast, and surrounded on the landward side by lofty trees, it does not arrest notice by any pretentious prominence; and the modern windows, opened in the thick old walls, look as if its warlike uses had been laid aside for the milder and more peaceful influences of the times in which we live. There are, however, some heavy guns upon the upper walls, pointed towards the Downs, and below a battery of smaller pieces, that seem to include foreign invasion among the contingencies to which we are still exposed. It was a place of strength, built for rough work in stormy times. It has become a quiet sea-residence, within ear-shot of the surf as it breaks upon the beach, and within sight of those essentially English objects, the chalk cliffs of Dover, the Goodwin sands, and the shipping in the Downs."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TRAITS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN THE LATTER PART OF 1829—HIS PROSECUTION OF THE MORNING JOURNAL.—THE SITUATION OF HIS CABINET IN 1830—THE NATIONAL DISTRESS—THE DEATH OF GEORGE IV.—THE REFORM AGITATION—THE NEW PARLIAMENT OF WILLIAM IV.—THE DOWNFALL OF THE WELLINGTON ADMINISTRATION.

SIR Charles Wetherell, the attorney-general in the Wellington ministry, took such strong dissent against the Roman Catholic emancipation measure that he would not prepare the bill. The premier hoped that he would at least keep silence, and therefore bore with him. But Sir Charles spoke out earnestly—in fact made strenuous opposition; so that the premier felt obliged to dismiss him, and to put Sir James Scarlett in his place. About the same time, the Duke of Clarence, the heir-presumptive to the throne, who held the office of lord-high-admiral, retired. "He was thought by the straightforward and simple-mannered premier to have mixed up too much of popularity-seeking with the business of his office. There had been a vast deal of jaunting and cruising about, presenting of colours, preparation of shows on sea and land, which appeared to the Duke of Wellington to be more expensive and foolish than in any way serviceable; and it is believed that the retirement of the lord-high-admiral was caused by a plain expression of the premier's opinion on this matter. It is said that, on a long account for travelling expenses being sent in to the treasury by the lord-high-admiral, the Duke of Wellington endorsed the paper, 'No travelling expenses allowed to the lord-high-admiral,' and dismissed it."

The other occurrences of the year 1829, subsequent to the passing of the emancipation bill, were of little interest. The Duke of Wellington, indeed, did many things, both personally and as prime minister; but they did not materially affect either his own biography or the national history. The chief of them were measures or speeches, or both, respecting Canada, the game-laws, the corporation of the city of London, the currency question, anatomy subjects, the police of the metropolis, the relations with Portugal, and the affairs of Greece. The new police organization of Dublin, it will be remembered, sprang from our hero when he was secretary for Ireland; and now the new police organization of London sprang from him as premier of the British empire. The advantages of this organization, both directly in London itself, and indirectly as a model for other large towns, have been proved, in the effluxion of years, to be a mine of wellbeing to social order, to commerce, and to public morals. The Duke felt

assured that these advantages would come, and therefore said, when the bill was before the House of Lords,—“I am quite satisfied that it will be easy to establish, even in the city of London itself, a watch so framed as to prevent, in a very large degree, the commission of crime and outrage. And there is another point to which I wish to call Your Lordships’ attention, and that is the desire which so generally prevails throughout the country to diminish the number of capital punishments, and indeed to soften the severity of punishment in all cases. Now, it seems to me, my Lords, that the best way of avoiding the infliction of punishment, is to prevent the growth of crime; and we shall, I think, do much to prevent the growth of crime, and the consequent necessity of punishment, by placing an efficient police in the hands of the magistrate.” Yet this beneficent measure, which ought to have been enough of itself to win a goodly degree of fame to any ordinary man, only increased the Duke of Wellington’s unpopularity with the common people of London, and was followed there, as his kindred measure had been in Dublin, by strong general temporary dissatisfaction.

The Duke opened the year 1830 with a proceeding of another kind, which also, but justly, did him immense damage. This was the prosecution of a London newspaper, the *Morning Journal*, for libels against the King, the government, and himself. The effusions complained of were, no doubt, vilely abusive; but they sprang, in no small degree, from the political excitement of the times; and they were either so vague or so raving as to be nearly harmless. One of them was at first thought to be an attack on the lord-chancellor, but was afterwards construed to be an attack on some member of the government indefinitely. Another described the Duke as an ambitious, unprincipled, and dangerous minister, keeping the King under degrading unconstitutional control; and spoke lightly of the King for submitting to such control, but added that “His Majesty had lately evinced, more than ever, a marked coolness toward the Duke of Wellington.” A third was similar to this. And a fourth charged the Duke with “despicable cant and affected moderation,”—with a “want of mercy, compassion, and those more kindly and tender sympathies which distinguish the heart of a man from that of a proud dictator and tyrant;” and imputed to him, in reference to the measure of Roman Catholic emancipation, “the grossest treachery to his country, or else the most arrant cowardice, or treachery, cowardice, and artifice combined.”

All this was idle invective, immeasurably beneath the Duke’s notice, with far less power to injure him, even for a moment, than the torrents of abuse which he had been in the habit of passing unheeded during the times of his wars. But he was at present the metamorphosis of his former self. The sickly heat of political strife had caused a complete moult of his high feather. He had recently, as we have seen, come down from his elevation to pistol a nobleman for some saucy talk; and now he descended still lower to prosecute the officials of a

newspaper for these pitiful diatribes. And he prosecuted the editor to conviction and to incarceration, even though another person, no less than the private chaplain of the Duke of Cumberland, had been proved, by his own spontaneous avowal, to be the author of the most provoking of the libels. Surely the hero of an hundred fights committed a grievous error here, introverting his own character, and inflicting on his magnificent fame an amount of injury which could not have been done to it by a million libellers! Sir Charles Wetherell, soon afterwards, under cover of the parliamentary privilege, invented an opportunity for delivering a tremendous philippic against the prosecution; and the whole nation stood astonished that the pattern of imperturbability, the man of indomitable self-command, the hero of heroes, could make such a display of littleness,—many of the people asking one another whether this prisoner of a scribe for newspaper splutter could be the mighty conqueror “who was supposed to have the world under his feet.”

The Duke's government, at the commencement of the parliamentary session of 1830, continued to be feeble. The high tories seemed to be irretrievably alienated. The Canningites stood firm in opposition. The whigs lent only such support as a wily quack gives to a wealthy patient. The Duke endeavoured to sway all the parties, or to control their forces, by playing them off against each other. But he was no such tactician in the senate as in the field. The opposition leaders readily penetrated his schemes, and easily counter-worked them. Nor, with the exception of Peel, did the cabinet contain any good debater, any brilliant speaker, any expert rhetorician, who could cope, for a moment, with the best men of either tories, whigs, or Canningites in the war of words. These parties, too, in spite of being so adverse to one another in principle, had become allied in action. “Amidst the heavings of this volcanic time, new ground had arisen on which they might stand together, and look abroad upon the agitations of the political sea.” Some of the high tories had even discovered that, as a result of the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities, they were thrown into co-operation with the whigs, perhaps even with the radicals, to demand parliamentary reform; because the marketable boroughs, being now accessible to purchase by Roman Catholics, might be made the medium of pouring into the House of Commons an amount of Roman Catholic influence perilous or destructive to Protestantism, and therefore ought to be extinguished. High objections, on all hands, also, were held against the Duke's government, on account of its alleged domineering character. And the opposing parties, besides showing great fervour of combined action, arising partly from their own zeal, partly from the excitation of the times, had each a strong reason of their own for very hot antagonism,—the high tories, because they supposed the government to have betrayed them,—the Canningites, because they imagined it to have degraded them,—the whigs, because they believed it to be juggling them. What

alone maintained the ministry was the difficulty of dealing with the King,—of assuaging his jealousies, unravelling his intrigues, and keeping him to his word,—a difficulty which had been steadily increasing till it had become perfectly stupendous,—one almost too great for all the powers and patience of even the Duke of Wellington, and hopelessly beyond the management of any other statesman. “Nothing would have been easier than to turn out the Wellington ministry any day; but then no other government was possible in the existing state of affairs; and the consequences of leaving the King and country without a ministry were too fearful to be braved by the hardest. All were aware, too, that there must be a change before long; and every one was disposed to put off all struggles of parties till the fair opportunity of a new reign.”

The ministry’s embarrassments were materially increased by the general prevalence of both agricultural and commercial distress. So great was this that the King’s speech at the opening of parliament, on the 4th of February, was largely occupied with the subject, lamenting its existence, and making suggestions for discussing it. But the opposition thought that the speech dealt much too coldly with it; so that, both in a debate on the address, and in a special debate, three weeks later, on the state of the nation, the premier had to stand on the defensive. Nor did he need only to vindicate the government against general charges of indifference, but also to dive deep and swim far in financial details affecting the alleged causes of the distress. We can afford room for only two extracts from his speeches.

On the general subject, he said,—“A noble Earl has thought proper to make some observations on the speech from the throne, as if His Majesty’s government had neglected to ascertain the true state of the country,—as if they were ignorant of its distress, and as if I in particular was negligent of my duty in this instance. I can assure him that no one is more sensible than I am of the state of things, and that no one laments it more sincerely than I do; and I am certain that, independently of motive or interest in this subject arising from any official situation, there is no person in the country who feels for its distress more acutely than the person who fills the situation which I have the honour to hold. The noble Earl has said that, in the speech, the whole of the distress is attributed to the state of the seasons. But what is the statement of the speech upon that subject? Without affecting to quote it literally, it is in substance this,—‘that, in considering the remedies to be applied to this state of things, you are to give due weight to the unfavourable nature of the seasons, which occasioned enormous expenses in collecting the harvest, and which has, in fact, occasioned one bad harvest, if not another, so that the collection of it was excessively expensive.’ Surely these circumstances must not be overlooked in taking the subject of distress into consideration. But, besides the agriculturists, there is another class labouring under great distress,—the manufacturers. I want to know whether

the competition of machinery with labour in all departments of mechanics, the general application of steam, the competition abroad with our manufacturers, and the general imitation of our fabrics, have not produced very great distress amongst the manufacturers at home? These are the circumstances to which His Majesty refers as important to be considered in connection with the subject of distress; and they are those over which parliament has no control. Can this house prevent competition by foreign markets with our own? Can we prevent improvements in machinery? Can we prevent steam from being applied to foreign manufacture? And yet we all know, that this injurious competition is ruinous to the manufacturer, by lowering his wages or throwing the labourers out of employ."

In reply to allegations that scarcity of money was a cause of the distress, the Duke said,—“I hold in my hand a paper which gives the relative amounts of the circulation at different periods. By this it appears that the largest sum ever known to be in circulation during the Bank restriction was £64,000,000 sterling. The sum was made up of £30,000,000 in Bank-of-England notes, £23,000,000 in Country-bank notes, £4,000,000 in gold, and £7,000,000 in silver. But in the last year, the circulation consisted of £19,900,000 in Bank-of-England notes, £9,200,000 in Country-bank notes, £28,000,000 in gold, and £8,000,000 in silver,—altogether, £65,100,000, being an excess over the largest circulation ever known. If the question be about the actual amount of money in circulation, I beg to observe that there is more money in circulation now than there ever was at any period of the Bank restriction, and that whoever considers that there is abroad £65,000,000 cannot say that money is scarce. Why, the truth of the matter is, that noble Lords want, not extended circulation, but unlimited circulation—that is, to give an unlimited power to some individuals—not the Crown, any one but the Crown—to coin as much money in the shape of paper as they please, that they may be enabled to lend a fictitious capital to all sorts of speculators. This is what the noble Earl opposite wants, but what the country cannot have without exposing it to a degree of ruin, from which it so narrowly escaped in 1825 and 1826. If Your Lordships will attend to the arguments of the noble Lord, you will see that this is what he wants. For what is the language now held? ‘In the west of England,’ one says, ‘I inquired, and found that the farmer could not borrow any money. His corn-yards and hay-ricks were full, but he was not able to raise money upon them; and why? Because the country banker cannot make £1 notes.’ If these bankers, says the noble Earl, cannot lend their money, they cannot get any interest upon their capital. I beg his pardon. The banker may have discount upon cashing the farmer’s bill; but he is not content with that profit; he wants to be making £1 notes, and to have profit upon these insecure notes, in addition to the discount. And what is it the noble Earl wants now, and will perhaps move for in a few days? Not

to increase the circulation, for there is as much now as at any former period, but to give certain persons power to lend as much money as they please upon land or no land, upon security or no security. I submit to Your Lordships that the noble Earl has not proved the want of money. There never was a period when money was less wanted. Is there any man, however speculative, any scheme, however visionary, provided only it is a little plausible, which now-a-days lacks support? Is there any power, however bankrupt, even Portugal and Brazil, though the creditors of these countries have been so ill treated, but can borrow money in this city, upon any security or no security? In fact, capital is more abundant now than it was ever known to be, and the evil is certainly not too limited a circulation."

These speeches, however—or at least the debates in which they occurred—did not improve the Duke of Wellington's position. From the first day of the session onward, both his loss of influence in parliament and his loss of popularity throughout the country steadily increased. His descent in political power was like that of a rolling stone down a rapid declivity; so that nothing less than some vast measure, of entirely new aspect to the public eye, rising up like a steep reverse slope, could possibly arrest it. And to invent any such measure, or to create any influence tantamount to it, even though he had esteemed the recovery of his lost power desirable, was far beyond the scope of even his genius. Many measures, indeed, or at least questions, came that session before parliament,—questions respecting the corn-laws, the state of the labouring classes, the shipping interest, the national debt, the expense of public establishments, the criminal law in relation to forgery, the law of libel, parliamentary reform, the political disabilities of the Jews, the settlement of Greece, and international connexion with Portugal; and on most of these the Duke either stood up on the defensive, or otherwise made conspicuous action; yet not on all of them together did he make any impression in the least degree suited to bring back to him the crowds of his former supporters and admirers.

At length, on the 26th of June, George IV. died. This event was of moment to Lord Wellington and the nation mainly as the sure precursor of a change of administration. The King's decease was nothing to the public, and rather a deliverance than a loss to the court. He had never been much worth, except for matters of national display; he had always been a nuisance for his glaring immoralities; and he had latterly become alternately a puzzle and a plague by his crotchiness and ill temper. His life had, at best, been a blurred blank; so that his death was an occurrence of no interest. He had, however, given steady, staunch, earnest support to the wars against the French, and bestowed uniform favour, in every possible form of reward and honour, upon Wellington. His figure might even, without inappropriateness, have stood as a frontispiece to a history of our hero's martial achievements. Hence did the Duke

regard his death as a call for the most honouring obsequies which gratitude could perform. And right heartily, in his place in parliament, did he respond to that call,—pronouncing there a funeral oration which threw into oblivion all the deceased monarch's vices, and magnified to the uttermost all his real and reputed virtues.

"My Lords," said he, "our late sovereign, having received the best education which this country could afford, had the singular advantage of having passed the early part of his life under the immediate superintendence of the King his father, and the subsequent part in the society of the most eminent men that this or any other country ever produced, and in the society of the most eminent foreigners that ever resorted to this country. Accordingly, my Lords, His Majesty's manners received a polish, and his understanding a degree of cultivation, which made him far surpass in accomplishments all his subjects, and made him one of the most remarkable sovereigns of our time. He acquired a degree of knowledge upon the subjects which it was most important for a sovereign of this country to be acquainted with. Those advantages he carried with him into the government, which he afterwards exercised in the name of his illustrious father, and as the sovereign upon the throne, up to the time of his lamented death. During all that period, my Lords, and up to the last moment of his life, no man ever approached His Majesty who did not feel instructed by his learning, and gratified by his condescension, affability, and kindness of disposition. These advantages were not confined, my Lords, to external show of manners; but I appeal to every noble Lord who has ever had the honour of transacting business under His Majesty's direction, whether on every occasion His Majesty did not manifest a degree of ability, of talent, and of knowledge in the most minute affairs of life, beyond what could be expected from a person in the exalted situation His Majesty had always filled. This is not all, my Lords. His Majesty was the most distinguished and most munificent patron of the arts in this country, and in the world: and he has left behind him the largest collection ever possessed by any individual of the most eminent works of the artists of his own country, as well as a collection of the works of art generally, such as few sovereigns, and such as no individual (for as an individual His Majesty collected them) ever possessed. This being the case, I entreat Your Lordships to reflect on the state in which His Majesty, in 1810, found Europe, and this country included in Europe, and the state in which he left it. Having taken that into consideration, together with the great political contests and the great events which have occurred, during his reign and under his auspices, I say that we have reason to be proud of His late Majesty."

This speech was in too chivalrous a style of gratitude to be appreciated by the nation. Some persons who doubted not that it was honest doubted as little that it was flattering; while many interpreted it as evidence that the warm

side of the Duke of Wellington's heart was all toward the court, and therefore all away from the people. The only effect of it with the multitude, so far as there was any effect, was to make another addition to his unpopularity. And the same effect followed the accession of William IV. The rising sun in this case was as much welcomed and loved by the people as the setting one had been unheeded or despised. The new King was eminently popular. He had plain habits, frank manners, an accessible presence, an open demeanour, walking the streets of London with an umbrella under his arm, and giving a sailorly greeting to all old acquaintances; so that he became at once the type of "a citizen king," or at least as much so as the British people wished. And he was understood, on all hands, to be favourable to reform. But an idea was abroad that he disliked the Duke of Wellington,—disliked him both politically and personally; and though that idea was in some degree unfounded, and in a main degree exaggerated—though also the King seized an early public opportunity to discountenance it—still it spread everywhere, grew rapidly, and produced deep impression, inso-much that every increment to the popularity of the King involved a corresponding increment to the unpopularity of the Duke.

The King was old; the heir presumptive to the throne was a girl of only eleven years of age; and her eldest uncle, next to the King, was a superlative tory, a man whom the mass of the nation dreaded or abhorred, the Duke of Cumberland. As parliament must be dissolved, and as some accident might happen to the King before another parliament could be convoked, a question arose whether some prospective provision should not immediately be made for a regency. Most politicians thought such provision necessary, on the broad ground of safety to the country; and the whigs desiderated it on the additional ground of excluding the interference of the Duke of Cumberland. The cabinet, however, would not hear of it, but made strenuous opposition to it, and formally broke upon it with the whigs. Hence, at the dissolution of the parliament, when the constituencies were evoked for a general election, the Duke of Wellington stood arrayed in open antagonism to the whig leaders, as if defying them to battle, and had just exposed himself to the suspicion of secretly entertaining a desire to seize an opportunity, if one should offer, to wheel back his policy to old high toryism,—all the more that, for some time, a popular rumour had rifely, though falsely, asserted him to be maintaining a close fellowship with Polignac, the desperately despotic prime-minister of France.

Almost at that moment, in July, 1830, a revolutionary crash brought Polignac, Polignac's master, and that master's line of kings, suddenly to the dust. The echoes of the crash leaped through all Europe, loudly and wildly, like the reverberations of a shot among the alps. Belgium revolted from Holland; several of the German states struggled to be free; Poland made a convulsive effort to break the yoke of Russia; and all other nations, more or less, felt heart-pangs

about their wrongs, and thought how they might be righted. Britain was as intensely electrified as any; and though not so startled from her propriety as to burst into violence, she stood up with her demands, sternly and thrillingly, like a hero before his foeman. Her cry was for parliamentary reform. "At public meetings in counties and towns, men spoke to each other, in high exhilaration, of the bearing of the French revolution upon their own political affairs. They pointed out to each other how the representation was the central ground of struggle, and how victory there was total victory. They agreed upon the powerlessness of kings, cabinets, and armies, when in opposition to the popular will; and all who were in any degree on the liberal side in politics saw that now was the time to secure that reform of parliament which was a necessary condition of all other political reforms."

The whole country was in a ferment. The general election, except in places where the popular voice could not be heard, was every where a contest. Political excitement was at the highest. The question was in some degree one of the ministry or the opposition, but pre-eminently one of reform or no reform. Efforts of all kinds were made, on the one side, to secure the downfall of Wellington, and the purging of the House of Commons, and, on the other side, to secure the continuance of things as they were. The results were unmistakable. Not one open popular constituency returned a man who had a seat in the cabinet; the counties returned only twenty-eight ministerialists, and so many as forty-seven liberals; and the first-class towns returned only three ministerialists, and so many as twenty-four liberals. The mobocracy, also—consisting mainly, it must be presumed, of persons who had no part in the franchise—strove, in their own way, to make their voice well heard. Machine-breaking throughout the country, rick-burning in the farm-yards, and pell-mell rioting in towns, became common. And tempestuous disturbances swept the streets of London, with special menace upon Downing-street and Apsley-house, amid shouts of "Reform," "Down with the police," "No Peel," "No Wellington."

The premier had made up his mind not only to resist the reform movement, but to resist it to the uttermost; and he at once took ground against it, with the open hostility, the iron resolution, and the ready action of a soldier. The speech from the throne, at the opening of the new parliament, on the 2d of November, took large notice of the excitement and disturbances throughout the country, and expressed determination to use the utmost powers of law to suppress them; and in the course of the debate on the address the Duke said,—“The noble Earl (Grey) has alluded to the propriety of effecting parliamentary reform. The noble Earl has, however, been candid enough to acknowledge that he is not prepared with any measure of reform; and I can have no scruple in saying that His Majesty’s government is as totally unprepared with any plan as the noble lord. Nay, I, on my own part, will go further, and

say, that I never read or heard of any measure up to the present moment which, in any degree, satisfies my mind that the state of the representation can be improved, or be rendered more satisfactory to the country at large than at the present moment. I will not, however, at such an unseasonable time, enter upon the subject, or excite discussion; but I do not hesitate to declare unequivocally what are my sentiments upon it. I am fully convinced that the country possesses at the present moment a legislature which answers all the good purposes of legislation, and this to a greater degree than any legislature ever has answered in any country whatever. I will go further, and say, that the legislature and the system of representation possess the full and entire confidence of the country—deservedly possess that confidence—and that the discussions in the legislature have a very great influence over the opinion of the country. I will go still further, and say, that if, at the present moment, I had imposed upon me the duty of forming a legislature for any country, and particularly for a country like this in possession of great property of various descriptions, I do not mean to assert that I could form such a legislature as we now possess, for the nature of man is incapable of reaching such excellence at once, but my great endeavour would be to form some description of legislature which would produce the same results. The representation of the people at present contains a large body of the property of the country, and in which the landed interest has a predominating influence. Under these circumstances, I am not prepared to bring forward any measure of the description alluded to by the noble Lord. And I am not only not prepared to bring forward any measure of this nature, but I will at once declare that, as far as I am concerned, as long as I hold any station in the government of the country, I shall always feel it my duty to resist such measures when proposed by others.”

This speech is the most historical which the Duke ever uttered. It will figure in history till the end of time as “the Wellington declaration.” Not even his “Up guards and at them” at Waterloo is more famous. The shock it gave parliament and the country was so great that strong vibrations from it were felt for years. His very colleagues, though concurring in the matter of the speech, were so stunned by its manner that they thought proper, next night, to intimate their dissent from its violence. The whig leaders exulted in it as practically an impulse, and a powerful one, to their own cause. The best of the reformers throughout the country were roused by it as stirringly as soldiers are by the signal-gun to battle. But the mobocracy could not receive it in an orderly manner, or otherwise than as a maddening exasperation; so that they flew forthwith into an increase of disturbance.

The unpopularity of the Duke of Wellington seemed now to be at “the lowest deep,” yet had to descend to “a lower” still. A grand pageant was appointed for the 9th, when the King, the ministers, the great officers of the

empire, and the ambassadors from foreign courts, were to go in state to the city of London, to dine at Guildhall, in honour of the inauguration of the new lord mayor. But on the 6th, the lord mayor elect wrote to the Duke of Wellington, informing him that a set of "desperate characters" would likely make an attack upon him near the hall, and suggesting to him the propriety of his going "strongly and sufficiently guarded." The Duke, by communications with the King and with the lord mayor elect, immediately procured a postponement of the banquet. The populace heard of this with indignation, construing it as a new insult upon them from the Duke; and even some prominent members of the House of Lords thought it important enough to make debates upon it on the 8th and the 11th, and to call upon his Grace for explanations.

"When I received the lord mayor elect's letter," said the Duke, "I felt it my duty to refrain from attending at the city feast. My Lords, I communicated this determination to my colleagues, and we concluded on that occasion, from that letter, from other letters which I had received, and from letters received by my right honourable friend, the secretary of state, on the same subject, that it was very possible that a tumult would occur in the city on the occasion of His Majesty's visit; and we thought it our duty to recommend His Majesty to postpone his visit. And we were induced to come to this determination in consequence of all the information we received of various descriptions. We have no doubt whatever, from the information conveyed to us from a variety of quarters—information on which we could rely—that an attack would be made on the police, that there was a plan laid to extinguish the lights, and that a variety of attempts would be made to excite riot and disorder. My Lords, we had no doubt that we should know how to suppress these tumults; but I must say that I considered it far preferable not to hazard the risk of riot and confusion occurring in the presence of the Sovereign, and we therefore recommended the Sovereign not to put himself in a situation to be the witness of such tumults." Again,—“When the consequences to the city of London are contemplated—when bloodshed was likely to ensue—when it is remembered, which is an important feature of the case, that these people would be brought together by His Majesty and his ministers and the corporation of London, is it to be borne that they should be the cause of riots, disorder, and loss of life? I must, therefore, say that I was never more satisfied that I had done my duty than when I gave the advice to His Majesty not to go into the city. I was not alarmed for any danger likely to happen to His Majesty, and certainly any danger to which I myself might be exposed is nothing to the possible consequences which might happen to the people; and therefore I conceived that the advice I gave was likely to be most beneficial.”

However silencing or satisfactory these explanations might be to the lords, they produced no good impression on the multitudes out of doors. The Duke

of Wellington, at present, could say or do nothing to please these,—nothing which they would not regard as malign; and, his stoppage of the pageant having been construed as an insult, his best explanations of it could be construed only as expressions of finesse or of fear. Yes, the hero of Waterloo, the conqueror of Napoleon, was now pronounced by the greasy mob to be a coward! “Stories had gone abroad of military preparations, special musters, and significant appointments; and even the cleansing of the Tower ditch, under the Duke’s directions as constable of that fortress, though suggested simply by the removal of the old London bridge, had been represented as a menace against the citizens.” Hence did the “desperate characters,” who had conspired to attack him in the procession, imagine that they had overawed him,—that they had over-mastered him,—that “their magnificently stern array” was far too terrible an affair for his courage! They hated the Duke before; and were they not entitled likewise to despise him now?

Only one thing more, in their estimation, was necessary to annihilate him. This was the downfall of his government; and this also was at hand. On the 15th of the same month, Sir Henry Parnell, in the House of Commons, made a motion for a select committee to examine the accounts connected with the civil list. The ministers opposed the motion, and were left in a minority of 29. Next night Mr. Brougham was to make a motion on the subject of parliamentary reform; and on that also they expected to be beaten. But on that night, the 16th, just a fortnight after the opening of parliament, the Duke of Wellington announced in the House of Lords, and Mr. Peel in the House of Commons, that their ministry was at an end. Thus fell the Wellington administration. Its period of rule had been only two years and nine months, but that period had been more than enough to carry it from a splendid rise to an inglorious extinction.

The real cause of its fall was the reform agitation. Had the Duke seen reason to deal with that movement on the same principle that he had dealt with the emancipation question, his ministry would have rebounded right up from the descent which it had been making, and risen again into strength. And wonderful it was that he did not so deal with it. “To all appearances the conjuncture of affairs fell peculiarly within the range of his statesmanship. It was a question of yielding or resisting, of assigning a due and proper value to the reality of the grievance, the demands of the times, and the force of opinion. The Duke had understood such a question in the cases of free trade and Catholic emancipation; and it is astonishing that he should have stumbled at a case which was clearer than either. To us it seems that the justice of the popular demand, the urgency of the crisis, and the probable safety of the experiment, ought to have been as clear to the Duke’s eyes at that time as they are to our own at present. None could read signs around him better than he; and yet for this once he utterly failed.”

Most writers imagine that the Duke, as a politician, acted under the mere pressure of circumstances,—that he met difficulties of statesmanship in the same manner in which he had met difficulties of strategy, resisting them or yielding to them simply according to his notion of their strength; and they infer that he opposed the reform movement, instead of dealing with it as he had done with the emancipation question, solely because he miscalculated its magnitude, and believed that he was perfectly able to overcome it. Some of them even say, in reference to the strong form of his famous declaration against it, that “it was a mistake owing to his deafness,” which had been long growing upon him, and had then become considerable, and “that if he had heard what had been said by men of his own party, and what was passing on the benches behind him, he would not have made such a declaration in that place and at that time, and without consultation with his colleagues.”

All this is essentially a mistake. No doubt, the Duke underestimated, and greatly underestimated, the strength of the reform agitation. No doubt, also, his belief that he could overcome it gave promptitude, force, and fullness to his declaration against it. No doubt, too, he imagined that, if it were vigorously resisted, it might do small harm to society, and would speedily subside. Nay, he afterwards, on the 28th of March next year, said, in his place in parliament,—“I might, I believe, have continued in the premiership, had not the late revolution in France occurred at a critical period. Like former revolutions, such as those in Spain and Naples, it certainly did create a very great sensation in this country; and a strong desire was excited by speeches in various places, and by the spirit developed at the elections, for parliamentary reform,—a desire more strong on the part of the people than had been displayed for many years with respect to any political object. But I did not then, nor do I now, think that desire irresistible. I do not say how the case may be should parliament think proper to make the alterations demanded in our representative system; but should parliament decide otherwise, I believe the country will in this, as in other instances, submit to the decision of parliament. I admit that there has been a growing wish for parliamentary reform in the country; but I think that, if the question were fairly discussed in parliament, and if, after a fair hearing of the case, parliament should decide against it, the country would submit without a murmur. The fashion resulting from the example of French and Belgian revolutions has now subsided; people see the consequences of revolution to be distress and ruin: and my belief is that if parliament in its wisdom were to decide that reform is not to be carried, the country would submit to the decision.”

But however great was the Duke's miscalculation of the strength of the reform agitation, still greater was his misapprehension of its nature; and this was the true reason why he resisted it. A better notion of its strength might have modified his opposition; but only a better notion of its nature, a notion a very

great deal better, could have induced him to be neutral or acquiescent. He supposed the agitation to be ephemeral. He regarded it as an echo, transient and unreflecting, of the political crash on the Continent. He believed it to be nearly all an offspring of impulse, and only in few cases, and faintly, a product of principle. He thought that it was confined to paupers and artisans, to republicans and dissenters, to rogues and speculators, to knaves and fools, to anarchists and visionaries,—or at least, that the great bulk of the intelligence and the property of the country were against it. He imagined the object of it to be incompatible with the British constitution. He thought it revolutionary. He believed that the sure consequence of yielding to it would be to let loose upon Britain a series of the same kind of political tempests which, for forty years, had been desolating France. These misapprehensions, no doubt, were vast, strange, and in some degree ridiculous; but they arose from his want of adequate sympathy with the British masses,—from his want of fair or full knowledge of their tastes and habits; and, being both honest and strong, they roused his heroic sense of general duty to make instant, steady, stern resistance. Even Miss Martineau, in the very act of running a tilt of invective upon him, and though she is among the foremost of writers to ascribe all his opposition to mere miscalculation of the strength of the agitation, stumbles upon the true motive of his conduct. “It must be remembered,” says she, “how his mind had been wrought upon for some months past, in apprehension for that distribution of power in Europe which he had been concerned in establishing, and by the daily increasing disturbances in our rural districts, which exactly resembled those that preceded the revolution in France. It must be remembered how little he really knew the people of England, and how, to a mind like his, the mere name of revolution suggests images of regicide and of every thing horrible.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

EARL GREY'S ADMINISTRATION -- THE REFORM CONTEST, IN PARLIAMENT AND THROUGH THE COUNTRY -- THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S SPEECHES UPON IT--HIS ABORTIVE ATTEMPT TO FORM A MINISTRY SUPERCESSIVE OF EARL GREY'S--HIS COURSE OF SUFFERANCE TOWARD THE REFORM BILL, SO AS TO LET IT PASS--THE REASONS OF HIS CHANGE OF POLICY.

EARL GREY succeeded the Duke of Wellington in the premiership. He came into power ostensibly as the leader of the whigs. His accession to office was tantamount to the overthrow of all the tories. He made parliamentary reform a cabinet question; and, from early life, he had so signalized himself in the advocacy of it as to have, more or less, won the confidence of all classes of reformers, both moderate and radical. He stood up before the country, not as differing from the Duke of Wellington, but as opposing and denouncing him. His own administration he wished to be regarded as popular, and the Duke's as courtly. He sought to work his way, both at the start and in many a subsequent movement, quite as much by contrasts to the Duke, as by direct demonstrations. And he even, in what may be called his official programme, declared retrenchment, peace, and reform to be the distinctive principles of his government, as though the first and the second of these, as really as the third, had been opposed by the Duke. Hence, besides being buoyant on the billows of popular favour, he contrived to fill his sails with the strong breezes of the Duke's unpopularity.

Our hero, of course, held no office under the new government. His old friend, Lord Hill, continued at the Horse Guards. Lord Anglesey, also, was restored to the government of Ireland. But the Duke himself could only go into opposition. And had he chosen to be factious, or had he merely been as pugnacious as the premier, he might have produced immense embarrassment. But his opposition was ever moderate, always considerate, seldom more antagonistic than enough, and often ready, when there was common ground, to sink into neutrality or to pass into assistance. A fair specimen of even the stiffest of it occurred in a few remarks, on the 28th of March, 1831, on the general scope of Earl Grey's programme. "The noble Earl, on the first opportunity after having acceded to office," said he, "stated the three principles of his government to be retrenchment, peace, and reform. As for retrenchment and peace, I maintain that there exists no difference between the noble Earl and myself. So far as I have heard, up to this moment the noble Earl has not found a single sixpence to be retrenched in the public expenditure. Everything had already been

done that could be done by the late government to promote economy in all our establishments. With respect to peace, I hope the noble Earl has found things in such a train that he will be able to maintain peace with all the world. I will not say that some details have not occurred since my resignation, in which I cannot agree with the noble Earl; but sooner than put the noble Earl to the risk of any inconvenience with respect to subjects so delicate, I will not have a single question asked in relation to them, if I can help it, because no man desires more than I do the prosperity of the noble Earl's government, not from any peculiar attachment to the noble Earl himself, but from the love I bear to my country. Parliamentary Reform is the remaining question. For the introduction of this principle to parliament, it would appear that ministers have obtained the consent of His Majesty. Certainly His Majesty's name has been used on the subject; but this, it may be said, has been frequently done by persons, who were by no means authorized so to use it, and also upon occasions when it ought not to have been used. It is true, then, that ministers have the sanction of His Majesty to bring forward the question of reform—perhaps this measure of reform; but to say that His Majesty has taken a more active part in the matter than is implied in taking the advice of his ministers, is not constitutional; and such being the case, I will not consider any such assertion as being found on fact."

The characteristic business of the new ministry was to bring forward a reform bill. This was done, in the House of Commons, on the 1st of March, 1831. The bill proved to be a sweeping one,—of similar character, on the subject of reform, to the Duke of Wellington's in 1828, on the subject of emancipation,—well fitted to satisfy all reasonable reformers. The welcome accorded to it by the great body of the population was most enthusiastic; and the opposition given it by all classes of the resistives was correspondingly strong. It passed the second reading, on the 21st of March, by a majority of only one, in as full a house as had ever assembled. The strife of parties, after so close a division, under such intense excitement, was tremendous. But in committee, on the 19th of April, and again on the morning of the 22d, the ministers were defeated; and then occurred a crisis of almost convulsive interest. The ministers tendered their resignation; the King would not accept it; they asked a dissolution of parliament; the King hesitated; both houses of parliament were in uproar; and then, of a sudden, the King prorogued parliament and dissolved it.

On the 24th of March, the Duke of Wellington took occasion, from the presenting of a petition to the House of Lords, to speak as follows respecting the bill:—"It is far from my wish to impute to the noble Earl (Grey) or his colleagues any desire to introduce revolutionary measures into Parliament; but I must say, that, having looked at the measure which has been brought into the other house of parliament under their auspices, I cannot but consider that it will alter every interest existing in the country; that, in consequence of its operation,

remain on the footing on which it now stands; and that this ~~alteration must~~ lead to a total change of men,—I mean of men intrusted with the public confidence in parliament. I am of opinion that this alteration must have a most serious effect on the public interests,—an effect which I confess I cannot look at without the most serious apprehension. I do not charge the noble Earl and his colleagues with a desire to overturn the institutions of the country; but I cannot look at the alterations proposed by the bill, without seeing that those alterations must be followed by a total change of men, and likewise by a total change of the whole system of government. Why, I ask, for what reason is all this done? I will not now enter into the question of what is the opinion of the other house of parliament; but I will say again, as I have said before, in the presence of Your Lordships, that I see no reason whatever for altering the constitution of parliament. It is my opinion that parliament has well served the country, and that it well deserves the thanks of the country for a variety of measures which it has passed, particularly of late years. I see no reason for the measure now proposed, except the reason stated by the noble Earl, namely, his desire to gratify certain individuals in the country. It is possible that these individuals may be a very large body; it is possible, even, that they may be a majority of the population; but however this may be, I have heard no other reason, except their gratification, for the introduction or adoption of this measure. Whilst I thus declare my sentiments, I beg Your Lordships to believe me when I say that I have no interest in the question beyond that which I share with every individual in the country. I possess no influence or interest of the description which will be destroyed by the measure now proposed; but I am an individual who has served His Majesty for now nearly half a century—have been in His Majesty's service forty-nine years; I have served His Majesty in stations of trust and confidence; I have been in command of his armies; I have been employed in embassies and councils for thirty eventful years of that period; and the experience I have acquired in the various situations which I have filled imposes on me the duty of saying to Your Lordships, that I cannot look into the measure which has been introduced into the other house, without the most serious apprehension that, from the period of the adoption of that measure, will date the downfall of the constitution."

The inhabitants of most of the large towns celebrated the dissolution of parliament with illuminations. The mass of the population, in all parts of the country, abandoned themselves to excitement in support of the ministry, with cries of "The bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill." And the mob of cities, particularly of London and Edinburgh, went mad in its own way, in all sorts of riotousness, but with a special mania for the breaking of windows. Apsley House, the home of the British hero, the residence of the most famous Briton who had ever lived, the shrine of a deliverer whom the whole nation had

extolled as almost a god, was a main mark for the London practice; insomuch that every pane of it which could be reached by volleys from the street was smashed. Its illustrious inmate had been too well accustomed to showers of shot in the battle-field to care a rush, as regarded his own safety, for the patter of stones upon his floor. For public reasons, however, at the first lull of the riots, he got iron ball-proof blinds put upon all his windows; and, in after years, when the madness of the mob had passed away, he said, in reply to friends who entreated that these blinds might be removed,—“No, they shall stay where they are, as a monument of the gullibility of a mob, and of the worthlessness of that sort of popularity for which they who give it can assign no good reason. I do not blame the men who broke my windows; they only did what they were instigated to do, by others who ought to have known better. But if any one be disposed to grow giddy with popular applause, I think that a glance at these iron shutters will soon sober him.”

The general election, notwithstanding the intensity of the prevailing excitement, was conducted with remarkable tact. A system was extensively put in practice of requiring from candidates, not only a strong declaration in favour of reform, but a pledge that they would support the cabinet's bill in parliament. Such a multitude of representatives were returned on this system that their opponents styled them a company of pledged delegates, and no true members of a deliberative assembly. The Duke of Wellington, in particular, said in his place, —“I charge the noble lords, the members of government, with having been the cause of the unconstitutional practice, hitherto unknown, of electing delegates for a particular purpose to parliament,—delegates to obey the daily instructions of their constituents, and to be cashiered if they should disobey them, whatever may be their own opinion,—instead of being, as they have been hitherto, independent members of parliament, to deliberate with their colleagues upon matters of common concern, and to decide according to the best of their judgment, after such deliberation and debate. This is an evil of which the country will long feel the consequence, whatever may be the result of the present discussions.”

A new reform bill was introduced to the House of Commons on the 24th of June; but, in consequence of very protracted discussions on the details of it in committee, it did not pass the House till the 21st of September. The final majority in its favour was 109. It was carried up next day to the House of Lords, and was hotly debated there, from the 3d to the 7th of October, for the second reading. The excitement upon it, throughout the country, had never diminished at any moment, but had increased at its passing the Commons, and was now changed into angry apprehension that it might be defeated in the Lords. It even began to assume the form of hostility to the House of Peers; many reformers raising the question, whether reform ought not to go the length of abolishing that house. The Duke of Wellington, in the course of the debate,

on the 5th of October, in allusion to a petition from a menacing monster meeting at Birmingham, said,—“For that meeting which has been described in the paper produced in this house, and for all such meetings, I feel the greatest contempt; and I am perfectly satisfied that the house is superior to any intimidations founded on the proceedings of any such assemblages. I feel no concern for all these threats, whether proceeding from Birmingham or elsewhere. I have always thought, and I think still, that the law is too strong to be overborne by such proceedings. I know further, that there does exist throughout this country a strong feeling of attachment to the government of the country as by law established. I know that the people look up to the law as their best protection; and those laws they will not violate in any manner to endanger the government of the country, or any of its established institutions. I am afraid of none of these. But I will tell Your Lordships what I am afraid of. I am afraid of revolution, and of revolutionary measures, brought in and proposed by His Majesty’s government. I assert, and I believe that history will bear me out in the assertion, that there has been no revolution in this country, or any great change, which has not been brought about by the parliament, and generally by the government introducing measures, and carrying them through by the influence of the Crown. I would, therefore, entreat Your Lordships to do all you can to defeat this measure. Use every means of resistance which the just exercise of your privileges will warrant; and trust to the good sense of the country, to submit to the legal and just decision to which you shall come.”

The Lords, being well pleased with these sentiments, rejected the bill by a majority of 41. But ministers did not resign. A vote of confidence, on the part of the House of Commons, kept them in their seat. The country also supported them by new demonstrations in their favour. The rioters, in London, Bristol, Nottingham, Derby, and some other places again became furious. The persons and houses of the most obnoxious of the peers, but especially the person and the house of the Duke of Wellington, were again insulted. The great mass of the intelligent reformers, from the prime minister downward, stood firm,—looking as if strengthened by defeat, and more resolute than ever for success. The speech from the throne, at the proroguing of parliament, on the 20th of October, intimated that the contest in the legislature would be renewed; and another, at the reopening, on the 6th of December, recommended that it should, as speedily as possible, be brought to an issue. Accordingly, a third reform bill, differing little from the second, was soon introduced; and, notwithstanding the interruption by the Christmas holidays, it went rapidly forward.

But the agitation out of doors did not subside; and on the 27th of February, 1832, the Duke of Wellington, in his place in parliament, took the ministers to task for this. “What is the meaning,” said he, “of the friends of government taking the course they have taken out of doors with reference to the reform bill?

What was the meaning of a letter of a noble lord in another house, addressed to the Political Union of Birmingham, in which that noble lord designated the sentiments of noble peers on this side of the house as the 'whisper of a faction?' What was the meaning of two friends of government collecting a mob in Hyde Park and the Regent's Park, on one of the days in which the House of Lords was discussing the reform bill? What was the meaning of these individuals directing the line of march of the assembled multitude upon St. James', and publishing their orders in the papers devoted to government? And what was the meaning of the publications in the government newspapers, libelling and maligning all those who oppose the bill? What was the meaning of all those deeds being allowed by the government, and why did they tolerate and abet them, unless they calculated upon some advantages to themselves in encouraging such agitation? I do not accuse the noble Earl (Grey) of instigating these mobs. I do not mean to say that he was delighted at seeing my house assailed, or any other work of destruction committed; but I say some of his colleagues, and some of the friends of government, have encouraged and incited the people to works of violence. I must say that I have long felt on this subject very strongly. I feel that the country is in a most dangerous state. I find the country is in a most dangerous state, on account of government not taking the proper measures to put a stop to confusion and agitation; and, on the contrary, in place of putting a stop to such scenes, allowing some lords of His Majesty's household to encourage and instigate the people to lawless acts."

The new bill passed the House of Commons, on the 23d of March, by a majority of 116. Three days afterward, it was read a first time in the House of Lords; and on that occasion, the Duke of Wellington said respecting it,—
 "The question is, whether the bill, in its present state, is such as can afford any reasonable prospect that, after having passed the second reading and the other stages, it will be a measure compatible with the existence of a practicable scheme of government for this or any other country? The question is, whether the measure is compatible with conducting the government in any way; and whether, if it is compatible with any regular government at all, it will not render the conduct and course of the government necessarily most pernicious? The principle of this bill is not reform; it is disfranchisement, enfranchisement,—the placing the right of voting on a different footing,—changing the foundation of the representation, and, when accompanied, as it will be, with other bills, producing a complete revolution. Whatever may be my notions as to what may be conceded in favour of reform, I see no hope at all that the present bill can be made such a measure that it may be, for any good purpose, adopted."

The debate on the second reading extended from the 9th to the 13th of April; and then, in the course of a very long speech, Lord Wellington said,—"The opinion of the gentlemen of the country—I speak from knowledge with

respect to the southern counties, and from sure report as to the other counties generally—I say the opinion of the gentlemen of landed property, and the leaning of the country, are against this bill. The bill is, on the other hand, supported by the noble lords opposite, and by their adherents, certainly not a numerous class; it is also supported by all the dissenters from the Church of England, and by all who wish it should pass as a means of their attaining votes; but I repeat, it is, in fact, opposed to the sentiments of all the gentlemen, of the yeomanry, and of the middling classes, throughout the country. Yes, I will say there is a change of opinion; the best part of the public are not desirous of the bill, but are, on the contrary, apprehensive of its effects. But we do not hear of this, and why? Because no gentleman in the country can go to a public meeting and speak his sentiments secure from the attacks of the mob.”

Thus strongly did our hero denounce both the third reform bill itself and the agitation in its favour. He did not now, and could not, regard the reform movement as either ephemeral or feeble; nor could he, after so many months observation of it, remain under all his former breadth of misapprehension of its nature; yet he seemed to oppose it not less strenuously now, if not more so, than at the first,—and even looked, in some respects, to have become highly chivalrous against it. In reality, however, he had ceased to oppose the reform movement, and was opposing only the third reform bill. The very speeches from which we have been extracting contain indications that he was at length prepared to acquiesce in some moderate measure of reform. What he now objected to was, not the principle of reform, or even considerable actual reform, but any such sweeping change of the constituencies as should threaten to vest the franchise mainly in the operative classes. Hence, when the bill passed a second reading, which it did by a majority of 9, he instantly resolved to advocate some modification of it which might be consistent with his notions of the safety of the constitution. Accordingly, on the house going into committee upon it, he said,—“I was the decided enemy of the bill. I was its enemy because I was convinced in my conscience that, let Your Lordships do what you would with it, it never could be made anything but an evil to the country. This was my opinion of the principles of the bill, and I resolved to do all in my power to avert the evil which was impending over my country from its adoption, being convinced that, under it, the government never could be carried on. But when those principles had been adopted by Your Lordships, by reading the bill a second time, I considered that it then became my duty, as an honest member of parliament, to come down and consider the bill according to the principles, bad or good, upon which it had been brought in, and do what was in my power to make it as good a bill for the country as possible, consistent with those principles.”

On the night of the 7th of May, a motion that the disfranchising clauses should be postponed to the enfranchising clauses was carried against the govern-

ment by a majority of 35. This tended to reduce the bill toward the Wellingtonian limits. Next day, the ministers advised the King to create as many new peers, of reforming principles, as should give them a preponderance in the House of Lords, and offered him the alternative of their resignation. The King chose the alternative. The ministers instantly resigned. The King, on the 9th, sent first for Lord Lyndhurst, to advise him what to do, and next for the Duke of Wellington, to adopt measures for forming a new administration. Then was there a concussion through the country like the shock of an earthquake. The hot blood of millions began to boil indignantly against the Duke. A thought sprang up like intuition, from end to end of the land, that he meant to ride rough-shod over everything by a military tyranny. Myriads and myriads calculated at once on civil war. Never before had man or measure been so fiercely unpopular. Not even the nation's animosity to Buonaparte, and its enthusiasm for the victories over him, had been so hot as was the present rage of the rabble, and of many of the better class of reformers, against the Duke. Even the excitement in 1828, respecting the apprehended military character of his administration, was at worst but a breeze compared to the present hurricane.

Six days did the Duke work on, under this unparalleled uproar, in quiet effort to perform the task assigned him by the King,—when he relinquished it as impracticable, and the Grey ministry was recalled; and two days more did he pass in dignified silence, scorning to utter a word in his own vindication, before a formal opportunity was presented to him, in his place in parliament, to offer explanation. His magnanimity in undertaking the task at all was sufficiently great,—and, in maintaining silence throughout these eight days of such tremendous obloquy, was wonderful. What the popular clamour accused him of was chiefly intrigue, ambition, vaulting up to the premiership, wielding his marshal's baton for working his own will, subordinating every interest in the state to his personal aggrandizement; but all this turned out to be the sheer imagining of delirium. He really sought nothing for himself. His only aim was, by overt influence, by exertion, by self-sacrifice, to extricate the Crown from difficulty, and to protect the House of Lords from irruption. He could, at any moment of the transactions, have set himself right with the public by a single word; but he preferred to endure their unmeasured opprobrium without notice for some days, rather than impede or mar the speediest possible reconstruction of a machinery of government. And when, at length, he gave his explanation, a number of peers, who had had no concern in the transactions, or had been always politically opposed to him, vied with one another in promptly and ardently expressing gratitude for his services, and admiration of his magnanimity. His explanation comprised discussion of principle, as well as statement of fact, and was long; yet it possesses so great historical interest, as regards both himself and the country, that we must quote it in full. He delivered it on the 17th of May, in the House of Lords.

"Your Lordships," said he, "will recollect that, in the course of the last week, His Majesty's ministers informed Your Lordships that, in consequence of their having tendered advice upon an important subject to His Majesty, and His Majesty not having thought proper to avail himself of that advice, they considered it their duty to tender their resignation to His Majesty, which he was pleased to accept. His Majesty, my Lords, was graciously pleased, on that very day, when he was left entirely alone by his ministers, to send for a noble friend of mine, who had held a high place as well in the service as in the confidence of His Majesty, to inquire if, in his opinion, there were any means, and if so, what means, of forming a government for His Majesty, on the principle of carrying an extensive reform in the representation of the people. His Majesty, when he had the misfortune of disagreeing with his servants respecting the advice which had been tendered to him, happened to have had so little communication with other men, and was so little acquainted with other opinions on public affairs, that he felt it necessary to send for my noble and learned friend, who was out of the immediate line of politics, and seek for information at his hands. My noble and learned friend informed me of His Majesty's situation; and I considered it my duty to inquire from others, for I was as equally unprepared as His Majesty, for the consideration of such a question. I then found that a large number of friends of mine were not unwilling to give their support to a government formed upon such a principle, and with the positive view of resistance to that advice which was tendered to His Majesty. Under these circumstances, I waited on His Majesty on Saturday, and submitted to him my advice. That was, not to re-appoint his late ministry; nor was it to appoint myself. I did not look to any objects of ambition. I advised him to seek the assistance of other persons to fill the high situations in the state, expressing myself willing to give His Majesty all the assistance, whether in office or out of office, to enable His Majesty to form an administration to resist the advice which had been given to him. My Lords, these were the first steps of the transaction; and if ever there was an instance in which the Sovereign acted most honestly by his former servants—if ever there was an instance in which public men kept themselves most completely apart from all intrigues, and from all indirect influence, using only those direct and honourable means of opposition, of which no man has reason to be other than proud—this is that instance. And when I came to give my advice to His Majesty, instead of advising him with a view to objects of personal ambition—as I have been accused upon high authority—I gave him that advice which I thought would best lead to another arrangement, and I stated that I was ready to serve His Majesty in any or in no capacity, so as best to assist him in carrying on a government to resist the advice which had been given him by his late ministers.

"And here I beg Your Lordships to examine what was the nature of that

advice which was tendered to His Majesty by them. I wish Your Lordships to examine it. What was the advice which His Majesty did not deem it proper to follow, and which I considered it my duty to enable His Majesty to resist? I do not ask any man to seek any further explanation of this advice than that which was given by the ministers themselves. It was neither more nor less than this:—the government feeling some difficulty in carrying the reform bill through this house, were induced to advise His Majesty to do, what?—to create a sufficient number of peers to enable them to carry their measures through this House of Lords—to force it through this house of parliament. My Lords, before I go further, let me beg you to consider what is the nature of that proposition? Ministers found in the course of last session, that there was a large majority in this house against the principle of the reform bill. Now, my Lords, what is the ordinary course for a minister, under such circumstances, to pursue? My Lords, it is to alter the measure,—to endeavour to make it more palatable to that branch of the legislature which is opposed to it. But in this case, the minister says, ‘No, I will next session bring in a bill as efficient as that which has been just rejected.’ And what did the minister do? My Lords, I have no hesitation in saying, that, notwithstanding the opposition of this house, he brought in a measure stronger and worse than any one of the measures before introduced; and this measure he wished to force through the house by a large creation of peers. How many peers it is not necessary to state; it is enough to say, a sufficient number to force it through the house. It is only necessary for me to state the proposition. If this be a legal and constitutional course of conduct—if such projects can be carried into execution by a minister of the crown with impunity—there is no doubt that the constitution of this house and of this country is at an end. I ask, my Lords, is there any body blind enough not to see that, if a minister can with impunity advise his Sovereign to such an unconstitutional exercise of his prerogative as to thereby decide all questions in this house, there is absolutely an end put to the power and objects of deliberation in this house,—an end to all just and proper means of decision. I say, then, my Lords, thinking as I do, it was my duty to counsel His Majesty to resist this advice.

“And, my Lords, my opinion is, that the threat of carrying this measure of creating peers into execution, if it should have the effect of inducing noble lords to absent themselves from the house, or to adopt any particular line of conduct, is just as bad as its execution; for, my Lords, it does by violence force a decision on this house, and on a subject, my Lords, on which this house is not disposed to give such a decision. It is true, my Lords, men may be led to adopt such a course, by reflecting that, if they do not adopt it, some fifty or a hundred peers will be introduced, and thus deliberation and decision in this house be rendered impracticable; or men may be led to adopt it with the view of saving the Sovereign from the indignity of having so gross a violation

of the constitution imposed upon him. But I say, my Lords, that the effect of any body of men agreeing publicly to such a course will be to make themselves parties to this very proceeding, of which, I say, we have so much reason to complain. The only course of proceeding at this eventful crisis worthy of the men with whom I have the honour to be connected was, to advise His Majesty—to counsel His Majesty—to resist the advice which had been given him, if he could find means of carrying on the government of the country without acceding to it. But this part of the transaction, my Lords, requires particular explanation on my part.

“His Majesty insisted that some extensive measure of reform (I use His Majesty’s own words) should be carried. I always was of opinion, and am still of opinion, that this measure of reform is unnecessary, and will prove most injurious to the country. But on the last occasion when I addressed Your Lordships—I believe in the committee on Monday se’ennight—I stated my intention to endeavour to amend the bill in committee, and to do it honestly and fairly. Still, however, I thought that, amend it as we might in committee, it was not a measure which would enable this country to have a government capable of encountering the critical circumstances to which every man must expect this country to be exposed. This was, my Lords,—this is, my opinion. I do not think that, under the influence of this measure, it is possible that any government can expect to overcome the dangers to which this country must be exposed. But, my Lords, this was not the question before me; I was called on to assist my Sovereign in resisting a measure which would lead to the immediate overthrow of one branch of the legislature,—a measure which would enable the ministry to carry through this house the whole bill, unmodified, unimproved, unmitigated. I had then, my Lords, only the choice of adopting such part of that bill as this house might please to send down to the House of Commons, suffering the government hereafter to depend upon the operation of that part of the bill rather than upon the whole bill; or else of suffering the whole bill to be carried, and the House of Lords to be destroyed. My Lords, my opinion is not altered; no part of the bill is safe; but, undoubtedly a part of the bill is better, that is to say, less injurious, than the whole bill; and certainly it must at least be admitted that it is better than the whole bill, accompanied by the destruction of the constitution of the country, by the destruction of the independence of this house.

“Under these circumstances, my Lords, I gave my consent to assist His Majesty in forming an administration upon the condition His Majesty mentioned. I know that many noble lords may be of opinion that I should have acted a more prudent part if I had looked to anterior circumstances, and if I had regarded the opinions and pledges I had already given; and if, placing my attention exclusively upon the desire of acting a consistent part in public life, I had pursued a different course, and refused my assistance to His Majesty,

noble lords may think I should have done better, and have acted more wisely. I do not mean to detract from the merits of those who have thought proper to pursue a course contrary to mine upon this occasion. I am grieved, in particular, that it should have been my misfortune to differ with some right honourable friends of mine, with whom I have been for many years in habits of cordial union, co-operation, and friendship, and from whom I hope this momentary separation will not dissever me. Their position, my Lords, was different from mine. I was situated in a position very different from that in which they felt themselves to stand. They regretted that they could not take the same course with me. But for myself, my Lords, I cannot help feeling that, if I had been capable of refusing my assistance to His Majesty,—if I had been capable of saying to His Majesty, ‘I cannot assist you in this affair’—I do not think, my Lords, that I could have shown my face in the streets for shame of having done it—for shame of having abandoned my Sovereign under such distressing circumstances. I have, indeed, the misfortune of differing from friends of mine upon this subject; but I cannot regret the steps I have taken. If I have made a mistake, I regret it; but I am not aware that I have made any mistake. It was impossible that I could shrink from His Majesty under the distressing circumstances in which he was placed.

“I will not detain Your Lordships longer with a detail of the circumstances which led to the dilemma in which we are now placed. But, my Lords, I wish to call your attention to the commencement of those transactions; and if Your Lordships look to the speech which His Majesty made from the throne to both houses of parliament, in June 1831,—if you recollect that His Majesty stated in strong terms that that important question should receive the earliest and most attentive consideration, with a due consideration of the rights of parliament, you will be surprised to find us in our present situation. His Majesty then said, ‘Having had recourse to that measure for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people on the expediency of a reform in the representation, I have now to recommend that important question to your earliest and most attentive consideration, confident that, in any measure which you may propose for its adjustment, you will carefully adhere to the acknowledged principles of the constitution, by which the prerogatives of the Crown, the authority of both houses of parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people, are equally secured.’ Now, my Lords, I ask, could it be believed, at the time His Majesty made this speech, that the rights of this house—the power of deliberating and deciding independently upon such a question as this—would be destroyed by a creation of peers, and by a creation to an extent which could not be much less than one hundred? If any man at the time foretold this, it would have been said that he was dreaming of things that were impossible. But to this state, my Lords, have we been brought by this measure. When I

first heard of this bill being proposed to be carried by a creation of peers, I said it was quite impossible. I could not believe that any minister of England would be led, by any considerations whatsoever, to recommend such a measure to His Majesty. The first time, indeed, I ever heard the matter mentioned with any degree of authority was, when a right reverend prelate thought proper to write upon the subject to some people in a town in Sussex. I can appeal to those sitting near me if this is not the fact—if I did not uniformly declare that the thing was impossible—that the very idea of it ought not to be mentioned,—that it never should be imagined that any minister could be found who would recommend such an unconstitutional, such a ruinous exercise of the prerogative of the Crown. For, my Lords, I do maintain that the just exercise of the prerogative of the Crown does by no means go to the extent of enabling His Majesty to create a body of peers with the view to carry any particular measure.

“Under the circumstances, then, I believe Your Lordships will not think it unnatural, when I considered His Majesty’s situation, that I should endeavour to assist His Majesty. But, my Lords, when I found that, in consequence of the discussions on Monday in another place—which, by the way, proved so clearly that the sentiments of the leading men there were that peers should not be created for such a purpose—when I found from their discussions, that it was impossible to form a government from that house of such a nature as would secure the confidence of the country, I felt it my duty to inform His Majesty that I could not fulfil the commission with which he was pleased to honour me, and His Majesty informed me that he would renew his communications with his former ministry.”

The Duke, before delivering this speech, had come to an understanding with the greater number of his supporters in the House of Lords, to adopt a course of open sufferance, which should allow the reform bill to pass. Accordingly, he retired from the house at the close of his speech, and absented himself during all the subsequent discussions on the bill. About an hundred of the opposition peers followed his example. The bill, in consequence, encountered no further serious opposition, but became law on the 7th of June. What the Duke did, he did thoroughly. Having seen cause to decide on terminating his opposition to the bill, he terminated it avowedly, at once, and for ever. Nay, he afterwards went so far as to say that, the bill having become law, “he considered it his duty, not only to submit to it, but to endeavour to carry its provisions into execution by every means in his power.”

His motive for thus ceasing from hostilities was essentially the same as his motive for commencing them. This looks paradoxical, but is nevertheless true. He had, for some weeks, perhaps for several months, as we formerly saw, received such new light on the nature of the reform movement as made him willing to acquiesce in some degree of reform; and when, at the retirement of the Grey

ministry, he undertook the King's commission to attempt to form a new administration, he undertook it expressly on the condition of introducing "some extensive measure of reform." He had previously begun to see that a considerable amount of reform might be made perfectly compatible with the British constitution; and now he saw that an extensive measure of it had suddenly become necessary for the protecting of that constitution, in the two important particulars of averting an excessive pressure upon the Crown, and of preventing a disastrous interference with the House of Lords. The preservation of the British constitution had been his reason all along for opposing the reform movement; it was, in fact, the reason, either overt or understood, either direct or constructive, of everything he did as a politician; but it was a reason managed enlightenedly, with reference to the ever-changing circumstances of society, and therefore prompting a slowly progressive policy, rather than either a resistive or a rapid one; and now it was his reason for attempting to form an administration on the principle of carrying an extensive measure of reform. But, when he opened negotiations with the view of linking on the House of Commons to his movement, he found there an insurmountable constitutional obstruction. Some of its leading statesmen who might have been expected to join him, including Sir Robert Peel, stood aloof; a large majority of its members were far too resolutely committed to the Grey ministry's reform bill to be in a condition to accept or endure any less extensive measure; and not the remotest hope existed that a dissolution of parliament, even if such a step could be thought safe, would produce a House of Commons of another mind. Hence was the Duke obliged, by his very regard to the constitution, to let the Grey ministry come back, and have their way. The reform movement, in fact, had fraternized itself with the constitution,—had proved itself, in the face of every form and force of legitimate opposition, to be friendly with it,—so that it was now entitled to be let alone; while any further resistance which could be given to it must either be factious or physical,—in the former case, inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution,—in the latter, inconsistent with both its spirit and its letter.

But a large class of writers assert that the Duke's real motive for yielding was fear,—that he was overborne by intimidation,—that he accepted reform only as the alternative of sure, general, overwhelming rebellion. No doubt, the Birmingham Political Union, purporting to be two hundred thousand strong, threatened to march upon London. No doubt, also, other strong bodies presented a menacing attitude. No doubt, likewise, the Duke was in a state of high military readiness to encounter the crash of insurrection; so that he might easily have been imagined, by a superficial observer, to be calculating nicely the chances of collision. Yet had he really been the despot which these writers suppose,—had he really esteemed it a right thing to settle the great dispute more by power than by equity,—had he still seen cause to resist the reform movement in steady

antagonism, accepting its defiance, and retaliating its threats,—or even had he not discovered political reasons for becoming positively and decidedly friendly to it, he would rather have invited the offered contest than avoided it. Rebellion, and how it might, could scarcely crush him, but would be sure to crush reform.

“Had the Birmingham Union made their threatened advance, there would from that instant have been an end to the reform movement. The action of ‘physical force,’ on which some of the whig leaders were so senseless as to rely, would of necessity have suspended the proceedings of the legislature, and thrown for the time all power into the hands of the executive. In the march of an immense multitude to London, collision at some point with the authorities charged to preserve the peace must occur; and what can it be supposed that a mass of undisciplined artizans, however vast, could have effected against the army united under its illustrious chief? The miserable timidity which has twice betrayed the throne in France would not have paralyzed here the soldier’s arm. The dispersion of the Manchester multitude by three troops of hussars would have been a lesson not lost on either party. Had the Duke been driven to draw the sword, his sense of duty would have forced him to keep it unsheathed until tranquillity was restored. Order is not only the first condition of government, but the foundation on which all law and all society are built up. In spite of his memorable declaration—which has done him scarcely less honour than his immortal victories—that he would lay down his life to preserve his country from civil war—he would have felt himself compelled to act with decision on the instant that insurrection declared itself. There can be no doubt what the result would have been. But when would the angry passions excited by the contest have died away? Revolution would have commenced where physical resistance ended. A return to legal and constitutional rule would have been impossible; and whether civil liberty had perished by the sword maintaining its ascendancy, or by the disorders which would inevitably have broken forth when it was laid aside, the British constitution would have been equally lost.”

CHAPTER XXX.

TRAITS AND SPEECHES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN 1831—1834—HIS ELECTION TO THE CHANCELLORSHIP OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY—HIS RELATION TO THE GOVERNMENTS WHICH SUCCEEDED FARRIS—HIS SPEECH AT THE DEATH OF WILLIAM IV.—HIS CONDUCT AT THE ACCESSION OF VICTORIA AND AT HER CORONATION—MARSHAL BULL IN ENGLAND

IN the early part of 1831, the Duke of Wellington lost his Duchess. Her death, of course, made a great blank in his domestic circle, yet does not form a correspondingly great incident in the narrative of his life. The Duke was so essentially a public man, in spheres the most distant from domesticity, with profusion of the most historical events in all his career, that a strictly domestic occurrence looks as if scarcely proper to his biography. His Duchess, also, though always described as "amiable," and though unavoidably proud of him, does not seem, in general, to have displayed such intensity of interest in him as might have been expected from so loving a lady toward so grand a lord. Yet a touching reminiscence of her latter years represents her as showing daily personal attention even to his horse,—who had borne him through the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo, as well as through other fights,—who, at the time of the Duchess's death, was in careful keeping, amid the decay of extreme old age, in a snug paddock at Strathfieldsaye,—and who had so long received a daily allowance of bread from her own hand, in so gentle a way, that he contracted a habit of approaching every lady with the most confiding familiarity. The Duke's name, in after years, was coupled with that of many a lady, whom officious report assigned to him as a second Duchess; but he ever remained a widower.

During the Duke's excessive unpopularity, subsequent to the fall of his administration, and throughout the reform contest, he continued to enjoy such marks of favour in the highest quarters as could not but indicate to attentive observers, that his brilliant fame, like the moon's full disc on a clear night, was only behind a cloud, and was sure to reappear. The King, in particular, on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, 1831, presented him with a magnificent sword, decorated with the royal arms, in addition to the Duke's own, and also took part in the Waterloo banquet at Apsley House, sitting there at the Duke's right hand.

Our hero's disfavour with the rabble, however, was for a long time unabated. On the anniversary of Waterloo, 1832, having occasion to visit the mint, he was waylaid by a large mob on his return, and was so roughly handled by them as

to be obliged ~~to~~ take refuge in a private house; whence he needed the escort of a strong body of police to his own residence. And in the evening of that day, a multitude of his admirers, soldiers and gentlemen, had been so impressed with a sense of his danger that they stood in a mass, armed with sticks, round Apsley House, for his protection.

The Duke, in 1832, after the passing of the reform bill, spoke frequently in the House of Lords in opposition to the Grey ministry. "He found fault with its government of Ireland,—protested strongly against the absence of coercive measures, calculated, as he thought, to preserve the peace by preventing large assemblages of lawless men,—insisted upon the necessity of conciliating the Protestants, and of placing the education of the people under the authority of the clergy,—and opposed the extension of the town franchise to the Roman Catholics, as fraught with danger to the Protestant church." He also made animadversions on the government's financial affairs,—assailed its policy with regard to Portugal, which, at that moment, was embroiled by factions,—and made speeches on the Russian-Dutch loan convention, on the Greek loan convention, on the Indian juries bill, and on the consolidated fund bill.

In the session of 1833, he delivered speeches on the address to the throne, on the bill for the suppression of disturbances in Ireland, on the Irish juries bill, on the collection of tithes in Ireland, on the Irish church temporalities bill, on the game laws, on the Jewish disabilities, on slavery, on West Indian slavery, on East Indian slavery, on the abolition of slavery, on the British relations with Portugal, on the French blockade of Portugal, on the East India Company's charter, and on the renewal of the Bank charter. Both the range of his speaking and the depth of his remarks indicate that his attention to politics was not very much less than during the period of his premiership. His sentiments on the several topics, however, displayed little peculiarity, adding scarcely anything to our previous knowledge of his opinions and character; so that they need not be detailed. Yet two short passages, the one on political agitation in Ireland, the other against the repeal of the Jewish disabilities, are curious enough to challenge quotation,—the former, for showing his opinion of the Roman Catholic leaders, after so long experience of them,—the latter for eliciting incidentally his notion of what constitutes national Christianity.

On political agitation in Ireland, he said,—“In order that Your Lordships may understand what agitation is, I will take leave to describe it. First of all, it is founded upon a conspiracy of demagogues, priests, and monks; and the means are terror and mobs, to be employed wherever terror and mobs can be used. This is to produce an effect upon ministers and an alarm in parliament; and the mobs are excited by orations and seditious speeches at public meetings, by violent publications through the press, by exaggeration, by flattery, and by all the resources in the power of persons of that description. The people are

called upon to repair in large bodies to all points where it is possible to create terror. If any person oppose himself to this design, he is immediately murdered, or his house and property are destroyed. The least thing is a combination to deprive him of the means of obtaining subsistence. And all this is intended to destroy the peace of the country."

On the Jewish disabilities, the Duke said,—“A noble Marquis stated that there were no fewer than fifteen officers of the Jewish religion at the battle of Waterloo. I have not the least doubt that there are many officers of that religion of great merit and distinction; but still I must again repeat they are not Christians; and therefore, sitting as I do in a Christian legislature, I cannot advise the sovereign on the throne to sanction a law to admit them to seats in this house and the other house of parliament, and to all the rights and privileges enjoyed by Christians. The noble and learned Lord on the woolsack said that, when the observation is made that Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land, it is meant that that Christianity is the Church of England. Now, I have always understood that it was the Christian dispensation generally; and I believe that, when Christianity is talked of as part and parcel of the law, it means the Christian dispensation, and not the special doctrines of the Church of England.”

In January, 1834, the Duke of Wellington was unanimously elected to the chancellorship of Oxford university, vacant by the death of Lord Grenville. His Grace's installation took place in the following June, amid such pomp and pageantry, such gatherings of the great men of the land, and such demonstrations of rivalry on all hands to do him honour, as amounted to the grandest possible ovation. His fame among the university-men and their sympathizers either had never waned or was in full orb again; for it now shone as clearly and largely as at his first appearances after Waterloo. And he acquired new fame, in his new office of chancellor, on to the end of his life. He was far from regarding the appointment as merely honorary or a sinecure, but felt himself bound to bear honestly its responsibilities, and to perform sedulously its duties. And one of the last labours of his life was to go through the dry drudgery of acquainting himself with the whole of a huge mass of evidence given on a public investigation into the laws, character, and conduct of the university.

The Duke held notions on the subject of the ecclesiastical uses of the universities, and on the correlative subject of the union of Church and State, which assorted ill with his notion of national Christianity; and only a few weeks after his installation to the chancellorship of Oxford, in the course of a debate on a bill for the admission of dissenters to the universities, he took occasion to express these. “It is worth while,” said he, “to consider a little what the nature of the union between Church and State is. I have heard many noble Lords express themselves in favour of that union, and their determination to maintain it

under all circumstances. But I really feel that these noble Lords do not look very nicely to the meaning of the words. I will confess that it appears to me that, in speaking of the union of Church and State, many of those noble Lords seem to look upon it as a sort of political connexion—that is to say, they look to the patronage which the Crown enjoys in the Church,—to the power which His Majesty has of presenting certain persons to certain ecclesiastical dignities and preferments, and of conferring benefices and livings upon others. But, in my opinion, we ought to regard the union of the Church and the State as of a much higher order. I consider that there is a spiritual union between the Sovereign and the Church. His Majesty is declared by act of parliament to be the supreme head of the Church on earth. By the same act of parliament His Majesty is authorized to visit all colleges, schools, and other similar institutions, of royal foundation, and he is required to prevent in them those very schisms, dissensions, and disorders which are likely to occur if this act of parliament should be passed. I will therefore say that His Majesty is bound, as the head of the Church, and by the authority which he possesses as the head of the Church, I will say that as such he is bound by the act of parliament which gives him that authority to prevent schism, dissensions, and disorders in those universities—he is bound to see that in those universities the true doctrines of the gospel, the doctrines of the Church of England, are maintained and taught, and nothing else. I will assert that this is the real meaning of the union of Church and State, and not a political union of Church patronage, or of anything else that may be connected with the kingly authority. Besides, it should be recollected that the King has sworn to maintain the laws of God and the true religion of the gospel. I know that a convenient doctrine has been held in this house respecting the King's oath, and that it has been said that an act of parliament may free His Majesty from it. I do not wish to argue that question now. I do not feel desirous on this occasion to enter into the question as to how far His Majesty should be considered bound by that oath; nor do I wish to impose my opinion concerning the question upon my Sovereign; but this I will say, that that oath has been imposed by act of parliament upon two Sovereigns in the course of the last twelve years. That oath contains the explicit declaration of a principle, and that principle is this—that the King of this country shall maintain the laws of God and the true profession of the gospel. That this is the principle which is contained in this oath it is impossible for any man to deny. Now, that being the case, it is quite impossible that we can assent to pass this act of parliament. We cannot approach our Sovereign with this bill and desire his assent to it; knowing, as we do, that it goes to overturn every principle contained in his oath."

Throughout the parliamentary session of 1834, the Duke of Wellington continued to figure prominently in the legislature. That session was a busy one,

with much excitement. The grand questions discussed in it—and which, at the same time, sadly embarrassed the government, and fixed the gaze of the whole empire—were questions relating to Ireland,—which had then become more violently agitated on the subject of the payment of tithes, and on that of the legislative union, than it had formerly been on that of the Roman Catholic disabilities. The Duke made speeches on these questions, as elaborately as if he had still himself been the helmman of the state; and also spoke, at more or less length, on the address to the throne, on some transactions in India, on the imprisonment of Sir John Campbell in Lisbon, on the relations of Britain with Portugal and Spain, on a curious case of military discipline at Malta, on the London and Westminster bank bill, on the civil service pensions bill, on the poor-law amendment bill, on the Cinque Ports pilots bill, and, as we have already seen, on a bill for the admission of dissenters to the universities.

The difficulties respecting Ireland first produced a schism in the cabinet, and next, in the month of July, led to Earl Grey's resignation. The Duke of Wellington supported the ministry, against these difficulties, as far as he conscientiously could,—warnly did so, especially, in intimating the most resolute resistance to every call of the agitators for a repeal of the legislative union; yet he saw cause, in all his most characteristic speeches, to make severe animadversions on great part of their policy, with reference both to Ireland and to other things; and he even took occasion, at the very moment of their being broken up, to utter a summary sentence of condemnation upon them, and to denounce the resignation of their chief as a peevish action, produced by no state necessity, and amounting to a desertion of the King. They were, however, with few changes of either men or measures, immediately reconstructed under the leadership of Lord Melbourne; so that they continued as before, till the end of that session, to be a target for the Duke's opposition practice.

But, toward the middle of November, at a moment when no person expected any change of administration, and when no event of note had occurred to produce it, the Melbourne ministry was suddenly knocked to pieces. The King did this with his own hand, in a manner of spontaneity which, in any other sovereign, would have been pronounced despotic, and might have proved dangerous. He was tired of whig government, and desirous to make another trial of the Wellington party; and so were a good many of his subjects who, only two years before, or less, had been well pleased with the Grey ministry. Parties and influences had already undergone vast changes since the passing of the reform bill. The party of pure whigs, or moderate reformers, having denuded themselves of their most distinctive character by the very passing of the reform bill, and having displayed an inaptitude for public business not a little detrimental to the affairs of the state, were already far down the descent toward insignificance; the party of radicals, or extreme reformers, taking up the cry of political progress

where the reform bill left it, and pointing earnestly to certain great remains of political abuse or defect, were struggling boldly to occupy the place which the whigs had vacated, and seemed not at all unlikely to obtain it; while the Wellington party of quondam tories, who had first been dissevered from the resistives by the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities, and next conjoined with the whigs by the homologation of the reform bill, now occupied a commanding position, under the new name of conservatives, for maintaining the constitution in its present form, and were already possessed of sufficient influence, in that position, to enjoy a considerable degree of popular favour, together with the sure prospect of gradually and rapidly receiving more. Wellington himself was fast emerging from his unpopularity; he had begun, in a measure, to be "the great Duke" again, even with the rabble; and both he and all his chief political coadjutors were henceforth to move pleasantly back, with but gentle breezes and a slight ripple, on the bosom of a return tide, to general fame.

The King, in the act of dismissing Lord Melbourne, sent, by that nobleman's own hand, for the Duke of Wellington. The Duke advised him to make Sir Robert Peel premier. But, as Sir Robert was at the time in Italy, His Grace consented to act as interim premier till a special message could bring him home; and as it was essential that Sir Robert should be allowed to construct the characteristic part of his own ministry, His Grace further consented to hold, till his return, the office of home secretary, and to perform in that office the duties of the other state secretaryships, together with such other duties as should be requisite for carrying on the government. Great was the astonishment of the country at this temporary arrangement. But, though some public leaders regarded it with anger, the greater number made it the subject of merry remarks. "The Irish hold it impossible," said one, "for a man to be in two places at once. But the Duke has proved this no joke; he is in five places at once. At last, then, we have an united government. The cabinet council sits in the Duke's head, and the ministers are all of one mind." Even His Grace's antagonists, at the moment, had a dash of the ludicrous in their antagonism, and failed to annoy him. "Condemnations, passed at public meetings, were forwarded to him with emphatic assurances that the condemnation was unanimous; an orator here and there drew out in array all the consequences that could ever arise from the temporary shift being made a precedent; and Lord Campbell condescended to talk, at a public meeting at Edinburgh, of impeaching the multifarious minister. At all this, and at a myriad of jokes, the Duke laughed; while he worked like a clerk from day to day, till the welcome sound of Sir Robert Peel's carriage-wheels was heard."

The parliament was dissolved; the Duke took the appointment of foreign secretary; and at length, on the 24th of February, 1835, in the course of a debate on the address to the throne, after the opening of the new parliament, and

in reply to animadversions by Lord Melbourne, he offered an explanation. "Under the circumstances in which the King found himself placed," said he, "His Majesty thought proper to send for me; and with reference to this part of the transaction, it is satisfactory to observe, my Lords, that all the allegations which have been so generally circulated of mysteries and court-intrigues are now abandoned, and that it is fully and generally admitted that no such supposed occurrences have ever taken place. For my own part, I can with truth declare, that I had had no communication with the court for above two, nay, for above three months before the period at which I was honoured with His Majesty's commands. I was down at my house in Hampshire at the time. I was surprised at the circumstance; I was as much astonished on receiving His Majesty's communication as any of Your Lordships would be on the receipt of a similar message to-morrow morning. When His Majesty thought proper to call upon me for my assistance, I might—I do not say it would have been very prudent or very wise in me to have done so, but I might if I had chosen—have placed myself at the head of the new government. But what did I do, my Lords? It never occurred to me to take any step for the gratification of my own personal ambition or any personal feelings. I gave His Majesty the best advice which, under the circumstances of the case, it appeared to me practicable to give. I advised His Majesty to send for that right honourable gentleman, a member of the House of Commons, who seemed to me to be the most fit and capable person to place at the head of the new administration as first lord of the treasury. That right honourable gentleman was then in another part of the world, and some time must necessarily elapse before it would be possible that he could return to this country. It appeared to His Majesty and to myself, however, to be essentially necessary that, in the meantime, the government should be taken possession of and administered. This step I certainly considered to be absolutely necessary; and I also felt it to be absolutely necessary that, whoever might exercise the authority of government in the interval, should take no step that might embarrass or compromise the right honourable gentleman on his return. It was only on that ground that I accepted, for the time, of the offices of first lord of the treasury and secretary of state for the home department. The noble Viscount has made a little mistake in alleging that I was appointed to three departments at once. He makes it a matter of charge against me, that I exercised the authority of the three secretaries of state; but the noble Viscount knows very well that the secretary of state for the home department is competent, under certain circumstances, to do so. It was for the public service and the public convenience, and for no other reason whatever, that I, my Lords, consented to hold for a time the situations of first lord of the treasury and secretary of state for the home department. But it has been urged by the noble Viscount, that the two offices in question are incompatible with each other. I want to know why? I maintain that the first

lord of the treasury has no more power over the treasury than any other lord of the treasury. When, as in the case of Godolphin, there was a lord-high-treasurer, it was a different matter, but a first lord of the treasury possesses no such paramount authority."

The new ministry was strong in the King, in the Lords, and in the agricultural interest, but had not a working strength in the House of Commons. The whigs and the radicals combined there into one opposition; and, though confronted by about an hundred more conservatives than in the previous parliament, they formed still a decided majority. The ministers sustained a defeat of some significance at the very commencement of the session; they thenceforth worked up hill, receiving checks at every movement, and doubting continually whether they could make progress; and, at length, they were brought to a dead halt, and forced into a conflict which ended in their discomfiture, on the vexed question of the Irish church. The reformers had, for some time, been employing their ascendancy in power for humbling that establishment, with the view of conciliating the Roman Catholics; and, having effected a rearrangement of its revenues which left a surplus to be disposable for some other purpose than the salarizing of its clergy, they now brought forward and carried a resolution to apply that surplus to the education of all classes of the people. The ministry were pledged, in the strongest manner, by every principle of their policy, to resist the alienation of any part of the church's property from its own uses; so that, in the carrying of this resolution, they were hurled from power. They suffered their defeat on the 7th of April, and announced their resignation next day. Lord Melbourne was recalled to the premiership, but had a different set of colleagues than before, and now addressed himself to the questions of the Irish church and municipal reform.

The Duke of Wellington spoke little in the House of Lords during the short period of the Peel ministry, and still less after the recall of Lord Melbourne. In fact, from this time onward, he ceased to take a leading part in the business of the legislature. "Inclined neither to arrest the progress of wholesome change, nor to aid in sweeping away the ancient institutions of the country, he confined himself, in his place in the House of Lords, to a calm and temperate examination of all the principal measures that came before it; giving his support when he conscientiously believed the case to deserve it, and offering his protest when he discerned danger in assent." The questions on which he spoke, in the sessions of 1835 and 1836, besides the two master-questions of Irish church property and municipal reform, were the address to the throne, the embassy to Russia, the poor-laws, the Irish commission of public instruction, subscription to the church of England's thirty-nine articles, the reduction of the militia staff, the Irish registration of voters, the Irish constabulary, the bishopric of Durham, the revision of railway acts, the Irish Roman Catholic clergy, imprisonment for debt,

the disfranchisement of Stafford, the administration of charitable funds, Irish Roman Catholic marriages, the post-office commissioners, the Greek loan, and the recent behaviour of the House of Lords.

The discussion on the last of these topics was an incidental one, on the last day but two of the session of 1836, induced by a complaint of the premier, that he had been factiously opposed; and it drew from the Duke of Wellington an interesting stroke of autobiography as to his own conduct in opposition, together with a curious rebuke of what he regarded as the democratic tendencies of the ministry.

"I must say," remarked he, "that the conduct of those noble Lords who have acted on this side of the house throughout the past session of parliament has been marked with the utmost moderation and forbearance. For my own part, I believe that I was not more than twice in the house till after the Easter holidays. After the day when the address to His Majesty was voted I was never in the house, nor said a word in opposition to the government, till I endeavoured to prevail upon the noble Viscount to postpone the consideration of the corporations act amendment bill until after Easter. Until then I never spoke a word this session in this house. Since that period, it is true, I have taken part in the discussions on various measures brought under the consideration of the house; and I have certainly given my vote in opposition to measures which have been brought forward by His Majesty's government; but I must at the same time say, that I have always assigned my reasons for my vote upon those occasions in moderate terms; and though those reasons may not have appeared very good to noble Lords opposite, I have acted according to the best of my opinion, and in a way which I thought most beneficial to the public interests.

"The noble Viscount has been pleased to taunt us with not having come forward with addresses to the King, calling upon His Majesty to remove the noble Viscount and his present colleagues from office. Why, if we look at the manner in which the present government was appointed—if we look at the history of the transaction, at this time of little more than twelve months standing—I believe we shall find sufficient reason for not taking that step. The noble Viscount knows well on what ground he stands in His Majesty's service; and he might as well have avoided twitting us with not having come forward with addresses beseeching His Majesty to remove him and his colleagues from office. What I would recommend to the noble Viscount—for I really do not wish to see him removed from office—what I would recommend to the noble Viscount is, that he should consider himself, not as the minister of a democratic body in another place, but as the minister of a King in a limited monarchy, of great extent, having a great population, with various interests, and that he should concoct the measures which he thinks proper to bring forward for the consideration of parliament—and, above all, those which he announces in the speech to be

delivered from the throne by the Crown—in such a manner as might suit the interest of all, in such a manner as might meet with the good will of all, and not of one particular party in one particular place. If the noble Viscount will follow that course for some time, he will experience no difficulty in this house, but on the contrary, will find that this house will afford him every facility in forwarding his measures.”

But, in the session of 1837, the Duke saw cause to give the ministry a still sharper rebuke on account of their policy with regard to Spain. They had so far taken part in a barbarous civil war in that country as to permit the enlistment of a mercenary “British legion” of ten thousand men under General Evans, and to countenance the co-operation of a British fleet, with some hundreds of marines. This departure from neutrality, in a manner so mean, on the theatre of some of his greatest exploits, was irritating to the Duke; and it resulted only in such a series of trivial or blundering operations as excited his contempt at once as a British senator, as an Englishman, and as a soldier. He therefore, in a long speech, reviewed the international relations of Britain with Spain, criticised severely the military proceedings of General Evans, and concluded as follows:—“I think that I have shown Your Lordships how little has been gained for any party by the system of operation which has been followed upon the coast of Spain, and the inutility and danger of the continuance of that course. I would therefore suggest to the noble Lord opposite (Melbourne) the expedience of reverting to the station which the government of this country had taken in Spanish affairs when they succeeded their predecessors in office. Your Lordships are aware of the great influence of this country in the affairs of Spain for many years,—an influence founded solely upon a belief of our justice and disinterested views, and confidence in the wisdom of our councils. I do not pretend to say what can be effected by our mediation; but it will be at least as much as can be attained by our petty warfare. Let us resume, in reality, the neutral position that becomes us, which we occupied before the order in council was issued,” permitting the enlistment of the British legion, “and we shall have a chance at least of restoring tranquillity.”

In the same session, that of 1837, the Duke spoke also upon the address to the throne, the amendment of the poor-law, the statutes of Oxford and Cambridge, the Irish municipal corporations, the state of the Irish Protestants, and the affairs of Canada. And the session being cut short by the death of William IV. on the 20th of June, he saw occasion likewise to make speeches on the King's death and on the succession to the Crown. His speech on the King's death, though necessarily a funeral panegyric, of courtly character, contained broad explanatory allusions to his own conduct in connexion with the government; so that it had reference as much to himself as to the King.

“I have served His late Majesty in the highest situation,” said he; “I have

been in his council as well as the noble Viscount (Melbourne). I, indeed, did not serve him so long as the noble Viscount, or even in any such prosperous circumstances as the noble Viscount; but I have had opportunities of witnessing in all these circumstances the personal advantages of character so ably described by the noble Viscount. It has fallen to my lot to serve His Majesty at different periods and in different situations; and while I had the happiness of doing so, upon all those occasions I have witnessed not only all the virtues ascribed to him by the noble Viscount, but likewise a firmness, a discretion, a candour, a justice, a spirit of conciliation towards others, and a respect for all. Probably there never was a sovereign who, in such circumstances, and encompassed by so many difficulties, more successfully met them than he did upon every occasion that he had to engage them. I was induced to serve His Majesty, not only from my sense of duty, not alone from the feeling that the Sovereign of this country has the right to command my services, in any situation in which I consider I can be of use, but from a feeling of gratitude to His Majesty for favours conferred on me, for personal distinctions conferred upon me, notwithstanding that I had been unfortunately in the situation of being under the necessity of opposing myself to His Majesty's views and intentions when he was employed in a high situation under government, and in consequence of which he had to resign a great office, which he must, beyond all others, have been most anxious to retain. Notwithstanding that, my Lords, His Majesty employed me in his service, and he as a Sovereign manifested toward me a kindness, condescension, and favour which, as long as I live, I never can forget. I considered myself then not only bound by duty, and the sense I feel of gratitude to all the Sovereigns of this country, but more especially towards His late Majesty, to have relieved him from every difficulty I could under any circumstances."

The accession of Queen Victoria, a female, so young, so ingenuous, so well-principled, so noble-minded, made a grand appeal to the best feelings of the nation. All right-hearted men near the throne, and all right-hearted classes behind them, rose up in rivalry to do her honour. The Duke of Wellington, both publicly and privately, was perhaps the foremost of them all. He performed his part with marked cordiality in the ceremonies of the allegiance. He hastened, at the commencement of her first parliament in November, to express, before the assembled peers, his reminiscence of Her Majesty's birth,—his "utmost interest," always cherished, in that event,—and his "hope that, during every moment of the remainder of his life, he should witness the prosperity of Her Majesty's reign, and her individual happiness." And from the day of her accession onward, whenever courtly etiquette permitted him, or her own command called him, he was ever at Her Majesty's service in private, to render to her, sedulously and delicately, all possible fruits of his experience and knowledge. "A frequent guest at the royal palace, His Grace was constantly consulted by

the Queen; and it is not too much to say that the wisdom and sagacity of the venerable warrior and statesman, combined with the gentleness of a father towards a beloved child, made the deepest impression on the ductile mind and affectionate heart of the youthful monarch, and secured to His Grace a lasting and truly enviable regard and attachment."

A material increase in the relative strength of the conservatives was found in the New House of Commons; but, as it still left the combined opposition of whigs and radicals in a small majority, it did not lead to any near change of ministry. Lord Melbourne continued in the premiership; and being a man of most silken address, and at the same time anxious to promote the happiness of the Queen, he initiated her most softly, but withal efficiently, into the cares of government. The Duke of Wellington often met him in the royal palace, in Her Majesty's presence,—never, however, as a rival,—but always on equal terms, in the friendliest spirit, as if in a common service,—ever ready, also, to appraise His Lordship's conduct at the full amount of its real value; insomuch that, upwards of four years after the accession, he said, in his place in parliament,—“I have always considered that the noble Viscount has rendered the greatest possible service to Her Majesty. I have reason to know that Her Majesty herself is of opinion that the noble Viscount has rendered her the greatest service, not only as a public servant engaged in the conduct of affairs, but in the assistance he has given Her Majesty in making her acquainted with the laws, policy, and system of government of this country.” Yet was not this high courtesy of the Duke accompanied by any decrease of political opposition; for he continued, as much as before, to express in parliament his disapprobation of any measures of the cabinet which did not accord with his notions of sound policy.

At the coronation of the Queen, in June, 1838, the Duke made a conspicuous figure, and received large tokens of his reviving popularity. He officiated as lord-high-constable of England, but displayed, at the same time, his staff and baton as field-marshal. Throughout the procession from the palace to the abbey, he drew much attention; and in the principal part of the ceremony subsequent to the coronation, begun by the royal dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, “there was,” says the official report, “no indication of popular feeling until the Duke of Wellington presented himself before Her Majesty, to do homage, when the shout of enthusiastic recognition was immediately raised, and prolonged even after His Grace had descended from the theatre.”

The representative of France at the coronation was Lord Wellington's old antagonist, Marshal Soult. The presence of that officer in the public ceremonies revived powerfully the popular remembrance of the wars, and stirred up anew the old admiration of Wellington's victories. All spectators who recollected, or had read, how stubbornly Soult had resisted Wellington, how highly he had appreciated the British armies, and what still ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~important~~ ^{important} he had presented to



Sully

their ultimate triumph, through six long years of tortuous warfare, all the way from Oporto to Waterloo, were fired with enthusiasm to see the two old antagonists now peacefully together, both conquerors in their day, each a greater hero than most of the heroes of all previous ages, and the vanquished Frenchman himself the greatest soldier living excepting only his British victor. The public acclamations everywhere given to Soult, both at the ceremonies of the coronation, and at grand reviews, at special public dinners, at fetes of all kinds in the metropolis, and throughout a tour to Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, were most ardent, insomuch that they afterwards raised the Marshal's consequence with his own countrymen,—and so great that, but for their reflective reference to the Duke of Wellington, they would have been utterly unaccountable.

The Duke's personal bearing toward Soult was highly magnanimous and in the finest taste. He made a perfect oblivion of the Marshal's vilenesses and enmities, thought only of his great qualities as a general, and treated him as a guest worthy of Britain's solicitude to honour him, in the inverse ratio of the injuries he had formerly tried to do her. And at a grand dinner given by the London corporation, when, as on all other occasions, the Marshal was greeted by most enthusiastic acclaims, the Duke said,—“He was glad to find that the merits and services of that illustrious stranger had been properly appreciated by the people of this country. And he had no doubt that the Marshal, on his part, would fully appreciate the cordial feelings which had been manifested toward him, not only on the present occasion, but whenever he had presented himself to the public. He (the Duke of Wellington) was delighted that the King of the French had chosen so distinguished an individual to represent him on the occasion of the coronation of our Queen.” Nor did the Marshal make any inadequate response to this chivalrous feeling, but replied, with much emotion,—“The expressions used by the Duke of Wellington had entered his very heart. Never had there lived a nobler-minded, a braver, or a more honourable man than that illustrious general. The French nation had learned to estimate the worth of the English army. Its valour was known and appreciated all over Europe. But now there would be no farther resort to arms. Between France and England there would henceforth be a perpetual peace.” And after some more observations, of similar character, he proposed, “The health of the British army, and more particularly its great general, the Duke of Wellington.”

The public mind set high store upon Wellington's treatment of Soult. Men of all parties regarded the triumph of hospitality over the French marshal in London as no less certainly a feat than the triumph of arms over him in the fields of the Peninsula. And some of the whig and radical newspapers seized it as a good opportunity for retreating from their old position of abusing the Duke to a new position of eulogising him. One of the most violent of the radical papers, in particular, after a brief allusion to the Duke's political career—said,—

"We shall conclude by noticing the latest public scene of his life. He defeated Marshal Soult in the Peninsula and in France; he has embraced him in London. Herein he gained the greatest of his victories,—a victory over the prejudices of his life and his party. He never appeared more illustrious in the eyes of his countrymen than when, forgetting all ancient rivalries, and spurning all the low croaking seductions of low party malice, he gave a cordial and an affectionate welcome to the man who, next to himself, is the greatest soldier alive."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S SPEECHES IN 1838—1841—THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS OF 1839—THE BANQUET TO THE DUKE AT DOVER—THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA—THE RECALL OF SIR ROBERT PEEL TO THE PREMIERSHIP IN 1841—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S POSITION IN THE NEW ADMINISTRATION—HIS EXTRAORDINARY POLITICAL INFLUENCE.

IN the session of parliament which extended from November 1837 till the autumn of 1838, the Duke of Wellington delivered speeches on the address to the throne, on the civil list, on the universities of Cambridge and Oxford, on the state of Ireland, on the Irish church, on the Irish magistracy, on national education in Ireland, on the poor relief bill of Ireland, on the appointment of sheriffs in Ireland, on municipal corporations in Ireland, on the affairs of Canada, on the government of Canada, on the Earl of Durham's Canada ordinances, on the declaratory and indemnity bill for Canada, on the Church of Scotland, on trade combinations, on the war in Spain, on the blockade of the Spanish coast, on the Malta commission, on negro emancipation, on the bill for the amendment of the act for the abolition of slavery, on the importation of Indian labourers into British Guiana, on the ballot, on parliamentary electors, on the yeomanry corps, on the yeomanry cavalry, on the affirmation bill, on partizan magistrates, on church discipline, and on the commercial relations of Britain. Only two of these speeches, however—that on the Church of Scotland and that on the Malta commission—throw any new light on his character or opinions, and even these do not throw much; though the former is curious for exhibiting additional features of that crudity of thought on ecclesiastical subjects which we formerly noticed in his speech on the union of Church and State, while the latter says something remarkable on a special governmental use of the newspaper press.

The Church of Scotland, at this period, was passing through those intestine conflicts which terminated in her disruption. But the dominant party within her were, at the same time, engaged in a great work of church-extension. They had recently, by means of free contributions, erected about two hundred places of worship; and they now put forward a claim upon Government to have these endowed out of the public treasury. The Episcopalians, whether in Scotland or in England, took little or no notice of their movements. But the voluntary dissenters strenuously disputed with them at once the palm of influence over the greater part of the country, the credit of all past extension of religion, and the

possession of suitable or effective apparatus for maintaining it; and partly on political grounds, but chiefly on religious ones, they made every possible opposition to their claim for an endowment. Now said the Duke,—“It is to be observed that of all the Established churches that of Scotland is the one which must have occasioned least jealousy to the Government, which is also the least endowed, and whose exertions, up to a very late period, have been most successful in making what the late Lord Liverpool called ‘the best-conditioned country in the world,’ that country which, on the whole, is more happy, and has advanced more in prosperity, and even in population, within a given time, than any other part of Her Majesty’s dominions. The noble Viscount (Melbourne) has said that the people of Scotland entertain a remarkable objection to the occupation of free sittings, as in that country sittings are generally paid for by money. That is no doubt true; but that is the foundation of the demand for assistance which the people of that country now make to the Government,—assistance not to build churches, but to make a provision for the endowment of clergymen to perform the service and teach the population in the immediate vicinity of places where churches have been built or may be built hereafter. I confess, my Lords, that I am not at all astonished at the opposition which this application has encountered from the advocates of the voluntary system in Scotland. They know that assistance could not be granted to them; they know that they cannot take charge of the population of the country, and that no government could come forward to propose such a grant; so what they say is, ‘We cannot get assistance, and therefore nobody else shall.’ But I would observe that the Government ought to pursue a different course. They ought not to leave themselves in the hands of the enemies of the Church of Scotland; they should, on the contrary, listen to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, which is the proper authority on this subject. That body would tell Her Majesty’s government, that the assistance now asked would enable them to give instruction to all who require it, and to establish in the country peace, good order, religion, and morality. These are the advantages which would be received in return for this small grant of public money.”

On the Malta commission, the Duke said,—“His Majesty, in the commission he issued, called the attention of the commissioners to a variety of subjects connected with the civil government of the island of Malta; but that which the commission does not mention—certainly it is not excluded—are the words ‘free press.’ It does not say one syllable about the press. What, however, did the commission? They were appointed in the month of September; they landed in Malta in the month of October; and the first thing they did was to commence an inquiry into the state of the press, as if that matter was the most important and pressing of all the matters that interested the island. At the end of six months, they made a report, which has been received. I beg Your Lordships to

recollect what Malta is. It is a fortress and a seaport, a great naval and military arsenal in the Mediterranean. We hold it by conquest, and by treaty after conquest. We hold it as a great military and naval arsenal, and as nothing else. Why, we might just as well talk of putting a free press on board the admiral's ship of the line in the Mediterranean, of setting it up in the garrison of Gibraltar, or of sending it into the quarters of Sir John Colborne in North America. A free press in Malta! The very idea is contemptible. A free press, in the Italian language, in Malta! Malta contains 100,000 inhabitants, and the report itself tells us that the greater proportion of those inhabitants cannot understand the Italian language. They do not want a free press to watch the manner in which the English soldiers and sailors perform their duty. What can they want with a free press in Malta, when we are told that the working population there speak no language but the Maltese? This free press is to be established under the sanction of the Government, for the purpose of exciting insurrection in the dominions of our allies. I think a sufficient lesson on that subject has been already received in what has occurred in Italy, in Spain, in Portugal, ay, and in Canada, and that we may now begin to feel that it is not desirable to excite insurrection in foreign countries. I will say that the object the Government has in view in countenancing the establishment of a free press is to excite insurrection in the island of Sicily, in Naples, and in the territories of the King of Sardinia; and believing that to be the object of this measure, I will candidly say that I am ashamed of it. When I consider the consequences of these insurrections, when I view the course which they have taken, the misery which they have occasioned, I must say Government ought to have done everything in their power to prevent the establishment of this free press, instead of sending the commissioners out to effect that and nothing else; you might as well try to establish it on the deck of a man-of-war."

In May 1839, the Duke of Wellington was once more drawn to the helm of the state, though but momentarily, by a ministerial crisis. Jamaica had become wildly embroiled by mismanagement of the abolition of slavery; and the Queen's ministers introduced a bill to suspend its constitution. The conservatives sternly opposed this, and failed by only six votes to defeat it. The ministers finding themselves in so small a majority on so great a question, immediately resigned. The Queen sent for the Duke of Wellington; the Duke referred her to Sir Robert Peel; and Sir Robert, aided by the Duke, commenced negotiations for forming an administration. But the whigs, at the time of appointing the royal household, had surrounded Her Majesty with their own wives, sisters, and daughters; Sir Robert, in concurrence with the Duke, made a request that these should be removed, in favour of ladies holding different political opinions; Her Majesty refused to comply with that request, declaring it to be contrary to usage, and repugnant to her feelings; Sir Robert instantly gave back to her

the trust reposed in him; and the Melbourne ministry, after brief explanation, were reinstated in power.

A great clamour went abroad, for a few days, against Sir Robert and the Duke, as if they had treated the Queen harshly; but this soon gave place to a conviction, firm and universal, even among the whigs themselves, that the course which they had taken was the right one, the constitutional one, the best for both the sovereign and the country. The Duke, in his official explanation in the House of Lords, said respecting it,—“My Lords, I cannot but think that the principles on which we proposed to act with respect to the ladies of the bedchamber, in the case of a Queen Regnant, were the correct principles. The public will not believe that the Queen holds no political conversation with those ladies, and that political influence is not exercised by them, particularly considering who those persons are who hold such situations. I believe the history of this country affords a number of instances in which secret and improper influence has been exercised by means of such conversations. I have, my Lords, a somewhat strong opinion on this subject. I have unworthily filled the office which the noble Viscount now so worthily holds; and I must say I have felt the inconvenience of an anomalous influence, not exercised perhaps by ladies, but anomalous influence undoubtedly of this description, and exerted simply in conversations; and I will tell the noble Viscount that the country is at this moment suffering some inconvenience from the exercise of that very secret influence. My Lords, I believe I have gone further into principles upon this subject than may, perhaps, suit the taste of the noble Viscount; but this I must say, that, at the time we claimed the control of the royal household, and would not have proposed to Her Majesty to make any arrangements which would have been disagreeable to her, I felt it was absolutely impossible for me, under the circumstances of the present moment, to undertake any share of the government of the country without that proof of Her Majesty’s confidence.”

In the part of the parliamentary session of 1839 preceding the ministerial crisis, the Duke of Wellington delivered speeches on the address to the Crown, on the corn-laws, on the navy, on the liberty of the press in Malta, on the government of Ireland, and on Lord Ebrington’s explanations of the policy which he intended to pursue as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In the part subsequent to the crisis, he delivered speeches on the government of Jamaica, on the Canadian outbreak of 1838, on the government of Lower Canada, on a ministerial circular about arming the people, on the poor-law administration, on the ballot and universal suffrage, on national education for England, on the riots in Birmingham, on Spain, on the slave-trade of Portugal, on the suppression of the slave-trade, on the penny-postage bill, on municipal corporations in Ireland, on unlawful oaths in Ireland, on idolatrous worship in India, on the Manchester police bill, on the Bolton police bill, and on the business of the session. Most of these

speeches are mere reduplications or sequents of what we have already observed in him; but others contain expressions or passages which make some new contributions to his biography.

The ballot he characterised as an "obnoxious un-English measure." On the corn-laws he said,—“The noble Earl (Radnor) says that I am an advocate for a monopoly; and he talks about my not assisting the landlords, not assisting the farmers, and not assisting the labourers. My Lords, I know nothing about landlords, farmers, or labourers, when I am advocating a legislative question of a public nature in this house. I have nothing to say to them any farther than as their interests are identified with those of the community at large. I beg the noble lord to understand that, when I come into this house, I come here upon the public interest.” On the national education plan for England, he said,—“It has been stated that the regulations proposed by order in council are really nothing at all; but it appears to me that something has been put forward not at all unlike the Irish system of education,—a system which, I believe, has entirely failed in Ireland, and which, I am sure, would not answer in this country. The minute authorizes the use of the Douay version, the Unitarian and the Anabaptist versions, of the Scriptures. The people of this country have a right to know, distinctly, from authority, whether a tax is to be laid on them for the purpose of educating them in Popery and Unitarianism. Nor will the system be harmless with respect to the Established church, for the clergy are excluded from all control in the matter.”

On idolatry in India, the Duke uttered a most painful opinion, indicating how much his sense of mere political expediency could override his notion of the moral forces of Christianity. He said,—“I beg Your Lordships to recollect that, with the exception of about twenty thousand of Her Majesty's troops, and with the exception of the civil servants of the Government, and the few European residents in the country, there is not a man in India who is not an idolater to manage and to regulate the affairs of that most extensive and important empire. I would entreat Your Lordships never to lose sight of that fact. I know, too, from experience—for I have seen the missionaries at work—the little progress which they make; and I know, at the same time, that their labours create a good deal of jealousy. I warn the Government not to go too far in their measures against the idolatry of India; for the Indian empire is one of great importance, and they must not expect to convert one hundred millions of idolaters to our holy religion by the small means at their disposal.”

To the bill for the suppression of the Portuguese slave-trade, the Duke made such strenuous opposition as to enter protests against it as it passed through the house; but he opposed it on account, not of its object, but of its means,—because, as he thought, it interfered unconstitutionally with the Executive, impinged on treaties, violated international rights, and imperilled the good understanding,

perhaps the peace, of Europe; and, lest the animus of his opposition should be misapprehended, he said,—“I will not make any professions of my own anxiety to put down the slave-trade. I have passed a long life—I trust with honour—in the service of Her Majesty’s predecessors. I served Her Majesty’s predecessors in diplomatic situations and in their councils, as well as in arms, and I believe people cannot accuse me of saying one thing and meaning another; but thus much I will say, that on this subject of the slave-trade, there is no person, excepting one illustrious individual under whose directions I have acted, and whose loss, whose melancholy loss, I have never ceased to deplore—with the exception of that one individual, there is no person now living, or who is lost to the public service, who has written more than, or negotiated with one-tenth of the zeal that I myself have done on this very subject, with which I am now told I am not conversant!”

The Duke’s statements on the riots at Birmingham exhibit a curious medley of his indignation at outrage, his rhetorical inexactness, and his high sense of personal honour. The amount of devastation done in the riots was very trivial in comparison to that done at the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and at the capture of Badajoz; but the wantonness of it, the malice displayed in it, and the sweeping range of it in individual cases, were much greater. Now, said the Duke, on the 16th of July,—“What is it that has happened at Birmingham? It is not merely that two houses have been burned, but others have been plundered, and not merely plundered, but gutted. The whole of the property was taken out of those houses, placed in the streets, and there set fire to. This, my Lords, is an outrage such as never happened, to my knowledge, in any siege that I have been present at. It is scandalous and horrible to think that such scenes should occur in a town like Birmingham, and that there should be signs of similar dangers in the north of England, while the Government take no notice of them, and adopt no measure to preserve the public peace.”

And six days later, he said,—“I have been misrepresented in another place, and out of doors, in reference to what I stated here last week. I have been accused of exaggeration. That may be a parliamentary phrase; I will not presume to decide that it is an unparliamentary term; but I believe that it is a term not much used among gentlemen. It has been employed, however, in a privileged place that must be nameless; and I shall advert to it no further than to notice the conclusions which may be drawn from the use of such a term in reference to what I did say. I compared the transactions at Birmingham with certain other transactions, of which certainly I had more knowledge than most other noble lords in this house,—matters upon which I had a certain and positive knowledge; and I said—and I firmly believe that it was correct, and that; in making the comparison, I did not in the least degree depart from the truth—

that the peaceable inhabitants of the town of Birmingham were worse treated, upon that occasion, than the inhabitants of any town I had ever known or seen taken by assault. This is what I asserted; and it is the fact, according to my opinion. I will tell Your Lordships why it is the fact. In the first place, the town was plundered, the houses were plundered; secondly, four houses were stripped and set on fire; and, thirdly, the houses were gutted. This is a term which, perhaps, many of Your Lordships do not understand; but I explained what I meant by it on the first occasion I used it. The furniture was taken out of the house by the mob, and placed in the middle of the street, and there destroyed by fire; and then the burning embers were carried into the houses, or thrust under the doors, in order to complete the work of destruction. These are the facts upon which I grounded the comparison I made; and I will now state and affirm again, that I have never known a town taken by storm, (and I have seen a town taken by storm,) so treated as the accounts from Birmingham allege that that town has been treated. So much, then, for my exaggeration. Exaggeration! Yes, this is the term which has been applied to my statement. I am the person charged with exaggeration for having made that comparison!"

In August, 1839, a grand banquet was given at Dover, by the Cinque Ports, in honour of the Duke of Wellington as their lord warden. It took place in a handsome pavilion, erected for the occasion, at the cost of nearly £1,200. The area occupied by the entire pavilion was 20,420 feet; and that of the banquetting-room 15,600. Ladies filled the gallery; and nearly two thousand gentlemen, of all political parties, many of them from a distance, and some from foreign lands, sat down to dinner. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, all persons present, but especially the speakers, seeming to burn with rivalry who should do the British hero the greatest honour. Lord Brougham was intrusted with the leading toast, and, in speaking to it, said,—“What have I to do? If I had all the eloquence of all the tongues ever attuned to speak, what can I do? How could a thousand words, or all the names that could be named, speak so powerfully, ay, even if I spoke with the tongue of an angel, as if I were to mention one word, Sir Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, the hero of a hundred fields, in all of which his banner has waved in triumph, who never—I invoke both hemispheres to witness—bear witness Europe, bear witness Asia—who never advanced but to cover his arms with glory; the captain who never advanced but to be victorious,—the mightier captain who never retreated but to eclipse the glory of his advance by the yet harder task of unwearied patience, indomitable to lassitude, the inexhaustible resources of transcendent skill, showing the wonders, the marvels of a moral courage never yet subdued. Despising all that thwarted him with ill-considered advice—neglecting all hostility, so he knew it to be groundless—laughing to scorn reviling enemies, jealous competitors, lukewarm friends—ay, hardest of all to neglect despising even a fickle public,

he cast his eye forwards, as a man might, to a time when that momentary fickleness of the people would pass away—knowing that in the end the people are always just to merit.” The Duke’s reply, as on many former occasions of high homage done to him, overlooked all the panegyric, and selected only such points of compliment as he could pay back with interest to his entertainers.

On the 20th of November, in the same year, the Duke, while residing at Walmer Castle, was taken suddenly ill. He had, for some days before, as a remedy for some slight misgiving of health, treated himself with low diet and cold bathing; and, on this day, inconsiderate of his weakened strength, and almost in a state of inanition, he had taken his old exercise, ardently and severely, in the chase. The consequence was that, on coming home, he first fainted, and then passed into epilepsy. He had presumed too much on the tried vigour of his years of campaigning; and was now to learn that even his iron constitution must rust and sink under the corrosive action of old age. Sir Astley Cooper and Dr. Hume were soon in attendance on him, and remained with him for a week. The first news of his illness made a great sensation throughout the country. It was conveyed in terms which suggested little hope of a recovery; and it made many hearts sad, even in breasts which had felt no kindly emotion toward the Duke for years. But speedily better news followed; and at the end of a week, the illustrious sufferer was once more out of doors, and away to London to attend a meeting of privy council. “If the Duke had valued popularity, this attack of illness would have gratified him exceedingly from the test it supplied of the esteem in which he was now generally held. Upon his return to town, his appearance was greeted with marked expressions of congratulation, not merely by his friends and political opponents, but by the crowds assembled round the gates of the palace.”

The Duke’s motive in hastening from his sick-bed to London was to contribute his sympathy and care to the preliminaries to the Queen’s marriage. Her Majesty announced to that meeting of the privy council in the end of November, and again to parliament in the following January, her intention to espouse Prince Albert. No one rejoiced more in that desired event than the Duke of Wellington. He acted to the Queen, in reference to it, almost as a father to a daughter. But, not being then in Her Majesty’s cabinet, and believing that her ministers were inclined to give undue heed to the Roman Catholic influence in the state, he felt, and took occasion to show, a strong jealousy for Protestant interests. Hence, on the announcement of the intended marriage being made to parliament, without any accompanying statement that Prince Albert was a Protestant, the Duke, in the course of a long speech, said,—“My Lords, it appears to me that the opinion of this house ought not to be a mere congratulation. I conceive that the public have a right to know something beyond the mere name of the Prince whom Her Majesty is about to espouse. My Lords, I had

the honour of being summoned to attend Her Majesty in privy council, when Her Majesty in council was graciously pleased to declare her intention of becoming the espoused of this Prince. I observed that the precedent of the reign of George III. was followed in all respects except one, and that was the declaration that this Prince was a Protestant. My Lords, I for one entertain no doubt that the Prince is a Protestant. I believe he is a Protestant. I know he is of a Protestant family. I have the honour of being known to some members of that family, and I am sure that it is a Protestant family. But, my Lords, this is a Protestant state, and it is absolutely necessary, by law, that the person who shall become the spouse of the Queen be a Protestant; and, if the precedent of George III. has been taken in part, it ought to have been followed throughout; and then the public would have had the satisfaction of knowing that the fact of the Prince being a Protestant had been officially declared by Her Majesty's government." The Duke, accordingly, moved an amendment, which was carried, that, before the word "Prince," in the address to the Crown, the word "Protestant" be inserted.

At the celebration of the royal marriage in the following month, the Duke was present; and no onlooker was more cordial than he, no one more honouring to the ceremony, no one more honoured by all other onlookers. His presence, indeed, in some degree lessened the proper interest of the scene by dividing it with himself; for he bore certain marks of manly decay which not all the excitement of that high ceremony could induce even the courtliest spectators to overlook. The newspapers of the period say,—“The Duke, who looked infirm, and did not move with his usual alacrity, was the only individual whom the spectators stood up to honour and to cheer. He bowed calmly in reply, but seemed sinking under the weight of honours and of years.”

In the parliamentary session of 1840, the Duke spoke on socialism, on the opium trade and the war with China, on the state of the British navy, on the affirmation bill, on the ecclesiastical courts bill, on ecclesiastical revenues and church extension, on the thanks of parliament to the army of the Indus, on the poor-law guardians of Ireland, on the municipal corporations of Ireland, on the government of Canada, on the clergy reserves in Canada, on making a provision for the support of honours conferred on Lord Seaton for services done in Canada, and on the amenability of individuals to private prosecution for printing and publishing the privileged discussions and papers of parliament. Socialism he pronounced to be so blasphemous, so anarchical, so imperilling to all the interests of society, that it ought to be resisted by the local magistrate and formally discountenanced by the central executive. The principle of the opium trade he strongly condemned; but the practice of it he believed to lie entirely beyond the legitimate interference of the British government. The intrinsic condition of the British navy, as to men and officers, or as to discipline, duty,

zeal, and courage, he pronounced to be at all times eminently good,—a very model for every other department of the public service; and the strength of it, in ships and equipments, he contended to have been always kept equal to every demand up to the close of his own premiership, but to have been so far neglected thenceforward, or at least after the Canadian insurrection, as to be allowed to fall into serious inefficiency. And on the army of the Indus, the services of Lord Seaton, and the publication of parliamentary papers, he said some things which we must quote in form.

The army of the Indus was the army which invaded Affghanistan in the spring of 1839—captured Candahar, took Ghuznee by storm, and entered Cabul in triumph. It suddenly overthrew the power of the Affghan sovereign, Dost Mahommed, who was believed to have been intriguing with Russia against the interests of Britain; and it placed upon his throne, an exiled king, Shah Soojah, who had for some years been a refugee in the British territory. But it attempted also to hold the country, after conquering it, for Shah Soojah; and, either being too weak for that service, or at least being completely outgeneralled, it suffered in 1841 one of the most horrible reprisals which ever befell a British force,—nothing less than first an overpowering surprise by insurrection, and next a general massacre while in retreat. Three prominent questions rose respecting it before the British public,—the policy of its invading Affghanistan, the military character of the invasion, and the military prudence, as well as policy, of the attempt to hold the country. In 1840, indeed, only the first question and the second were as yet in view. But, in the far-foreseeing mind of the Duke of Wellington, these already linked themselves to the elements of the third; while, even by themselves, they were intensely interesting to him, not only in common with all the intelligent public men in Britain, nor only because he was himself a great politician and a great warrior, but because he had not been in the slightest degree officially consulted respecting the invasion, though he had indirectly furnished all the main training for it by often leading to victory a large part, and the best part, of both the officers and the troops of the invading army.

The Duke's characteristic generosity soared high on this occasion. He condemned the policy of the invasion; yet, in his speech in parliament, he entreated that all thought of it might be postponed,—that, for the present, undivided attention might be fixed upon the military performance. He likewise eulogised in high terms the military arrangements for the invasion,—declaring “he had never known an occasion on which the duty of a government was performed on a larger scale, on which a more adequate provision was made for all contingencies that could occur, and for all the various events which did in fact occur during the campaign.” And with respect to the field operations, he said,—“My Lords, I am well acquainted with the officers who have directed and performed these services; and I must say that there are no men in the service who deserve a

higher degree of approbation for the manner in which, on all occasions, they have discharged their duty ; and that, in no instance, that I have ever heard of, have such services been performed in a manner better calculated to deserve and secure the approbation of Your Lordships and of the country."

Afterwards, too—when news came that the invading army was beginning to find itself in a critical position,—when Mr. Macnaghton, the British envoy at Caubul, penned an earnest proposal that native Affghan forces, armed in their own peculiar way, should be employed to protect its flanks and hold its outposts, —and when the ministers at home felt compelled to solicit the Duke of Wellington's opinion, as to whether and how it should be retained in Affghanistan as an army of occupation—our great hero instantly overlooked all the discourtesies recently done to him, and gave his advice as fully and zealously as though he had ever continued to be the idol-captain of all statesmen, the all-admired of all admirers,—at the same time evincing a fire of heroism, a confidence in British valour, and a scorn of all hostilities, the same as if he were still retreating on Busaco or advancing on the Pyrenees.

"Mr. Macnaghton," said he, "has discovered that the Company's troops are not sufficiently active personally, nor are they sufficiently well armed for the war in Affghanistan. Very possibly an Affghan will run over his native hills faster than an Englishman or a Hindoo. But we have carried on war in hill countries, as well in Hindostan and the Deccan as in the Spanish Peninsula; and I never heard that our troops were not equal, as well in personal activity as by their arms, to contend with and overcome any natives of hills whatever. Mr. Macnaghton ought to have learned by this time that hill countries are not conquered, and their inhabitants kept in subjection, solely by running up the hills and firing at long distances. The whole of a hill country of which it is necessary to keep possession, particularly for the communication of the army, should be occupied by sufficient bodies of troops, well supplied, and capable of maintaining themselves; and not only not a Ghilzye, or insurgent, should be able to run up and down hills, but not a cat or a goat except under the fire of those occupying the hills. This is the mode of carrying on the war, and not by hiring Affghans, with long matchlocks to protect and defend the communications of the British army. Shah Soojah Khan may have in his service any troops that he and Mr. Macnaghton please; but if the troops of the East India Company are not able, armed and equipped as they are, to perform the service required of them in Central Asia, I protest against their being left in Affghanistan. It will not do to raise, pay, and discipline matchlock-men, in order to protect the British troops and their communications discovered by Mr. Macnaghton to be no longer able to protect themselves."

The Duke's remarks on the officers of the army of the Indus were worthily followed, seven weeks afterwards, by similar remarks, in a still higher strain, on

Sir John Colborne, who had just been elevated to the peerage under the title of Lord Seaton. Colborne was one of the greatest British heroes of the great European war. He served first in Holland in 1791; then successively in Egypt, at Maida, and at Corunna; then throughout the greater part of Wellington's Peninsular campaigns, first in the second division, and afterwards in the light division; and then he served conspicuously in the Belgian campaign, both in its preliminary dispositions, and especially in some of the chief feats of the field of Waterloo. Afterwards he became successively Lieutenant-governor of Guernsey, Lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, Commander of the forces in all Canada, and Governor-general of Canada,—walking into the last of these offices just at the time the Canadian rebellion broke out; and he acted there so wisely and energetically as to win the entire approbation of the Queen's government, together with the reward of a peerage. Now, said the Duke of Wellington, in support of a motion recommendatory of a provision to maintain his dignity,—“My Lords, I will only say that I had the honour of being connected with the noble and gallant lord in service at an early period of his life; and I must declare that, at all times and under all circumstances, he gave that promise of prudence, zeal, devotion and ability which he has so nobly fulfilled in his services to his sovereign and his country during the recent proceedings in Canada. I agree with the noble Viscount (Melbourne) in wishing that such examples as that which has been shown by the noble lord may be always followed in Her Majesty's service; for I must say that there never was a brighter example of fortitude and discretion than that which has been manifested by the noble and gallant lord.”

The high heroism of the Duke of Wellington, as we have often seen in the course of our narrative, was always tempered with earnest desire for international peace,—sometimes so much so as to render him either an enigma or a scorn to enemies who were ignorant of his true character; and on a prominent occasion, in this parliamentary session of 1840, he allowed the latter feeling to acquire a strength, or at least to express itself in language, utterly incompatible with due regard to the national liberties. A collision having occurred between the House of Commons and the Courts of Law respecting the publication of libellous parliamentary papers, and a bill having passed the House of Commons enabling parliament to give summary protection to persons employed in the publication of its proceedings, the Duke of Wellington, on that bill being introduced to the House of Lords, said,—“I ask Your Lordships whether, supposing, in the course of the late Polish revolution, the libels—some of which we have seen printed in this country, and others of which we have heard spoken in parliament—reviling, in the strongest terms, the sovereign of Russia, had been stated in the petitions or in the proceedings of the House of Commons, and had been printed, published, and sold by its authority,—I ask Your Lordships whether such a

proceeding would not have been calculated to disturb the peace of this country and of the world at large? In short, I ask Your Lordships whether it is desirable that there should be an opportunity of publishing and selling on the part of the two houses of parliament, libels against the sovereigns of all foreign countries in Europe? My Lords, I am one of those who consider that the greatest political interest of this country is to remain at peace and amity with all the nations of the world. I am for avoiding even the cause of war, and of giving offence to any one, and of seeking a quarrel, either by abuse or by that description of language which is found in these libels. I am against insulting the feelings of any sovereign, at whom individuals may have taken offence, and against whom they may seek to publish libels under the sanction of parliament. Let them state what they please in their private capacity, and let them be answerable for it individually. What I want is, that parliament should not, by the combined privilege of publication and sale, run the risk of involving the country in the consequences of a discussion on such subjects, and in all the mischiefs and inconveniences which might arise from it."

In the parliamentary session of 1841, the Duke spoke on the address to the Crown, on the seminary of St. Sulpice in Montreal, on the efficiency of the national peace establishments, on the poor-laws of Ireland, on the corn-laws, and on a proposed vote of thanks to the Mediterranean fleet for its operations on the coast of Syria. But the parliament dissolved on the 23d of June. The influence of the Wellingtonian school of policy, under its new name of conservatism, was now to strike a pitched battle for renewed ascendancy in the councils of the empire. The reaction from the reform crisis had continued strong and steady till the names of Wellington and Peel, simply on political grounds, were believed to have become fully as popular as the names of Melbourne and Russell. The general election, therefore, was everywhere an avowed struggle for the continuance or the overthrow of the Melbourne administration; and it terminated in an aggregate majority of 76 in favour of the conservatives. The new parliament met on the 19th of August. A vote of want of confidence in the ministers—to which the Duke of Wellington contributed a long, elaborate, and powerful speech—passed, a few nights afterwards, first the House of Lords, and next the House of Commons. The Queen's household no longer stood in the way of a change, but held themselves ready to resign. The ministers went out on the 30th of August, making a clean sweep of all the whig machinery of government; and a new ministry, with Sir Robert Peel at its head, and with the Duke of Wellington as a cabinet-member, but without office, was inducted on the 3d of September.

The Duke's presence in the new cabinet was of immense value to its working strength. The conservative ascendancy, without his special aid, might have proved too feeble to resist the shock of accident or the thwarting of opposition;

but, with his aid, was found to be perfectly efficient. He now possessed much more political influence, not of a party kind indeed, but diffusive, paramount, and operative, than he had done even in the early months of his own premiership. His steady return to popularity, during all the period of the reaction from the reform crisis, had been a return, not only to general admiration of his martial achievements, but to extensive confidence in him as an honest statesman, and particularly as a patriotic, upright, sagacious adviser of the Crown. His business habits in the House of Lords, too, his regular attendance, his patient attention, his uniform seriousness, his habitual thoughtfulness, and the comprehensive interest he took in all great questions, together with the commanding effect of his general character, had gradually raised him to be substantially the keeper of the conscience of many of his compeers. He was known at times to hold no fewer than sixty proxies; and often had he as many votes in his pocket as could turn the scale of any critical division. The Duke, in fact, had now become in his own person, and continued henceforward to be till the day of his death, a sort of distinct estate among the powers of the empire. Whoever was in power, "the Duke led the peers;" and whatever new great topic arose for national discussion, the first thing said respecting it by myriads upon myriads, was, "What does the Duke say? what does the Duke think of it?"

Our great hero, then, it may be inferred, did not, in his place in Sir Robert Peel's cabinet, act properly as a partizan, still less in any factious manner, but comprehensively, with direct reference to the general interests of the community. He, of course, gave free play to his own opinions, and therefore served a conservative cabinet in a style of efficiency in which he could not serve any other; but, long before this time and on to his death, he was really above all cabinet partizanships, and ever showed a readiness to serve every administration, within the limits of his conscience, to the utmost of his power. Hence did Lord John Russell say, in a speech at Stirling, six days after the Duke's death,—“There were few persons, perhaps there were none ~~except~~ Lord Melbourne and myself, who could bear this testimony, that, however the Duke might differ in political sentiments from the persons who held the chief offices in the political service of the state, he was as willing, as ready, as forward in giving every assistance to them which he thought was for the benefit of the country as he would have been to the dearest of his political friends.”

The following statement of the *Times*' Memoir of Wellington, therefore, is no less correct in fact than vigorous in expression:—"Even when not professionally a member of government, the Duke's aid was understood to be always available for ministerial councils. In this capacity, he was by no means illiberally disposed. He had seen too many parties broken up, and had taken too great a share in the work himself, to be bigotedly attached to party distinctions; and the course of events towards the close of his career, tended still more com-

pletely to obliterate those political landmarks which had existed at the beginning. The Duke, therefore, though a conservative by descent and tradition, was no violent antagonist of the whigs. He knew that the 'Queen's government must be carried on;' and this government could be carried on much more smoothly with his cooperation than under the disapproval, however tacit, of so distinguished a subject. So he did the best in his power for all, discharging his duties with nearly the same cordiality whether a whig or a tory premier were at the helm, and regarding the general efficacy of the state machinery as a more important consideration than the traditions of the party in power. If he was not one of 'Her Majesty's advisers' by office, he was incontestably so in fact: for no character of history was ever summoned more frequently to give counsel to royalty in straits. Whether the embarrassment was a sudden resignation of the ministry, or an imperfect conception of an administration, or a bedchamber plot, or a dead lock, it was invariably the Duke who was called in,—sometimes as a man who could do and say to others of all ranks and parties what could be said and done by no other person living, sometimes as an arbiter in whose decision all disputants would concur, sometimes as a pure political fetish to get the state out of trouble, nobody could tell how.'

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PEEL CABINET'S POLICY—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S SPEECHES IN 1842—1846—HIS RESUMPTION OF THE COMMAND IN CHIEF—HIS TREATMENT OF THE REPEAL AGITATION—STATUES OF HIM IN LONDON AND IN SCOTLAND—THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO HIM AT STRATHFIELD SAYE—HIS CONNEXION WITH THE REPEAL OF THE CORN-LAWS—THE FALL OF THE PEEL ADMINISTRATION.

THE Peel administration of 1841, like the Wellington administration of 1828, came into power under "a pressure from without." A great anti-corn-law league had recently been formed to work against the tax on bread in the same way that the Catholic association had worked against the Roman Catholic disabilities. This apparatus of pressure, indeed, had not yet acquired either the momentum or the prestige which so long distinguished the Catholic association; but it bore marked appearance of possessing greater intrinsic strength, and of being worked by much abler hands. The new administration, in spite of being regarded by the farmers and the landowners as politically pledged against it, saw cause to consider well its probable movements, and to anticipate these in a spirit of conciliation. They introduced, very early in the session of 1842, a new-corn bill, remedying some of the evils of the old law, and rendering it less objectionable to the commercial interests, though still retaining the principle of a sliding-scale; and Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, in formal speeches, in their respective places in parliament, made no obscure intimation that they had been excogitating anew the whole subject of the corn-trade, and were quite ready to see their way, if light could be thrown upon it, toward some great concession.

The new administration entered power also under a great pressure from within. The national finances had all gone wrong, were grievously in arrear and in confusion, and presented the most clamant demand for thorough revision. The premier and his chancellor of the exchequer, backed by the whole cabinet, overhauled and rearranged them with as bold a hand as ever financier put forth. Two things were done, each remarkable enough in itself, but peculiarly so as coming from such a cabinet, and the two in direct mutual antagonism in their claims upon the acquiescence of the commercial interests,—first, a new tariff so eminently conducive to free trade that even Mr. Huskisson would never have dreamed of it,—and second, the reimposition of the most odious tax of the times of the war, the very distinctive tax of these times, the property and income tax. The Duke of Wellington said in reference to the latter:—

"My Lords, I can answer for myself, and I believe I can also answer for my colleagues, that nothing but necessity could have induced us to propose such a tax. We are perfectly aware of all the inconveniences that must result from it; we are perfectly aware of the odious powers with which the commissioners must be trusted; and we can reconcile it to ourselves only by the necessity of the case. We have been now for several years engaged in operations involving great expense in all parts of the world. I will not say, my Lords, that we have been at war; but I believe we have been at something as like war, if it be not war, as anything could well be. I have had lately opportunities of giving my consideration to the measures which have been carried into execution during the last few years, and I certainly did consider these as measures of war. They have entailed upon the country the expenses of war; and we are now called upon to discharge the bill. We have had a deficiency for various years, amounting to £10,000,000 sterling. There is a deficiency of £2,500,000 on this year; and I believe that, if the accounts were examined very closely, the amount would be even more. But that amount is necessary to enable us to perform the public service. We are exactly in the situation of persons who have incurred a great debt, and who are called upon to pay the bill. I hope we shall pay the bill, and that we shall restore the country to a satisfactory state and to prosperity. I say again, my Lords, that nothing but a strong sense of the necessity of the case, and that there was no other course which we could take to produce such a revenue as would enable us to meet the difficulties of the country, or to do what is necessary for its prosperity, would have induced us to propose such a measure, and it will not last one moment longer than it shall be absolutely necessary."

In the session of 1842, the Duke of Wellington spoke on only four other subjects, the poor-law chaplains of Ireland, outrages in Ireland, commercial distress in Britain, and the amendment of the poor-law. His Grace, though cheerfully yielding his utmost available strength to the urgent political demands of the period, was compelled to give a large part of his attention to other affairs. His eldest brother, Marquis Wellesley, to whom he had owed so much, died at this time, entailing upon him not only the mournful duties of the public obsequies, but likewise some painful duties of the private circle. His old companion in arms, the most loved of his generals, Lord Hill, also in this year, first retired from public life and then died, leaving to him the resumption of the command-in-chief of the British forces, in circumstances of at once delicacy, bustle, and sorrow. That command had been conducted by Lord Hill so vigilantly, so energetically, so wisely, and with such deep general satisfaction to all classes whom it affected, that it was virtually given back to our hero under a challenge to do his very best in it thenceforth, or suffer detriment to his fame. And, to say nothing of his personal grief for the loss of Hill, his personal infirmities of

old age, and the numerous official perplexities of his position, there was, at that moment, a peculiar pressure on the Horse-Guards, arising out of the state of things in the East, which rendered the resumption of the command-in-chief, if not really a critical matter for his fame, at least a considerable tax upon his powers.

Early in the session of 1843, the Duke saw cause to ask a vote of thanks to the forces, military and marine, which had been employed in the war with China; and he gave a summary statement of their operations in the rough, comprehensive, telling style in which he had been used, amid the debris of the battle-field, to write the official accounts of his own victories. We regret, however, that we can afford space for only the peroration of the statement. "My Lords," said he, "considering the energy, ability, prudence, and fortitude with which those operations were carried on, their uniform success, and the honour which resulted to Her Majesty's army, the advantages which must accrue to the country from this early peace, and the probably greater advantage which must result from our future commercial intercourse being placed on a better footing with this great empire, I do hope Your Lordships will agree unanimously to the vote of thanks I mean to submit to you. My Lords, I have the satisfaction of being able to add to this statement, that I have every reason to believe that those engaged in the service displayed uncommon proofs of discipline and good order,—I mean, of course, both fleet and army. I have read several accounts of the sobriety which they observed, avoiding that great temptation in war, the use of spirituous liquors; and I have heard and read with great satisfaction, that they treated their enemies on all occasions with the utmost humanity, so much so, that I understand the feeling in China was—'These barbarians,' as they called us, 'are our best friends, and we cannot look upon them as our enemies.'"

Six days later, the Duke saw cause also to move a vote of thanks to the army of the Affghan war. His statement then was better than even the previous one, forming a fine chapter in military history, but would require to be read in connexion with much political matter in order to be appreciated, and is far too long to be transferable to our pages. The army to which he referred was not the army which had been overpowered by the Affghans, but another which went to avenge it, and which, in a remarkably brief period, inflicted fearful chastisement on the Affghans, completely reconquered their country, and created far and wide an aching terror of the British name. But the whole affair of British interference with Affghanistan was felt to be a sheer error, of great magnitude, seriously endangering that prestige of power by which the Anglo-Indian empire was held together. Lord Ellenborough, the new governor-general of India, therefore, aimed simply to retrieve the error, first by a demonstration of Britain's military prowess, and next by a display of her political generosity. The former was done in the sudden, sweeping, awe-inspiring

reconquest of Afghanistan; and the latter he did partly by ordering the instant evacuation of that country, with the effect of unconditionally restoring its independence, and partly by addressing public documents to the princes and peoples of India, complimentary to their feelings, and sanctionary to their usages.

These documents made a great sensation in Britain. Multitudes of persons viewed them as countenancing idolatry; multitudes of others regarded them as at least foolish or impolitic; and the former treated them with indignation,—the latter, with contempt. A resolution condemnatory of them was moved in the House of Lords, only seventeen days after the vote of thanks to the Afghan army; and the Duke of Wellington, in resistance to this, delivered a long speech which made as near an approach to special pleading as any speech from so upright a man could well do, at the same time doing earnest official devoir in running to the rescue of the governor-general, but quite failing to effect a satisfactory vindication. Nearly the best thing in the speech was a brief incidental statement founded on his own experience in India. “My Lords,” said he, “I know something of the Anglo-Indian army. I have served in its ranks, and I know pretty well what its feelings are; and though there are different castes and religions composing it, the discipline of that army, and the military spirit by which it is actuated, totally do away with all such distinctions. You will never hear in India of any difference of caste or religion in that army, any more than you would in the ranks of the British army.”

In this session of 1843, the Duke spoke also on the national finances, on the poor-law of England, on the poor-law of Ireland, on the duties on cotton and wool, on illicit distillation in Ireland, on party-processions in Ireland, on the archdeaconry of Armagh, on the Established Church of Scotland, on the proposed union of the sees of St. Asaph and Bangor, on the death of the Duke of Sussex, on the family of the Duke of Sussex, and on the marriage of the Princess Augusta of Cambridge. But above all, and frequently, he spoke on matters connected with the repeal agitation in Ireland. This was, at present, the chief difficulty of Government: it was a difficulty of enormous weight; and, being largely of a military kind, it necessarily rested, in a large degree, on the Duke of Wellington. Vast assemblages, technically called monster meetings, were held in all the Irish provinces; immense numbers of the Irish peasantry, in all parts of the country, seemed to be in a state of exact military organization; and appearances were everywhere rife and strong of an early general rebellion, in sufficient strength to menace a revolution. Nothing but a grandly strategical distribution of the military force, in a manner precisely similar to that of a conquering subjugation of an unwilling people, was competent, for several months, to maintain the public peace; and the effecting of this, amid the subtle movements of such mighty masses of population—especially the effecting of it in methods consistent with the continued free play of a purely civil administration

—was a work well suited to the skill and the experience of Britain's greatest hero. He did it, indeed, in 'his' own high style, without any apparent straining of effort, and in perfect efficiency,—insomuch that the repeal leaders shrunk from a collision, submitted quietly to arrest and trial, and afterwards lowered their tone, and utterly stultified their cause; yet how hard a work he really felt it, may be learned from his own account of the repeal meetings, in one of his speeches in the House of Lords, three months before the agitation reached its crisis.

"My Lords," said he, "it has been stated that these meetings are not illegal. I certainly do not consider myself competent to decide whether they are or are not illegal. This I know that they consist of very large numbers, whether of ten thousand or an hundred thousand I am sure I cannot tell, and I do not believe any man can tell to a certainty. They are assembled in very large numbers, regularly organised, marching under the lead of persons on horseback, with bands and banners, in regular military array. After having attended these meetings, those persons present are dispersed by word of command, without trouble or violence or breach of the peace, and march back perhaps twenty or thirty miles. No violence is committed; yet, my Lords, to those who had to contemplate these meetings, to consider what might be their consequences, to consider the power exhibited in calling them together, and the discipline observed in carrying the whole plan into execution, as well as the power of those who exercised that discipline, I say it became the duty of the Government, to take precautions, to consider of the situation of the country, to observe what passed at the different meetings, to read the speeches delivered, to get an account of the threats held out, such as 'Repeal or Blood,' with inscriptions of that kind upon the flags, and to be prepared for the worst that might happen. My Lords, I have had some experience, in the course of a long life which I have passed in the service of the sovereigns of this country, of such revolutions. A distinguished writer has written regarding the French Revolution, 'On conspire sur la place.' There is no secret in these transactions; and the reason why there is no secret is this, that the great means of operation are deception of their followers, and terror in respect to their adversaries. Accordingly, we hear a learned gentleman exclaiming to his audience, 'Napoleon had not in Russia such an army as this; the Duke of Wellington had not such a one at Waterloo.' Very possibly not, my Lords. Bear in mind, too, what he said in respect to the augmentation of his numbers, and the means of assembling those persons. He said, upon one occasion, that by the post of one night, he could collect the whole of this force in any part of the country; and it is perfectly true—I have not a doubt of the fact. What is the consequence? Why, my Lords, I say that I believe that it is the duty of the Government to be prepared, as I hope the Government has become prepared, in all parts of the country, to protect the

persons of the inhabitants, to protect property as far as possible, and to do every thing in their power, to maintain the dominion of Her Majesty and this country in Ireland."

Early in 1844, the Duke broke down, under the combined weight of his heavy duties and his old age. On the afternoon of the 14th of February, on returning from a leisurely ride, just as he reached his own door in London, he fell forward on the neck of his horse; and being instantly assisted by some gentlemen who were passing, was conveyed in their arms, into Apsley-house, in a state of insensibility. The attack was similar to that of 1839. He soon rallied, however—insomuch as, within eighteen days, to be again speaking in the House of Lords. And in the course of that session of 1844, he spoke on the army of Scinde, on the recall of Lord Ellenborough from India, on the college of Maynooth, on national education in Ireland, on the Established Church of Ireland, on the proposed union of the Sees of St. Asaph and Bangor, on the state of the navy, and on the poor-law bill.

His speech on the army of Scinde was his master-piece of the session. The operations of that army, under the command of Sir Charles Napier, began in some provocation arising out of the affair of the Affghans, and terminated in the subjugation of the whole principality of Scinde; and though in point of policy little more justifiable than the invasion of Affghanistan, they made a display of military brilliance, particularly in the two victories of Meeanee and Hyderabad, which had never been excelled in India or in the world, not even by our own great hero's exploits in his war with the Mahrattas. Now said Wellington, in that nobleness of spirit which never felt one twinge of jealousy at the achievements of a rival, but which ever burst into a blaze of admiration at any deeds, of any actor, on any theatre, which really seemed to be deserving of renown—said he,—

"My Lords, I must say that, after giving the fullest consideration to these operations, I have never known any instance of an officer who has shown, in a higher degree, that he possessed all the qualities and qualifications to enable him to conduct great operations. Sir Charles Napier has maintained the utmost discretion and prudence in the formation of his plans, the utmost activity in all the preparations to ensure his success, and, finally, the utmost zeal and gallantry and science in carrying them into execution. My Lords, the feat of Emaan Ghor was one of the most glorious feats of which I have ever perused the despatches; and it was completely successful. The march was commenced at the very beginning of the hot season, with heavy guns, with heavy artillery, which were transported in a most extraordinary manner, and which enabled him to take possession of the place, and deprive his enemy of that retreat, in case they should ever again attempt to get possession of it. After his return from the operations he had effected, he collected all the troops which he had immediately

at his command, and made all the preparations which he could make for the future events which might occur, and which might render it necessary for him to engage the enemy. My Lords, it proved that he had collected but few troops; but, however, he had confidence in them and himself, and they felt confidence in him, and he made a most extraordinary attack, which completely succeeded, and gained a complete victory, having obtained possession of all the enemy's guns, their ammunition, and their baggage. Having gained one victory, he again found himself in a position likely to be attacked by a greatly superior force. He secured for himself not only the fortress of Hyderabad, but also a fortress on the Indus behind him. He then brought up the reinforcements from Sukkur, and he had a stronger army than that with which he fought and won the battle of Meeanee. My Lords, I must do him the justice to say that the movements to effect a junction with his reinforcements manifested all the discretion and all the abilities of an officer to be intrusted with the highest description of operations. When he was joined by his reinforcements, he immediately advanced on the enemy; and he attacked them, and the result was another most brilliant victory, —an action in which he displayed all the qualities of an excellent general-officer, and showed to the troops under his command all the qualities of the bravest soldier." 4

Two equestrian statues of the Duke of Wellington were inaugurated in 1844, —the one in London, on the anniversary of Waterloo, and the other in Glasgow, on the 8th of October. The London statue stands in front of the Royal Exchange, in the midst of an open space left by the removal of Bank-buildings, and can easily be viewed on every side. The pedestal is of granite, 14 feet high; and the statue itself, from the feet of the horse to the top of the Duke's head, is also 14 feet high. The entire erection is handsome. The horse is in attitude of rest, yet with strong expression, and, though not faultless, is a noble figure. The Duke is admirably portrayed, and sits in an easy posture without stirrups, but wears a rather ambiguous costume, neither quite antique nor quite modern. The main cost of the statue was £9,000, raised by subscription; but this did not include the metal, which was valued at £1,500, and was contributed by the Government in guns taken from the French in the Duke's campaigns. Sir Francis Chantrey designed the statue, but lived to do little more than form the model; and Mr. Weeks, his assistant, finished the work. The inauguration ceremony was graced with the presence of all the civic authorities and of the King of Saxony; and the chief speaker on the occasion descanted on the services which the illustrious Duke had rendered to the City of London, and mentioned, as a fact worth noting, that this was the first equestrian bronze statue which had ever been erected during the life of the person represented.

The Glasgow statue stands also at the resort of merchants, in a central part of the city, in the midst of splendid masses of architecture, with full exposure in

front and on the two sides. The pedestal is of granite, about 8 feet high, with large bronze pannels on its four sides containing beautiful elaborate alto-relievos, two of them representing the Duke's victories of Assye and Waterloo, and the other two representing a private soldier respectively at the plough before his enlistment, and on his way home after the perils of his military career. The horse is in a state of repose, just after halting to listen to some distant sound, but stands altogether in a constrained, stiff, unnatural attitude. The Duke is a perfect portrait, in the prime of life, in a fine posture, dressed in the frock-coat of a field-marshal, with his different orders. The entire work, if the horse had been good, would have had scarcely a superior in any part of the world; and even as it is, reflects no small lustre on the commercial capital of Scotland. The cost of it was about £10,000, raised by subscription; and the artist was Baron Marochetti of Vaux, in the department of Seine-et-Oise in France.

Two other equestrian statues of the Duke, respectively at the west end of London and in Edinburgh, were originated about the same time as those we have described; and, though not completed till respectively two and eight years later, they may be introduced here for the sake of continuity. The west-end statue, indeed, was the offspring of the same project as the City-of-London statue, having arisen from a dispute of the subscribers respecting the choice of the artist; while the Edinburgh statue, though so much later in completion than the Glasgow one, was actually projected and in progress several months earlier. All the four really originated in 1839, just after the Duke had weathered the storms of his political unpopularity; so that, in addition to their each by each proclaiming his fame as a warrior, they stand jointly up as a testimonial to his political integrity, repudiating the obloquies which were cast upon him, and declaring the confidence of his countrymen in his general worth.

The west-end statue stands on the triumphal arch at Hyde Park corner. That situation was selected partly on account of its vicinity to the Duke's residence, and partly because it is prominently visible over a space of a mile or two around. The dimensions of the statue are colossal,—the height nearly 30 feet,—the weight about 40 tons. The horse is a faithful representation of "Copenhagen," the animal whom the Duke rode at Waterloo, and is in a standing position, with his head a little on one side, as if looking out to a distant point of the field. The Duke is a perfect portrait, the likeness striking, the head remarkably fine; he is robed in a military surtout, with a cloak thrown classically over it; he wears his sword, and sits in an erect attitude, with characteristic expression of calm command; and, while holding the horse's reins with the left hand, he extends the right, holding a telescope, as if directing some military movement. The cost of the work was about £30,000. The artist was Wyatt, assisted by his son; and they spent three years in forming the model, and employed in it 160 tons of plaster of Paris. The statue was produced, not as a

whole, but in six separate castings, which were afterwards rivetted together. It was conveyed entire, from the atelier of the sculptor to Hyde Park corner, in a waggon drawn by 30 dray-horses, and escorted by cavalry. The inauguration took place on the 30th of September, 1846, without any ceremony. Both the work and its site were for some time a subject of every kind of daily jest to the newspaper satirists; but why they were so, or how they could be so, no intelligent person, looking at them now, and ignorant of the drift of the satires, could possibly conjecture.

The Edinburgh statue stands on a granite pedestal in front of the Register Office. The city view around it is extensive and superb, partaking much of both the romance and the splendour for which the "Modern Athens" is so famous; and it loses nothing, but gains considerably, from the presence of the statue. The pedestal is 13 feet high, and very plain. The statue is nearly 14 feet high, and all life, energy, and grace, the grandest work of its kind in the world. The horse is in high action, rearing in air under the curb, as if pulled suddenly up when in hot speed; while the rider sits in dignified equipoise, issuing an imminent order connected with the evolutions of a battle, and pointing to the part of the field where the order is to be executed. The weight of the whole figure rests on the horse's hind-legs and tail; and this occasioned great skill in such a distribution of the metal throughout the parts as to produce a secure equipoise. The only other equestrian statue with a rearing horse is that of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg; and there the difficulty of the equipoise is mainly overcome by the grotesque introduction of a serpent, on which the horse tramples, and which not only strengthens the hind legs, but projects very far behind so as to serve as a balance. The Duke in the Edinburgh statue, as in all the other three which we have described, is a portrait, with the additional advantage that he rode to the artist, as well as sat to him, so as to give exact ideas of his style of horsemanship. His posture is truly grand,—just what a good imagination, well-informed, would ascribe to the British hero in the heat of battle,—all erect, calm, noble, massively intelligent, lifting his curved right hand in a manner of the most significant command, holding gracefully in his left the horse's reins and his own plumed hat,—and withal raimented in a fashion most classically martial. The cost of the work was only £10,000. The weight of the bronze is nearly twelve tons. The different parts of the work are not, as in most bronze statues, rivetted together, but fused. The artist was Mr. John Steel, a citizen of Edinburgh, so that the work is a double boast to Modern Athens,—the finest of its kind, and of native produce; and at the same time is the first bronze statue which was ever cast in Scotland. So generally has this work been admired that copies of it, in picture and in statuette, have been immensely multiplied. The inauguration of it took place, with great ceremony, on the anniversary of Waterloo, 1852.

The Duke of Wellington, in January, 1845, was visited at Strathfieldsaye by the Queen and Prince Albert. The royal visitors, according to etiquette in such cases, arrived on one day, reposed on the next, and departed on the third. Their reception on the Duke's property, and through all the parts of the surrounding country which they traversed, was highly enthusiastic. The Duke himself performed his "dutiful hospitality" to them in his own fashion,—with less display, but with more heartiness, than is usually done to royalty. All the entertainments, together with the incidents arising out of them, were in as smooth a style as those of ordinary noble private life. And the Duke would not permit the intrusion of any observers of the press, but curtly replied to an application from one of these gentlemen for admission,—“Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. —, and begs to say that he does not see what his house at Strathfieldsaye has to do with the public press.”

On the 4th of the following May, the Duke attended at one of the police courts in London, to prefer a charge against the driver of a heavy cart. His appearance there is instructive, both as showing how so great a man sought redress for a vulgar injury, and as evincing his sense of duty, in the commonest matters, to the general public. Having been sworn, he said,—“I was walking, on Tuesday last, between two and three o'clock, in Park Lane, on the left hand side, going out of Piccadilly; and when near the Duchess of Gloucester's house, a very heavy four-wheeled cart passed me. I endeavoured to cross the lane, to get to the pavement on the other side, under the protection of this heavy cart. I got as far as the right hand wheel of the cart, keeping the cart at my left hand, when I found myself struck on the shoulder, and knocked forward. It was a severe blow, and I found it had been given by another cart, the driver of which did not attempt to give me warning by calling out, until he had struck me. I did not fall: if I had, I must have been under the wheels of both carts. Now, I have no further complaint to make against the man at the bar who drove the cart, than that he was going at such a monstrous pace that he had no control over his horse. Indeed, he came along so fast, that he got the whole length of Park Lane without my having perceived him; and the pace he was going at was such, that it was impossible he could stop his horse. This is my complaint: and I bring it forward on public grounds, because I think it is not right that carriages should go along in the public streets at this great rate. The cart by which I was struck was a heavy, tilted cart; the driver was under the tilt. My groom was behind with my horses, and I called him, and desired him to follow the cart. My groom trotted as hard as he could, but was unable to overtake the cart until he got as far as South Strand. This will prove the rapid pace at which the driver of the cart was going.” The man expressed great regret, and made some defence, but was adjudged to pay a fine of £4, or undergo one month's imprisonment.

. . In the parliamentary session of 1845, the Duke spoke on the College of Maynooth, on the constabulary and army in Ireland, on the Church Education Society, on the proposed union of the sees of St. Asaph and Bangor, on the proposed erection of a see of Manchester, and on an application of the surviving undecorated officers of the Peninsular war to be presented with an honorary medal. The Maynooth question was the leading one of the session; and the Duke spoke on it twice, at great length and with much labour, advocating the national maintenance of the College chiefly on two grounds,—that the Irish Roman Catholic priests might all be educated within the bosom of our own empire, and that the Irish Roman Catholic demagogues seemed all to have been permanently tamed by the suppression of the repeal agitation. The Duke's reputation, however, was affected most of all—indeed immensely affected—by his speech on the Peninsular officers. A prodigious amount of accusation had been brought against him, in all sorts of ways, up to that hour, and no small amount continues to figure against his memory still, that he heartlessly disbanded the Peninsular army without making due record of their services, or obtaining for them any royal acknowledgment or reward. How untrue these accusations are, as regards his spirit and conduct, may be abundantly inferred from many parts of our narrative; but they now appeared, from his speech, to be untrue as regarded the very fact of rewards. For said he,—

“My Lords, have no marks of honour been conferred on the army of the Peninsula? Have no rewards been bestowed on its officers? The service in the Peninsula was not an expedition, but a war carried on for several years,—for six consecutive campaigns, and some winter campaigns. Nearly the whole of the British army served in that war. Out of the one hundred and odd battalions, there were about sixty which served in that army. My Lords, this and the other house of parliament returned to that army their thanks not fewer than sixteen different times, for as many different engagements; and new modes were discovered and adopted of distinguishing and rewarding the officers of that army. Medals were struck in commemoration of actions of gallantry and distinguished actions in the Peninsula upon no fewer than nineteen occasions; and these medals were distributed, upon the rules and regulations laid down on the occasion, to about thirteen hundred officers of the army. And will it be said that thirteen hundred officers is not a considerable number in any army to receive such marks of distinction, and this on nineteen different occasions? Then a new mode of promotion was adopted for the first time in the Peninsular army—I mean the issue of special brevets for extraordinary services; and a vast number of officers were promoted by these special brevets in this very army, whose services are now said to be unacknowledged. Subsequent to the war, upon various occasions, arrangements were made for the benefit of the whole army, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, recommended not by me, nor have

I the credit of them, but by the Duke of York, who commanded the army in chief up to the period of his death in 1827, and also by Lord Hill, who succeeded in command up to the year 1842. First of all, various allowances were made to all the different officers. In 1826, the officers holding brevet rank on full pay had the advantage of retiring upon the advanced half-pay of the next rank above. Lieutenants serving on full pay, whose commissions were dated prior to 1811, had the option of retiring upon the unattached rank of captain on half-pay. By an order in 1834, in every three vacancies upon the retired full and half-pay, one promotion was granted in the ranks of captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel—all these arrangements being in favour of these officers. In 1835 a further arrangement was made in favour of captains promoted under the general order of December 1826; and twenty lieutenant-colonels, twenty majors, and one hundred and fifteen captains received full pay, instead of retired half-pay. These were solid boons conferred upon these individuals by the public. Then I would beg Your Lordships to remember, that among Your Lordships there are not fewer than seven officers who have been promoted to the peerage, on account of their own services, or those of their fathers or grandfathers, in this very army; and not fewer than four hundred of the different classes of the order of the Bath were conferred on the officers who served in the Peninsular army."

In the latter part of 1845 and the early part of 1846 occurred another Indian war, which gave the Duke of Wellington much anxiety. The army of the Sikhs, in the north-west of Hindostan, strong in numbers, skilfully disciplined, well equipped, warlike in habits, presumptuous and fierce, threatened the invasion of the British territories. Their attitude was so formidable as to tax to the uttermost the means of the Anglo-Indian government. Sir Hugh Gough, an old Peninsular officer, who commanded in chief, and met them at Moodkee, had difficulty in inflicting on them a sufficiently severe chastisement to compel them to retreat. Nor were they at all disheartened, but entrenched themselves strongly at Ferozeshah, to show sterner fight. Sir Henry Hardinge, another Peninsular officer, the consoler of Sir John Moore's fall at Corunna, the virtual victor of Albuera, and eventually the successor of Wellington in the command-in-chief of the British forces, was then the governor-general of India; and so imminent did he esteem the danger, and so heroically did he feel respecting it, that he threw himself into the army to face it, as Sir Hugh Gough's second-in-command in the field. The Sikhs, on the day of battle, fought with terrible resolution, inasmuch that, when night arrived, they held every inch of their ground, and lay down to rest in the ranks as they had fought. And though beaten next day, with dreadful loss, they retired only to renew the campaign with augmented forces and increased desperation. They fought two battles more, respectively at Aliwal and Sobraon,—the latter with 30,000 select troops, in a fortified camp of such uncommon strength as to be practically a

fortress. The British lost 3,000 of their own number in dislodging them from Sobraon, but inflicted on them in return one of the most awful slaughters which ever occurred in modern warfare, and then advanced to their capital, and dictated there a humiliating peace.

This extraordinary campaign passed across the British newspapers like a comet across the sky. The common people wondered at it; the intelligent classes gazed curiously on it; and the official few made it the frequent subject of anxious calculation. No man spent more thought upon it, in the way of either curiosity or care, than the Duke of Wellington; nor when renown was meted out for the deeds of British prowess which were done in it—when the army was praised by the people, when the officers were thanked by the parliament, and when Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Henry Hardinge were raised to the peerage by the Queen—was any man more ready or hearty with his meed of praise. “I could not hear a motion for a vote of thanks,” said he in the House of Lords, “without adding my unqualified approbation of the conduct of the troops upon this occasion, and also of the officers who commanded them, and particularly of my right honourable and gallant friend the governor-general, who having made all the arrangements pertaining to his duty as governor-general, in order to collect all the resources of the country, for the purpose of the great contest impending, having collected all the troops, and made all the arrangements for the security of the country, volunteered his services in his rank in the army, in order to give his assistance to the officer commanding the army in chief in carrying on those operations, which remained for him to carry on in order to secure the public interests, and the possession of the country. There is no obligation on an officer placed in his situation to take that course; yet my right honourable friend has given us an example, which I hope will always be followed.”

At the proroguing of parliament in August 1845, the Peel administration appeared to have become very strong. Both its executive vigour and its financial policy had been eminently successful. Even the anti-corn-law league, though now mighty in influence and steadily increasing, was not more antagonistic to the government than to the opposition. The cabinet's free trade tendencies, in fact, were rapidly rendering conservatism less obnoxious than whiggism to the leaguers. But suddenly an emergency arose which drove the ministry into straits. A general failure in the potato crop threatened to produce, as it eventually did produce, a famine in Ireland and much distress throughout the empire. Sir Robert Peel hastily summoned a cabinet council, and proposed instantly to open the ports, with the view of inviting the largest possible importation of foreign bread-stuffs. All his colleagues except three refused; while the Duke of Wellington and Lord Stanley, not only saw no necessity for any temporary opening of the ports, but expressed a dread that it would lead to

disaster. Sir Robert, soon becoming convinced, from the fresh accounts which poured in upon him, that the emergency was immensely greater than his colleagues imagined, and even very much greater than he had himself supposed, made haste to assemble the cabinet again, spoke to them in a far higher tone than before, and more or less startled all the adverse majority of them by announcing his wish to repeal the corn-laws. His free-trade tendencies, his financial schemes, and his honest statesmanship, together with the pressure of the anti-corn-law agitation, backed all of a sudden by a famine crisis, had converted him completely and earnestly into a free-trader in corn. Now was to begin a new school in politics. The old distinction of whig and tory was already effete; even the recent distinction of liberal and conservative had not much meaning; and an entirely new distinction, founded on the abolishing or maintaining of taxes on food, or the distinction of free-trader and protectionist, was now to arise.

Sir Robert's proposal confounded the cabinet. His revelations of the spirit of their own financial policy, in the announcement of the conclusion to which his researches into it had carried him, surprised the most of them, and alarmed some. Lord Stanley, (afterwards Earl of Derby,) withdrew; the Duke of Wellington resisted; one or two others hesitated; the whole cabinet was paralysed. And then the premier, "thinking it highly probable that in the attempt to settle this question he should fail, and that after vehement contests, and the new combinations that would be formed, probably worse terms would be made than if some other person were to undertake the settlement of the question, felt it his duty humbly to tender his resignation." The Queen could not help accepting the resignation; but what more could she do? All parties appeared to be non-plussed. The Duke of Wellington could only stand still and reason; Lord Stanley could not attempt to form a protectionist cabinet; Lord John Russell, now the acknowledged leader of the whigs, was sent for to form a liberal ministry on free-trade principles, but could not succeed; and nothing remained but to commission Sir Robert Peel to ascertain the effects of the crisis upon the conviction of his late colleagues, and to make an appeal to their patriotism. All, excepting Lord Stanley, received him well, adopted his views, and were forthwith reinstated in their former position.

Soon after the opening of parliament in 1846, the Duke of Wellington said, in explanation, in the House of Lords,—“In the course of the discussions which took place after the resignation of my right honourable friend, I, and I believe others, were called upon to state whether any of us was disposed to form a government on the principle of maintaining the existing corn-law. My Lords, what others answered I cannot pretend to say. I answered immediately that I was not; that I could not undertake to form a government on that principle.” “My right honourable friend, on again receiving Her Majesty's commands, wrote to

me (I was in the country at the time) informing me of the circumstance, and stating that if he did resume office, he had determined, happen what might, if he stood alone, that as the minister of the Crown, he would enable Her Majesty to meet her parliament. I highly applauded my right honourable friend on that occasion, and I determined that I, for one, would stand by him. I felt it my duty; and I did think the formation of a government in which Her Majesty would have confidence was of greater importance than any opinions of any individual upon the corn-law or any other law. My Lords, my right honourable friend wrote to me, and desired me to attend the cabinet that evening, which I did. I admired the conduct of my right honourable friend; I was delighted with it; it was exactly the course which I should have followed myself under similar circumstances; and I determined that I would stand by him." "And I must say this, that situated as I am in this country, highly rewarded as I have been by the Sovereign and the people of England, I could not refuse that Sovereign to aid her, when called upon, to form a government, in order to enable Her Majesty to meet her parliament, and to carry on the business of the country. Upon that ground, my Lords, I present myself to Your Lordships; and I claim from you an acquiescence in the principle I have laid down, that I positively could not refuse to serve my Sovereign when thus called upon."

Sir Robert Peel concocted his bill well, and made all possible haste to introduce it. It was debated long and earnestly in the House of Commons, but passed there triumphantly. The second reading of it in the House of Lords stood for Monday the 25th of May, and was debated four nights. "The Duke of Wellington," says a graphic practised reporter who was present,—“The Duke of Wellington reserved himself for the close of the debate. We well remember the scene. The Duke took his seat at five o'clock on Thursday evening, and sat as if chained to the Treasury bench until near four o'clock the next morning. The galleries were filled with ladies, many of whom sat through the night, and remained until the division. Among those who gave this proof of the interest with which this great historical scene had inspired them, were the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Countess of Wilton, the Countess of Essex, and Viscountess Sidney. A brilliant circle of diplomatists and distinguished foreigners stood at the foot of the throne. The old Duke of Cambridge, who had declared that he would not support the bill, and that he should not vote at all, was going from one cross bench to another, attracting attention by his audible remarks, and by his rather violent bonhomie. The debate flagged. There remained no one but the Duke of Wellington to speak whom the assemblage cared to hear. All eyes were turned to this wonderful old man, who seemed to despise fatigue, and to be superior to the ordinary wants of humanity. He sat, rigid and immovable, with his hat over his eyes, paying the most strict and conscientious attention to everything that was said. About half-past three in the morning he rose. A strong

emotion rendered his utterance thick and indistinct, and even seemed to give incoherence to his remarks. There were indeed passages which made his friends exchange glances, in which they seemed to ask each other whether it was fatigue, or the growing infirmities of age, or the excitement of that memorable night, that had thrown the Duke's mind off its balance. Perhaps these were the passages in the speech (for there were many) which did not reach the reporters' gallery; for the reported speech, although it bears traces of deep feeling, and is not without a noble pathos, contains nothing to explain the misgivings and apprehensions of his audience.

"He began by expressing the regret with which he found himself in a hostile position to those with whom he had been constantly in the habit of acting in political life. 'I am aware,' he said, 'I address Your Lordships with all your prejudices against me.' A painful thing for a man to say, who had been so loved, so looked up to, so honoured, and so trusted! Shaken by emotion, and almost inaudible from his agitation, the Duke was then heard to say,—'I never had any claim to the confidence that Your Lordships have placed in me. But I will not omit even on this night—possibly the last on which I shall ever venture to address to you my advice—I will not omit to counsel you as to the vote you should give on this occasion.' The Duke proceeded, to the astonishment of the peers, to introduce, in what they considered an unconstitutional manner, a name which it is contrary to the rules of parliament to claim upon the side of the person who speaks. 'This measure has come up, recommended by the Commons,—we also know that this measure has been recommended by the Crown.' Murmurs, such as the great field-marshal never heard before in the House of Peers, here went round the house at this unconstitutional mention of the name of the Sovereign. But their Lordships, in one of the most memorable sentences ever addressed to them, were soon to see that, if the Duke had violated an order of their Lordships' house, he had but assumed a privilege which great men sometimes claim when they break some rule of etiquette to save an institution. 'My Lords,' he continued, 'the House of Lords can do nothing without the two other branches of the legislature. Separately from the Crown and the House of Commons you can do nothing. And if you break connexion with both, you will put an end to the functions of the House of Lords.'"

"The speech made a great impression; and the result was a majority of 47 in favour of the second reading. The doors of their Lordships' house were surrounded by members of the House of Commons, who were waiting to hear the result. The writer was one of the first to enter when the doors were re-opened, and to hear the result of the division. How quickly the news was carried to all parts of the country by express engines, and what universal joy it gave in our great towns, and in the hives of manufacturing industry, this is not the place to describe. The house divided at half-past four. The Duke was one of the last

to leave. It was broad day-light when, on this memorable May morning, the Duke left the house where, amid such mortification, and the severance of so many political and personal ties of association, he had so nobly served his country. A small crowd had collected in Palace-yard, early as was the hour; and as soon as the Duke made his appearance, they began to cheer. 'God bless you, Duke,' loudly and fervently exclaimed one mechanic, who, early as it was, was going to his morning toil. The Duke's horse began to prance, at the cheers of the crowd, and the Duke promptly caused silence by exclaiming, 'Let me get on my horse!' It was now five o'clock, and the Duke rode off to St. James' Park. As he passed through the Horse Guards, and received the salute of the sentinel on duty, was it then given him to know that he had just secured the accomplishment of a legislative change, which was destined to work a striking improvement in the position and means of the private soldier, and that ere long, the military, in the words of Sir James Graham, would 'know the reason why?'"

But while the anti-corn-law bill was passing impressively through the House of Lords—while it was winning for the Duke and Sir Robert a truer fame than any which could ever be won in strategy or in diplomacy—while it was endearing them throughout the empire to the hearts of the poor, and bespeaking for them endless acclamations of gratitude from those labouring masses whose honest toil constitutes the only real wealth of a nation—at that very time there was a struggle progressing in the House of Commons, on the old vexed subject of Irish agitation, to hurl them suddenly from power. The cabinet, finding that the Irish agitation still continued, and still was mischievous, notwithstanding all the repressions which had recently been practised upon it, and judging that, if it were not summarily crushed, it would grow and become strong again, had prepared a coercion bill, with some stringent provisions, as a measure, if not absolutely essential, at least eminently desirable, for the conservation of the peace; and, circumstances being urgent, they pushed it forward in the immediate wake of the anti-corn-law bill. But their defeat upon it was certain. It came in at the precise juncture to serve as a pretext for overthrowing them. Their antagonists of all classes were fiercely on fire against them, on account of the triumph of their free-trade policy,—the whigs from envy, other liberals from spite, the protectionists from a mixture of chagrin, mortification, and anger; and they eagerly united on the coercion question to take vengeance for the anti-corn-law question. Nor was this all; but, by a curious coincidence, on the very same night in which the anti-corn-law bill triumphantly passed the Lords, on that same night the coercion bill was rejected by a majority of 73 in the Commons. The ministry, of course, resigned; so that they fell in the act of triumphing, and triumphed in the act of falling.

"Their fall had been foreseen. The dissolution of Sir Robert Peel's govern-

ment, as soon as the great object of their acceptance of office should have been accomplished, was inevitable. It is thought the great minister and his noble colleague contemplated this issue with satisfaction. They who alone could have broken the power of protection had accomplished that object; the details of commercial reform would be far better carried out by the moderate liberals. The great principles had been gained at a vast expense of labour, dissension, and odium; it was far more politic in every view to avoid the continuance of the embittered contest. The great policy they advocated had been triumphant; nothing but difficulties, hatreds, and dissensions remained; and these they left to their opponents. The prosperous condition of the commerce and finances of the country under their management rendered the moment for withdrawal auspicious; and Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues retired from office, having accomplished their mighty task. The Duke of Wellington merely announced to the House of Lords the termination of the ministry, and gave no explanation of the cause of that event "

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S PUBLIC APPEARANCES IN HIS OLD AGE—HIS POSITION UNDER THE RUSSELL ADMINISTRATION—HIS CONDUCT IN REFERENCE TO THE BRITISH DEFENCES, THE CHARTIST DISTURBANCES, THE WAR OF THE PUNJAB, THE DEATH OF SIR ROBERT PEEL, AND OTHER PUBLIC AFFAIRS IN 1847—1852—THE CLOSE OF HIS PUBLIC LIFE.

THE Duke of Wellington's appearance in the House of Lords, and in the streets, had always been interesting; but, at the period of his life at which our narrative has now arrived, it had become so eminently remarkable as to be one of the chief sights of the metropolis. He was, of course, historically notable, as at once conqueror, diplomatist, and premier; but he also had become a peculiar character, both personally and politically, and was withal a very singular specimen of an aged gentleman. Old age, in his case, not only came, like the fulness of the year, to proclaim bygone fruitfulness and former bloom, but likewise possessed a warmth and a balminess as if a considerable measure of perennial spring were struggling powerfully, though vainly, to destroy the commencing winter. "He had now attained the great age of 77 years; and, though his intellect was undimmed and his form unbent, the infirmities of age necessarily became felt. He had become somewhat deaf; his speech was laboured; and the energy that refused to confess weakness was occasionally checked by accidents. The old man, nevertheless, continued to be most attentive to his duties as a peer; his slight form and white head were always seen in their accustomed place with military punctuality; and the singular clearness of his intellect constantly decided or simplified complicated points."

"His Grace was always one of the earliest to arrive; and the stranger who desired to see this world-famed man, had no more certain course than to way-lay him on one of his customary routes. Either on the pathway of the Green Park, the road down Constitution Hill, or in Piccadilly, St. James' Street, or St. James' Park, on every day the house met, and a little before the hour of meeting, he was sure to encounter that unmistakable face, and equally sure of a military salute in return to his salutation. In fine weather, until age forbade, His Grace took the arm of a friend, generally his secretary, and walked through the parks to the house; later, he rode down on horseback; and his well-known attitude leaning far back and straining on the bridle, will long remain fixed in the memory, raising the fore-finger of his right hand to his hat in return to the raised hats of the passers-by, and returning in a remarkable manner the salute

of the private soldier. In bad weather, or at night, His Grace rode down in a singular carriage—of his own device, it may be supposed, for it was on the plan of a gun-carriage and limber, having the four wheels of the same size—drawn by one horse.

“During the days of his political activity, he occupied a seat on the government or the opposition benches, as the case required; but on his declining a ministerial position, he sat on the cross-benches usually occupied by peers who considered themselves unattached to party. Afterwards, as deafness came upon him, he sat, when the house was not in committee, in the chair at the table provided for the chairman of committees. The form of the venerable man seated in this chair, his legs crossed, his hands folded, or perhaps one occasionally raised to his ear, his head sunk forward on his chest, will ever be the first idea which will rise to the memory of the frequenters of the house, when passages of his political career are mentioned. The Duke was constantly attentive to every proceeding and to every speech uttered. Whoever the speaker, or however great or trivial the subject, it seemed that nothing passed which did not receive notice. It is supposed, that, although the Duke certainly read the morning newspapers—even the advertisements were carefully scanned—his knowledge of the proceedings of the House of Lords was derived from his personal attention. His dress while attending the house, as upon all other occasions, was scrupulously neat and unpretending—generally a blue frock-coat, white waistcoat, white trousers (if the weather was suitable,) shoes, and white neckcloth. Once in cold weather His Grace amused the house by appearing in a cape of very scanty dimensions. It appeared, however, to suit his convenience excellently, and it became a historic garment. It was probably a reminiscence of the military cape of his Spanish campaigns.

“His reported speeches afford the best indication of the mind he brought to bear upon the subjects under discussion. They are remarkable for their plainness, perspicuity, and energy. Whether founded on correct general views or not, they always went plainly and directly to the point, and were delivered with a soldier-like bluntness, which became him well. Always there were pauses between the sentences, but never from hesitation or want of thought; and latterly a difficulty in moving the lower jaw made these pauses somewhat painful. His action was entirely deficient in the graces of oratory, and was rather nervous and irregular. He stood by the table, which he struck with considerable energy of action, but without violence, and without any respect to the cadence of his sentences, or the climax of his reasoning. For many years, when his leadership of the peerage had been acknowledged, His Grace appeared to consider himself the colonel of the House of Lords, directing their proceedings with soldier-like brevity; and more than once his military command to ‘speak up’ has nipped the oratory of a nervous young senator in the bud.

"Upon occasions of parliamentary solemnity His Grace was forced to take a very leading part. Twice every year at least, on every opening and prorogation of parliament, the journals announced that 'His Grace the Duke of Wellington was among the earliest attendants.' Upon these occasions, dressed in his field-marshal's uniform, and in his robes as a peer, decorated always with the insignia of the Garter or the Bath, and generally with some one of his foreign orders in compliment to some prince or dignitary present, His Grace received and warmly returned the greetings of his personal friends, and had a bow or a smile ready for his acquaintances. Always, too, some peeress of the highest ton, or some beauties of the Court, challenged his chivalrous courtesy. When the guns announced the approach of the Sovereign, he withdrew, and reappeared bearing the sword of state in the procession which ushered the Queen into the house; and then, taking up his position by her side, he listened with scrupulous attention to every word of the royal speech. In later days, the gorgeous weapon seemed too much for the old man's strength; and, from weakness, and sometimes from the absorption of his attention, it assumed an inclination over the head of the Sovereign which seemed rather alarming. His Grace never thought of relinquishing this formal duty, and carried the sword at the prorogation two months before his decease."

The ministry which succeeded that of Sir Robert Peel, in 1846, was led by Lord John Russell. The Duke of Wellington, though unable to hold any political place in the new ministry, continued to rule at the Horse Guards. No man could, with any propriety, supersede him there. The Queen and the whole country expected him to remain commander-in-chief as long as he lived. And great as were the duties of that high office, especially as commingled with the duties of his other offices, he had still abundant energy to perform them all. And he continued to perform them with a professional relish, and with a zeal for improvement, as if he were still a young man. Yet he possessed some remarkable hankerings after the severe discipline, and even after some of the heavy equipments, of the olden time, and was apt to display these hankerings in curious intermixture with newer notions and a loftier spirit. Hence did he, at this time, review the records of the lash in the army, with the result of standing up in the House of Lords to vindicate the punishment of flogging, yet deprecating it in the same breath, and also issuing an order from the Horse Guards that it should thenceforth be abridged.

"It has been my invariable practice," said he, "since I first had the honour of a command in the army, to make every endeavour to diminish the punishment, so as it is possible to lead by degrees to its entire discontinuance. But really, my Lords, the fact is that it is impossible to carry on the discipline of the British army without some punishment of that description which the individual shall feel. I must beg Your Lordships to observe that, if we are to have an

army, we must have it in a state of discipline, a state of subordination to command and of obedience to the state. This country does not like an army under any circumstances; but in no case would it bear any but the best troops that can be had. We must have the very best troops in this country, and in every part of the world where we employ them. We require the best conduct and the most perfect subordination and order; for I assure Your Lordships that our troops are now at this moment engaged, and are constantly engaged, in the daily performance of services which you could not require—nay, I will go further, and say, which you could not have—from any other troops in the world. It is necessary for me, however, to remark—and I entreat Your Lordships to remark—that you cannot have an army if, unfortunately, it should lose its discipline and habits of subordination and good order. But Your Lordships may rely upon it that I will continue to do what I have always endeavoured to do, that is, to diminish the punishment as much as possible, and I hope I may live to see it abolished altogether.”

Pity that our great victor did not earlier and at once see his way to abolish the lash. Well could he afford to despise it. Many were the moral forces known to him, all deeply investigated by him, well tested, well appreciated, some of them of his own nursing and training, whose influence, even one by one, was worth immensely more for the efficiency of an army than any conceivable amount of physical coercion or of penal terror. Hence could he descant, earnestly and convincingly, on the mere presence of a fair proportion of veterans, as itself sufficient to impart both discipline and heroism to an armed mass. This he did on the 26th of April, 1847, on occasion of the introduction of a bill by government for sanctioning enlistment for a limited period of service. “I entreat Your Lordships,” said he, “in dealing with this measure, to take care that it shall not deprive the country of the services of its old soldiers. It is they who set the example; it is they who maintain discipline and good order; it is they who at all times put themselves at the head of all great enterprises; and it is they upon whom you must rely for the performance of those services which are required from an army in time of peace as well as in war. I must observe that, although this country has been under the protection of treaties of peace for thirty years and more, I have, during that time, had under my consideration military operations of great extent and importance, not only in the Mediterranean, but in North and South America, and all over Asia, nearly at the same time; and if you had not had the strictest discipline and the best troops in the world, it would not have been possible for you to carry on those operations. Look, my Lords, to the case of China; in that case it was necessary to transport troops from Australia, and land them in China, where they were called upon to act on rivers, in creeks, and upon islands, in concert with the ships of Her Majesty. They succeeded in effecting all that was expected from them.”

How was that done? It was done by the discipline of your troops,—the discipline maintained by the old soldiers. They were the men who led the younger ones; and acting altogether, they are able to achieve any conquest.”

The Duke, however, did not oppose the bill for sanctioning a limited period of service, but warmly supported it, believing that it would tend to raise the morale of the army, and that, under its operation, a sufficient number of old soldiers, or indeed all old soldiers of real value, would still be retained through their own voluntary re-enlistment. In this session of 1847, also, the Duke condemned the disbanding of soldiers in India, and made speeches on the landed property bill for Ireland, and on Britain's armed interference with the internal affairs of Portugal. But his grand work of this year was an exciting of the public mind on the subject of the national defences. His attention had been called to that subject in connexion with his duties as lord-warden of the Cinque Ports. He regarded our coasts as utterly insecure, and our military establishments as utterly too feeble; he had for years, privately but vainly, endeavoured to persuade the authorities to strengthen them; and now, in January, 1847, he wrote an elaborate memorandum, addressed to Sir John Burgoyne, explaining his opinions, and systematising the facts on which they rested. This was not intended for publication, but designed only to stimulate the authorities. Suddenly, however, there came abroad a pamphlet, from the pen of a son of Louis Philippe, the King of the French, pointing out the weak points of our coasts, and hinting how easily a French army might make a descent upon Britain. The Duke's memorandum then, by some surreptitious process, got wing into the newspapers, seeming to confirm everything which the pamphlet said, and instantly producing a general excitement. One part of the nation were fired with alarm, another part were agitated with doubt, and a third part boldly pronounced the country invulnerable in virtue of its moral forces; but all, excepting only a very few individuals, have since seen plentiful reason to acknowledge that the whole memorandum sprang from the same wonderful sagacity which achieved the manifold successes of our hero's whole military career.

In this document, the Duke notes the alteration which has been made on our defensive condition by steam-navigation,—that every mile of our coast, which has sufficient depth and sea-room, is now approachable at all times of tide, and in all seasons, by steam-vessels, from all quarters,—that the whole circumference of our country is now liable to assault, or at least to insult and to the levying of contributions; and he declares that “we have no defence, or hope of defence, excepting in our fleet.” He estimates the force necessary for mere garrisons at 65,000 men, and that the force then in the kingdom would not suffice even for protecting our arsenals. And as to a remedy, he says,—“The measure upon which I have earnestly entreated different administrations to decide, which is

constitutional, and has been invariably adopted in time of peace for the last eighty years, is to raise, embody, organize, and discipline the militia, of the same numbers for each of the three kingdoms united as during the late war. This would give a mass of organized force amounting to about 150,000 men, which we might immediately set to work to discipline. This alone would enable us to establish the strength of our army. This, with an augmentation of the force of the regular army, which would not cost £400,000, would put the country on its legs in respect to personal force; and I would engage for its defence, old as I am. But as we stand now, and if it be true that the exertions of the fleet alone are not sufficient to provide for our defence, we are not safe for a week after the declaration of war."

But in the early part of 1848, before the authorities had time to attempt any due use of this startling exposition of the insufficiency of the national defences, their attention was suddenly called to another danger equally great, but of a different kind. Another political earthquake, with scarcely any premonition, and threatening to be more destructive than any previous one, violently shook the greater part of Europe. The focus of this also was France; but the radiations of it throbbed through countries to the north, the east, the south, and the west. France was instantly revolutionized, and all the other countries were more or less convulsed. The spirit of democracy seemed everywhere tilting up and shattering even the oldest monarchical governments, exactly as geologists tell us the cataclasms of the pre-adamite times tilted up and smashed the crust of the earth. Thrones tottered ominously, or were rent asunder; and crowns looked as if about to become the foot-balls of the people. Even Britain, in spite of the strength of her institutions, in spite of their popular admixtures, in spite also of the recent efforts of her legislators to keep pace with the progress of all reasonable demand for reform, had too much of the anarchical element, particularly in the organized masses of her repealers and her chartists, to escape agitation. Ireland, of course, burst into uproar. The two eyes of Scotland, the great cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, became lachrymose, and looked as if inclined to shed blood. Several of the large towns of England made mingled indications of wrath and terror. And, above all, immense multitudes of chartists, in all parts of the kingdom, were appointed, by the leaders of their organization, to hold a grand rendezvous, on the 10th of April, on Kennington Common, in the vicinity of London, to march thence in compact procession to the Houses of Parliament, professedly to present there a monster petition for the enactment of their "charter," but manifestly, and almost avowedly, to overawe the authorities and overturn the constitution.

Here was work for the Duke of Wellington. The British metropolis was to be besieged; and who but the commander-in-chief of the British forces should be

called upon to defend it? Considerable military force was at hand, more military force could be brought in from the country, all the police force of the city was available, and a special constabulary force, of at least 170,000 men, was suddenly enrolled; but these masses, so great, so heterogeneous, in such novel circumstances, with the imminent view of preventing a breach of the peace rather than of fighting a battle, would be advantageously commanded, as to either their positions or their movements, only by a great master-strategist like the hero of Waterloo. The Duke's services were all the more necessary, too, that the government forbearingly determined to stand strictly on the defensive, allowing the chartists to hold their meeting on Kennington Common, and simply forbidding them to march in procession on the metropolis. Our hero's arrangements, therefore, were not in any way to assail them, not in any degree to irritate them, but only to exhibit such calm, solemn, massive strength, as should by its silent influence, ~~ave~~ ^{drive} them into dispersion. And right skilfully were these arrangements made; right powerfully did they serve their purpose.

"The measures devised and personally worked by the Duke of Wellington," says the Annual Register of the period, "were on a large and complete scale, though so arranged as not to obtrude themselves needlessly on the view. The Thames' bridges were the main points of concentration; bodies of foot and horse police, and assistant masses of special constables, being posted at their approaches on either side. In the immediate neighbourhood of each of them, within call, a strong force of military was kept ready for instant movement—at Blackfriars Bridge, Chelsea pensioners, &c.; at Waterloo Bridge, horse guards, marines, &c.; at Westminster Bridge, horse, foot and artillery. Two regiments of the line were kept in hand at Millbank Penitentiary; 1,200 infantry at Deptford dockyards, and thirty pieces of heavy field ordnance at the Tower; all ready for transport by hired steamers, to any spot where serious business might threaten. At other places, also, bodies of troops were posted, out of sight, but within sudden command,—as in the great area of the untenanted Rose-Inn yard, at the end of Farringdon street; in the enclosure of Bridewell prison, and in several points of vantage immediately round Kennington Common itself. The public offices at the west end, at Somerset-house, and in the city, were profusely furnished with arms; and such places as the Bank of England were packed with troops and artillery, and strengthened with sand-bag parapets on their walls and timber barricadings of their windows, each pierced with loopholes for the fire of defensive musketry. And the special constables were organized throughout the metropolis, for the stationary defence of their own districts, or as moveable bodies to co-operate with the soldiery and police." So sufficient were these preparations that the chartists could not entertain a thought of facing them, only about thirty thousand even venturing to assemble on the Common, and all these dispersing peaceably on the spot; so that the whole affair which was to revolu-

tionize the empire came into view like a soap-bubble, and burst instantly in the breeze, amid the general derision of the world.

All the excitement throughout England and Scotland immediately died away. The uproar in Ireland, however, continued loud and threatening, inso-much as for some time to engage the anxious attention of the commander-in-chief and of the government. An extensive organization, under able leaders, spoke openly of rebellion, and seemed only to wait some near completion of arrangements to burst into action. But this was checked from the first, on the part of the Duke of Wellington, by similar military dispositions to those which he had ordered against the repeal agitation; it was further harassed, about the end of July, by a bill, suddenly brought in by the government, and carried vigorously, in great haste, through both houses of parliament, vesting extraordinary temporary powers in the lord-lieutenant; and, in only a few days more, it was extinguished, without an effort, amid some ludicrous accompaniments, by a mere demonstration of strength, and by the unresisting capture of the leaders. Then were the three kingdoms restored to complete tranquillity, having sustained but very trivial injury from the agitation, and remaining thenceforth in entire repose, while the heavings of the political earthquake continued to desolate the Continent. And their enjoyment of peace throughout so terrible a crisis, one of the most violently eruptive which ever shook Europe, was due, in no small degree, under the Divine providence, to the overawing influence of the commander-in-chief's arrangements.

The Duke of Wellington himself understood this. He believed that, in recent years, in consequence of the chartist and the repeal agitations, respect for the law had in a great degree ebbed from the minds of the operative classes of Britain, and almost wholly so from the minds of the Irish masses. Hence, did he make his military dispositions on the assumption, that there was little or no moral influence to aid them. Hence, also, in reference to the chartists' affair of Kennington Common, did he say, in the House of Lords, on the 19th of April, on occasion of the second reading of a bill for constricting the law of treason and sedition,—“In 1831, one squadron of dragoons did that at Bristol which it required sixty thousand men to perform at Lyon. My Lords, I attribute this to the respect which prevailed at that time in England for the law,—to the feeling which every man had that he was disobeying the law by joining in insurrection. Respect for the law it was which then saved Bristol. We are certainly not now in that happy position. It is true that without the exercise of force we have seen large bodies of persons who had collected in the vicinity of this city quietly disperse; but that was not out of submission to the law. Was not the whole population of the city, civil as well as military, under arms? Were there not several hundred thousand persons embodied as constables? Were they not organised and directed by persons capable of directing them? Were there not

thousands of troops under arms? And were there not thousands of police in readiness to act if need were? Can it be said, then, that it was respect for the law which prevented an outrage being committed by the persons to whom I have referred?"

In the latter part of 1848 and the early part of 1849, the Duke of Wellington had much anxiety also respecting India. An insurrection broke out in the Punjaub in the spring of 1848, leading to a general renewal of the Sikh war. The British army could not take the field against the Sikhs till September, and were then for some time baffled, in a series of operations. At Chillianwallah, in particular, though eventually becoming victors, they suffered some stinging disgraces, such as the loss of six guns, and some severe disasters, such as the loss of 2,500 men, and at the same time were not able to prevent the enemy from afterwards resuming a most menacing attitude. The news of these occurrences created excessive dissatisfaction in Britain. Lord Gough, who had continued in the command-in-chief in India, and had conducted the war, was generally denounced. Most voices clamoured loudly for another commander. The Duke of Wellington, on being requested to name some generals from whom a selection might be made, would name only Sir Charles Napier, who was on bad terms with the East India Directors, but whom the Duke regarded as the only man competent to supersede Lord Gough; and on Sir Charles being offered the command, but hesitating to accept it, the Duke said to him, curtly but earnestly, "If you will not go, I must." Was there ever such a decision from a man overlaid with honours, and eighty years of age? Sir Charles, of course, could not stand before it, but instantly gave way. However, before he could reach the scene of action, the affairs of the war were all right. Lord Gough had thoroughly retrieved the fortunes of the field; and he wound up the campaign by extinguishing the hostilities of the Sikhs, and annexing all their territory to the British dominions.

The Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, on the 24th of April, 1849, vied with other peers in passing encomiums on the victorious army. And at the same time, in the ready exercise of the justice and generosity which so nobly distinguished him, he took occasion, in that high place—he, the commander-in-chief of all the British forces—to vindicate the 14th dragoons from some aspersions which had been cast upon them for a movement in retreat at the battle of Chillianwallah. Often had he done such things, both there and in other places; ever had he been forward, of his own accord, as regarded either corps or individuals, not only to praise the meritorious, but to encourage the vexed, to redress the aggrieved, and to justify the maligned; and though the present instance was not a more remarkable one than some others, yet as it was among the last, we shall quote it in full.

"It happened," said he, "that these cavalry (the 14th dragoons) had to con-

duct their operations over a country much broken by ravines and by rough jungles, which rendered it impossible for the troops to move in their usual regular order. It happened that the officer commanding the brigade of which this corps formed a part was wounded in the head during the advance, and was obliged to quit the field. The officer next in command, being at a distance from the spot, was not aware that his commanding officer was obliged to withdraw from the field. Under these circumstances the word of command was given by some person not authorised, and of whom no trace can be found; and some confusion took place, which, from the crowd and the circumstances of the moment, could not easily be remedied. But it was remedied at last, and all were got in order, and the corps successfully performed its duty, as I and other noble lords around me have seen them perform it on other occasions. My Lords, these things may happen to any troops; but we, whose fortune it has been to see similar engagements in the field, feel what must be felt by all Your Lordships, that the character of a corps must not be taken from them by scraps in the newspapers, but the facts must be sought in the report of the commander-in-chief, and in the inquiry made by the proper parties,—an inquiry very different from that made by the publishers of newspapers. The order was made, and no one needs to be informed that a movement in retreat is not a movement in advance; but Your Lordships must be convinced, as I myself am, that the movement in retreat was one of those accidents which must happen occasionally, and that the corps to which it happened were as worthy of confidence then as they have been since, as they were before, and as I hope they always will be."

In the parliamentary session of 1848, the Duke of Wellington spoke only on the bill for constricting the law of treason and sedition, and on a bill for continuing and amending the law respecting illegal oaths in Ireland. In the session of 1849, he spoke on the address to the Crown, on the interference of Britain in the internal affairs of Sicily, on the booty of the army in India, on the statistics of war-medals, on regimental benefit societies, and on the pilotage bill. And in the session of 1850, he spoke on the extension of war-medals, on university reform, on party processions in Ireland, on the proposed abolition of the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, on Lord Brougham's judicial conduct in the House of Lords, and on the death of Sir Robert Peel. His remarks on most of these topics arose mainly from his position in some one or other of his public offices; and even those on Sir Robert Peel had no reference to existing partizanships, but were entirely a tribute to Sir Robert's memory as a minister and as a man.

Sir Robert's death gave a shock to public feeling throughout the empire. It occurred, by a fall from horseback, in the fulness of his energy, at the spring-tide of his fame. He had, by steady adventurous ascent, become the most conspicuous statesman in Europe. Even the French chambers suspended their sittings to mark their sorrow for his death; and all classes of his opponents, as

well as all classes of his admirers, both at home and abroad, stood still for a moment to give testimony to his worth. The Duke of Wellington necessarily mourned him most of all. He and Peel had breasted the breezes of politics together, at the head of a swaying mass, during a quarter of a century, through many a baffling vicissitude, treading down old distinctions, and moving right forward or upward in a direction of their own, till at length they stood high aloft, amid a halcyon calm, contemplating together the fair far prospect around, the elder congratulating himself that the younger would yet live many years to secure permanency of effect from their conjoint labours, when suddenly that younger was struck down in death at the elder's feet. No wonder that the Duke mourned. Nor was it much wonder that, as we are told, when he stood up in the House of Lords to speak of Sir Robert's death, he visibly struggled hard with emotion to find utterance. But it is curious to observe that, while there were so many excellencies to eulogise, and while some of these were brilliantly touched by Lords Lansdowne, Stanley, Brougham, and other speakers, Sir Robert's truthfulness alone was what the Duke chose to dilate upon,—no doubt because his own judgment, co-operating with his high conscientiousness and his vast experience, pronounced that property to be the keystone in the arch of human worth.

"My Lords," said he, "I rise to give expression to the satisfaction with which I have heard this conversation on the part of Your Lordships, both on the part of those noble lords who were opposed to Sir Robert Peel during the whole course of their political lives, and on the part of those noble friends of mine who have been only opposed to him lately. Your Lordships must all feel the high and honourable character of the late Sir Robert Peel. I was long connected with him in public life; we were both in the councils of our Sovereign together; and I had long the honour to enjoy his private friendship. In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel, I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw in the whole course of my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact. My Lords, I could not let this conversation come to a close without stating that which I believe to have been the strongest characteristic feature of his mind. I again repeat to you, my Lords, my satisfaction at hearing the sentiments of regret which you have expressed at his loss."

In the parliamentary session of 1851, the Duke of Wellington spoke on the appointment of Lord Redesdale as chairman of committees, on Lord Torrington's administration of martial law in Ceylon, on the governor-generalship of India,

and on the bill to prevent the unauthorized assumption of ecclesiastical titles. His speech on the second of these subjects contains an interesting piece of self-vindication, in reference to his conduct in the Peninsula. "I contend," said he, "that martial law is neither more nor less than the will of the general who commands the army. In fact, martial law means no law at all; therefore the general who declares martial law, and commands that it shall be carried into execution, is bound to lay down distinctly the rules and regulations and limits according to which his will is to be carried out. Now, I have in another country carried out martial law; that is to say, I have governed a large proportion of the population of a country by my own will. But then, what did I do? I declared that the country should be governed according to its own national law, and I carried into execution that my so declared will. I governed the country strictly by the laws of the country; and I governed it with such moderation, I must say, that political servants and judges who at first fled, or had been expelled, afterwards consented to act under my direction. The judges sat in the courts of law, conducting their judicial business, and administering the law under my direction." His Grace, therefore, "protested most distinctly against being called into comparison, in any way whatever, with Lord Torrington.

In this session of 1851, also, the Duke acted an important part with reference to a ministerial crisis. The Russell administration found itself so weakened, chiefly on financial grounds, as to be obliged to resign. Lord Stanley, as the head of the protectionist party, was requested to form a new government; but, not being able to rely sufficiently on his supporters, he declined the task, and recommended that a coalition should be made between the chiefs of the Peelite party, headed by Lord Aberdeen, and the chiefs of the late ministry, headed by the ex-premier. Lord Aberdeen, feeling a strong repugnance to the Ecclesiastical titles' bill, which Lord John Russell had introduced, and which would require to be reintroduced as a prominent "question of the day," on which a large portion of the Protestants of the empire felt high excitement on account of its antagonism to the aggressions of the Roman Catholics, declined the coalition. Lord Stanley now felt bound to attempt the formation of a government; but, after making a zealous effort, he was obliged to inform the Queen that he could not succeed. Her Majesty, being now in a grave difficulty, sent for the Duke of Wellington, as her surest adviser, who alone seemed likely to extricate her; and His Grace, looking purely to the interests of the public service, with supreme disregard of all party considerations, advised Her Majesty to reinstate the former ministry. He calculated that the mere bafflements of the crisis would make a sufficient transfer of influence to that ministry from the opposition to give the former a working strength; and, on the Queen following his advice, he soon found his calculations realized. He saw cause also to strengthen the reinstated ministry by his own support, on the Ecclesiastical titles' bill, in the House of

Lords,—declaring that, though he had always endeavoured to carry out the principles of the Emancipation act of 1829, he felt that the recent aggressive proceedings of the court of Rome required to be met by some resistive legislation.

Throughout the summer of 1851 occurred the great exhibition in the crystal palace in Hyde Park. It was, in some sense, a congress of all nations to celebrate the arts of peace. No man delighted more in it than the Duke of Wellington. He made several visits to the palace during its construction, and many after its opening. On one occasion, he happened to be passing some cases in the foreign department, at a moment when the owners were unpacking French silver statuettes of himself and Buonaparte; and a crowd of Frenchmen, recognizing him from his statuette, made quite a scene of admiring him. At the ceremony of the opening, he walked with the Marquis of Anglesey, immediately before Her Majesty's ministers, and afterwards freely about the platform, gazing with intense interest on the salient objects of the exhibition, but himself all the while an object of far intenser interest than any of these to the great body of the spectators. The hero of Waterloo, the victor of so many foughten fields, was that day entering his eighty-third year of age; and never before had so remarkable a man walked abroad, on an eighty-third birth-day, amid so marvellous a scene. It was the birth-day also, though but the second, of Prince Arthur, to whom the Duke had stood sponsor; and at the close of the ceremony, the aged hero repaired to Buckingham palace with a jewelled casket, as a birth-day present to his royal godson.

At all the Duke's visits to the exhibition, he continued to be enthusiastically greeted by the spectators. Sometimes he was even incommoded by their admiration; and, on one day, he became the cause of such a sudden strong sensation, in the way of a rush to see him, as spread a panic through the building, and obliged him, in prudence to retreat. His wisest admirers, however, were the calmest,—thinking less of his personal appearance in that place, than of the influence of his deeds in creating it. And one of them said in a funeral oration after his death,—“When I saw the Duke of Wellington moving through the palace of industry that was lately erected in the metropolis—which men of all nations viewed with admiration and delight—and the dense crowds making way at his approach, I could not help regarding him as the presiding genius of that temple of peace, which seemed erected for his especial glorification. It is at least certain that, without the blessing of the long peace which his victories had secured, such a building would have been raised in vain. His presence there was hailed by men of all the nations which he had delivered from bondage; and those who might have, years gone by, regarded him as an enemy, looked upon him with veneration and delight.”

In the parliamentary session of 1852, the aged Duke found occasion once

more to throw his chivalrous shield over a military officer's reputation. Sir Harry Smith, the commander-in-chief of the Queen's forces in the South of Africa, had been so baffled by the hostilities of the Caffres that the British public became irritated by his failures, insomuch that the government felt obliged to recall him. The Duke of Wellington, on the subject being mentioned in the House of Lords, said,—“Sir Harry Smith is an officer who, from his high reputation in the service, ought not to require any commendation from me; but having filled a high command in several important military operations long before, carried on under my direction, and he having been now recalled by Her Majesty's government, it is but justice to him to say that I, who am his commanding officer, though at a great distance, entirely approve of all his operations, of all the orders which he has given to his troops, and of the arrangements which he has made for their success.” In this session of 1852, also, the Duke spoke on the ordnance inventions of Mr. Warner. But his grand business this session, as also that of all the other leading statesmen, had reference to the remedy which he had so long urged on the authorities, particularly in 1847, for the inefficient state of the national defences. First the revolution in France, next rapid fluctuations in the republic which was then established, and next the speedy transmutation of that republic into a Buonapartean empire revived, strengthened, and extended the alarm which had been raised in the British mind respecting the probability of a French invasion. The government now took up, with much warmth, Lord Wellington's notice of a standing militia, and introduced a bill upon the subject, proposing that the force to be raised should be 150,000 strong, and all “local.” But they were confronted and overthrown by a still warmer zeal, which required the militia to be “regular,” or disposable in any part of the united kingdom. A new ministry, with the Earl of Derby (formerly Lord Stanley) at its head, made haste to bring in a new bill for a militia force of 80,000, all regular. On the 15th of June, when this bill stood for the second reading in the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington said,—

“My Lords, I am certainly the last man to have any hesitation of opinion as to the relative advantages of meeting an enemy with disciplined or with undisciplined or half-disciplined troops. The things are not to be compared at all. With disciplined troops you are acting in a certain degree of confidence that what they are ordered to perform they will perform. With undisciplined troops you can have no such confidence; on the contrary, I am afraid that those who know the materials of which such troops are composed would be inclined to think the chances are that they will do the very reverse of what they are ordered to do. But, my Lords, we must look a little at the state in which we stand at the present moment. This country is at peace with the whole world, except in certain parts on the frontiers of its own distant dominions where the

operations of war are carried on by means of our peace establishment. You are now providing for a peace establishment; you are at peace with the whole world; you are providing for a peace establishment. I say that that peace establishment ought to have been effectually provided for long ago. If that duty had been performed, we should not have needed now to be told, as we have been told, about the number of days and weeks it will take to train the militia recruits, of the futility of expecting anything to the purpose from troops composed of recruits who have undergone their three weeks', or their six weeks', or what time it may be, training.

"We have never, up to this moment, maintained a proper peace establishment—that is the real truth; and we are now in that position in which we find ourselves forced to form a peace establishment, such as this country requires, upon a militia. As to the regular army, my Lords, I tell you that, for the last ten years, you have never had in your army more men than enough to relieve the sentries on duty at your stations in the different parts of the world. Such is the state of your peace establishment at the present time; such has been the state of your peace establishment for the last ten years. You have been carrying on war in all parts of the globe, on the different stations, by means of this peace establishment; you have now a war at the Cape, on the very frontier of Her Majesty's dominions, still continuing, which you carry on with your peace establishment; yet on that peace establishment, I tell you, you have not more men than are enough to relieve the sentries at the different stations in all parts of the world, and to relieve the different regiments in the tropics and elsewhere, after service of,—how long do you suppose? of, in some cases, twenty-five years—in none less than ten years, and after which you give them five years at home, nominally, for it is only nominally in a great many cases. There were, for instance, the last troops who were sent out to the Cape; instead of keeping them five years at home, after their long service abroad, I was obliged to send out a regiment after they had been only sixteen months at home. My Lords, I tell you, you have never had a proper peace establishment all this time. We are still at peace with all the world. Form now your peace establishment,—your constitutional peace establishment; and when you have got that, see what you will do next.

"The noble Marquis (Lansdowne), my noble friend, if he will allow me so to call him, says he thinks he should prefer an army of reserve? An army of reserve! What is an army of reserve? Is it an army to cost less than £40 each man all round? If he thinks that possible, I tell him that I think it impossible,—that we can have no such thing. But what I desire—and I believe it is a desire the most moderate that can be formed—is, that you shall give us, in the first instance, the old constitutional peace establishment. When we have got that, then you may do what you please. My Lords, the

noble Marquis says very truly, that these 50,000, or 80,000, or 150,000 militiamen will not be fit for service in six months, or twelve months, or eighteen months; but I say they will be fit, at all events, for some service; they will certainly be able to perform some duties, and certainly they will enable us to employ in the field others who are fit for service; and in time they will themselves become fit for service. My Lords, in the last war I had great experience of the value of several regiments of English militia, and I can assure Your Lordships that they were in as high a state of discipline, and as fit for service, as any men I ever saw in my life, even amongst Her Majesty's troops. It was quite impossible to have a body of troops in higher order, or in better spirits, or more fit for discipline, than these bodies of British militiamen were at the commencement of the present century up to 1810; they were as fine corps as ever were seen; and I say, no doubt these bodies of 50,000 men, or 80,000 men, whatever the number may be, will be so, too, in the course of time. Everything has its beginning, and this is a commencement of an organization of a disciplined militia; in the same way as, if you are to have a corps of reserve, you must have a commencement, involving some months for disciplining them, before you could have your corps of reserve ready. You must make a beginning here, and you see that it will take some months before you can form reserve regiments.

"The armies of England, who have served the country so well—are Your Lordships so mistaken as to suppose that they were ever composed of more than one-third of real British subjects, of natives of this island? No such thing. Look to all your great services. Look at the East Indies. Not more than one-third of the soldiery there are such British soldiers. Look at the Peninsula; not one-third of the men employed there were British soldiers. Yet I beg Your Lordships to observe what services these soldiers performed. They fought great battles against the finest troops in the world; they went prepared to face everything—ay, and to be successful against everything—or this country would not have borne with them. Not one-third of these armies were British troops; but they were brave troops, and not merely brave—for I believe every man is brave—but well organized troops. Take the battle of Waterloo; look at the number of British troops at that battle. I can tell Your Lordships, that in that battle there were sixteen battalions of Hanoverian militia just formed, under the command of a nobleman, late the Hanoverian ambassador here, Count Kielmansegge, who behaved most admirably; and there were many other foreign troops who nobly aided us in that battle, avowedly the battle of giants, whose operations helped to bring about the victory which was followed by the peace of Europe, that has now lasted for thirty-two or thirty-four years. I say, my Lords, that, however much I admire highly disciplined troops, and most especially British disciplined, I tell you you must not suppose that others cannot become so too; and no doubt, if you begin with the formation of militia

corps under this act of parliament, they will in time become what their predecessors in the militia were; and if ever they do become what the former militia were, you may rely on it they will perform all the services they may be required to perform. My Lords, I recommend you to adopt this measure as the commencement of a completion of a peace establishment. It will give you a constitutional force; it may not be at first, or for some time, everything we could desire; but by degrees it will become what you want, an efficient auxiliary force to the regular army."

This speech, excepting a very brief one seven days afterwards, was the last which the Duke of Wellington delivered in the House of Lords. How worthy was it to be his last! How eminently characteristic of him as both a patriot and a general! Even that subsequent brief speech was a kind of sequent to it, a sort of dying echo of it, relating to his enforcement of military discipline. His energy, too, as he spoke on the militia bill, rose singularly high. "It was universally admitted that he never spoke better than on this occasion. He had rarely, indeed, spoken so well. His heart was in the cause. 'His speech,' said the *United Service Gazette*, 'might be registered as the most striking proof of the constancy of that pure patriotism which, since he first embraced the profession of arms, had been the most distinguishing trait in his illustrious career.'"

The Duke's last actions, in his several great public offices, were all in keeping with his last appearances in parliament. His last act of any consequence, as commander-in-chief of the forces, was to issue the regulations for the new militia's uniform; and this was performed by him in as much urgency of manner, and in as hot appreciation of the value of time, as if he were preparing for a campaign. His last chief act, or rather series of acts, as lord warden of the Cinque Ports, was to make frequent personal inspection of a harbour of refuge, which was in course of construction at Dover. His last act, as chancellor of the university of Oxford, perhaps the latest public deed of his life, as we noticed in a former chapter, was to make a studious perusal of a dry voluminous parliamentary report on the condition of the university. And one of his last acts, as lord-lieutenant of Hampshire, was to hold a county meeting, on the 13th of August, at Winchester,—in circumstances so characteristic of him that we must transcribe the account of it which was given in the publications of the day.

"The hour announced for the meeting at Winchester was twelve o'clock. But the Duke, finding that the ten o'clock down-train would not arrive till half-past twelve, to save the gentlemen waiting half an hour started by the seven o'clock train, arrived at the White Hart hotel at half-past nine, and remained there till ten minutes before twelve. He then walked from the hotel to the jury-room, between two gentlemen, leaning on neither, preserving his independence, yet appearing with the tremulous step of dignified age; and he entered the jury-room

exactly as the town clock struck twelve. It becoming known that he would leave Winchester by the half-past three up-train, there was a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, and many of the clergy, on the platform to receive him. His Grace came about a quarter of an hour before the arrival of the train, took a seat on the out-door form among the people till the train came up, and then entered the railway carriage. Three cheers, with one cheer more, were given for the Duke; the train was then put in motion; the venerable man bowed to the people; and 'they saw his face no more.' "

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S PERSONAL AND SOCIAL HABITS DURING THE YEARS OF HIS OLD AGE—
HIS FEELINGS TOWARD THE FINE ARTS—INCIDENTS IN THE LAST MONTHS OF HIS LIFE—HIS LAST
ILLNESS AND DEATH—SENSATION CAUSED BY THE NEWS OF HIS DEATH THROUGHOUT THE UNITED
KINGDOM AND ON THE CONTINENT—HIS FUNERAL.

THE Duke of Wellington's personal character, through all the years of his old age, was in perfect keeping with the character of his public life. The same activity, the same energy, the same unselfishness predominated to the last in his private actions and in his social intercourse, as in his public conduct. Both the amount and the variety of what he did, as well as the strength with which he did it, were wonderful. His Spartan habits, also, which he had acquired so early in life, and had constantly practised through all his middle age, continued to the end without change or diminution,—totally unaffected by either his wealth, his power, or his old age; and they, no doubt, contributed greatly both to the maintenance of his energy and to the prolongation of his years. Altogether, his personal character toward the close of his life is intensely interesting, not only on its own account, but for its exhibiting the full development of principles which had ever actuated him,—presenting no contrast to his former self, no declension, no shrivelling, but only the hues of ripeness and the roundness of maturity.

The Duke's bed-room, in each of his residences, was little better than a barrack bivouac. His bed, even to his last night, was more narrow and simple than that of a subaltern. The bedstead was of iron, without any canopy; the bed was a simple mattress, covered with a wash-leather sheet; and the pillow was a cylinder of hair, in a wash-leather envelope. "Curtailed indulgences and eider-down pillows had no charms for him, whose hard mattress was so narrow that all stretchings were impossible. He heartily approved the old saying that, 'when a man catches himself turning in his bed, it is time for him to turn out;' and he often enough did so himself, lighting his fire with his own hand, for he slept far away from servants. An old military cloak was always placed at night within reach, that he might cover himself if chilly; and he had drawn it over his shoulders during the last night of his life. He also kept his bed-room plain, that nothing might interfere with the real purpose there, sleep,—or distract the oblivious sensations that slide into death's counterfeit."

His dressing-room was large and well-appointed, containing all appliances

for ablutions, and full store of his dresses, uniforms, and decorations. He every morning, in his later years, used the shower-bath and friction. "He well knew the bracing benefits of cold water and vinegar used externally, and of iced water taken internally—long his sole beverage. It is reported that, with the exception of one eminent friend of his own, older than himself, there was no man in London who gave, morning and night, so much time to the flesh-brush. He shaved and dressed himself to the last; and if our hero did not appear great before his valet, it was simply because none was present. He hated the incumbrance of help; all he required was, to have every thing ready in its right place."

The Duke spent some time in reading and writing before breakfast,—indeed both read and wrote more than many a senator does during the whole day. His cares of reading and writing were immense. He obliged himself to read everything which bore upon any of his multitudinous duties,—even to the conning of every line of many a voluminous parliamentary report. He likewise read all news, and ran his eye over most advertising columns, in the daily newspapers. His reading of correspondence connected with his public offices would itself have been no mean task, but to this was added the cognizance of a prodigious miscellaneous correspondence, from all classes of persons, on all sorts of affairs. "He might have had less to do if he could have permitted himself to act through the agency of others; but he was unwilling to suffer any one else to do what could be done by himself; and this was not, as might be supposed, from the mere fidgettiness of an old man, but because, as a matter of duty, he considered himself bound to form a correct opinion upon every subject that came before him, and also to judge for himself on questions of fact." The Duke likewise kept himself well informed in all matters of general knowledge, particularly such as bore on military science and political economy; so that, even if he had written none, he performed no small work in his mere reading, and in digesting what he read.

The Duke's breakfast was very simple and soon despatched. His time after breakfast was disposed of variously at different seasons, in the town and in the country, at Strathfieldsaye and at Walmer; it was likewise, on the average, distributed with nice adjustment to the respective claims of health, recreation, friendship, and public duty; yet, in general, on any one day, it was laid out in a marvellous number of successive ways, and largely spent in hard work. "His whirling business habits, amidst the heat of his campaigns, only wore other forms, but were not really changed, in the feeblest days of his old age. He ever was the most working man in the kingdom, and ever did all his work without noise or bustle." "In truth, he was the nation's servant-of-all-work, from the clerk to the commander-in-chief, who never stinted counsel or labour, whether called for by friend or foe, when the honour and welfare of his Sovereign might be forwarded. His secret of getting through each day's work was simple. He rose

early to attend to the thing in hand, one at a time, well knowing that those who run after two hares catch neither. He sat down with a fixed tenacity of purpose, bringing to bear on his subject patience, industry, capacity, tact, and every blossom of good sense. He had in perfection the rare faculty of abstraction, and could concentrate all his powers into one focus. 'Other men,' said Mr. Arbuthnot, 'may have had particular talents in higher perfection, but I do not believe there ever was any man that had the same gift and habit of bringing all his resources to bear upon anything that he took into his consideration at all.'

The Duke's business habits at the close of his life are well indicated by the condition of his private room in Apsley-house, which is described as follows by an intelligent visitor to it after the Duke's death. "One glance at it will satisfy the most skin-flint economist that his situation was no sinecure. Every nook of it is dedicated to work. Around are heaped oak-cases and boxes, books of reference, and all the appliances of pen, ink, and paper. Near the fire are the chair in which the Duke sat when giving instructions, and the table at which, when alone or much pressed by business, he ate a hurried but hearty dinner. On a smaller table stands an ordinary deal box, which never has had a coat of paint, and is fastened by the rudest iron lock and hasp; yet henceforward this rough bit of carpentry will rank with the gem-studded casket of Darius, in which Alexander deposited his Homer. The article followed the Duke's fortunes throughout the Peninsula, and was generally called the 'Mule Box,' as an especial animal was employed to carry this object of constant solicitude, and which was missing more than once. In this humble husk his most secret papers were kept; on its cover his plans were sketched and his despatches written. The whole of the Duke's sanctum sanctorum bears the look of the well-garnished comfortable library of a man of business. All the tools and means of a consummate artist who knows the value of time were at hand. While all show and tinsel are absent, everything present is solid and substantial, and indicative of masculine nerve and sinew, of the energy and intention of one who could bear anything but idleness, and to whom occupation was happiness. Everything in this workshop is calculated to insure quiet and exclude draughts; for the Duke, however hardy out of doors, was chilly and loved warmth when chained down to the daily desk. Within easy reach we see the books he most frequently consulted, chiefly historical; nor is there any lack of easy-chairs for their student. The Duke wrote close to the fire, and formerly seated himself on a stool at the circular-headed, old-fashioned mahogany bureau still here. Latterly he stood, and almost on the rug, at an upright desk, where papers and letters remain exactly as he left them."

The Duke, though he could not find enough to write in the direct discharge of his multifarious duties, taxed himself with an enormous amount of miscellaneous correspondence. Probably no man ever wrote so many notes. His

politeness obliged him to reply to all letters addressed to him, on whatever subject, in whatever spirit, from whatever quarter; and, as letters of every possible kind were daily poured in upon him in torrents, never was politeness put more severely on the strain. His answers, too, whenever he was addressed rightfully and respectfully, no matter by whom, were both courteous and painstaking. And he continued to the end of his days, notwithstanding his growing infirmities, to be every person's correspondent who chose to write to him; nor was deterred, in any case, even by manifest impertinence,—not though the letter he was answering bore sure marks of having no other object but to obtain his autograph. Two things, however, he did to protect himself. The one was to keep sheaves of lithographs, to serve as his replies to all generic letters, such as petitions for place, applications from artists, and requests to see Apsley-house. The other was to reply in a curt, blunt, stinging style, so as either to blend reproof with his courtesy, or to neutralize the unfair use which might be made of his autograph. Notes in this style, all beginning with "F. M. the Duke of Wellington," became exceedingly numerous, especially in the last years of his life, and often found their way into the newspapers, conveying to multitudes of readers the false idea that he was habitually brusque.

The Duke needed also to protect himself in other ways. He could not possibly give attention to persons and to parcels as he gave to letters. His privacy required to be well guarded, and mainly inaccessible. His bosom friends, of course, would call,—and no man's friends could be more cordially received when circumstances were suitable; but they sometimes called at moments when he was particularly busy, and then they were frankly told that he could not talk with them. His servants also were under strict command not to take in any kind of missive, no matter what, whether book, curiosity, parcel, present, or whatever else, which had not a passport on it from himself or his secretary. But for this standing precaution, his house would have been inundated with all sorts of specimens of all sorts of arts. "On the other hand, he did not close himself up against what was passing around him. He was fully alive to all the activity of invention, and sought after useful novelties of every kind. Whenever he saw, in the advertisement columns of the newspapers, anything announced that was likely to be worth examining or purchasing, he sent for it immediately. Thus, while he protected himself from being intruded upon by impertinent speculators, who might strive to trade on his name, all that was really worth having was at all times sure to be within his reach."

The Duke's habits at table were moderate, but not abstemious. He rarely drank wine or spirits. He could easily, to his last day, endure a long fast, and could as readily compensate for it by eating heartily. He appreciated French-dressed dishes, but was no connoisseur in them, and never learned to prefer them to plainer food. His general style of living was comparatively inexpensive,—

sufficiently in keeping with his rank, but devoid of ostentation, and entirely free from every kind of extravagance. His establishment of servants was numerous enough for every fair purpose, but was neither showy nor superfluous. His stable contained a sufficient stud of well-chosen horses, but did not contain one of the fancy. He practised benevolence profusely, and very variously, but in a somewhat hidden manner, insomuch that he actually got the reputation, among many persons, of being a hard man. "The Duke, a Samaritan, not a Pharisee, did not blazen forth his name in printed subscription lists, or choose to be made a decoy, like many who have their reward; but he had a heart open as charity, and a hand that knew not what the other gave. It was useless to prove to him that his bounty was often abused. He held that, as much had been given him by his country, much was required; and, however close and circumspect as paymaster of state money, he was generous to a fault with his own." His personal religion was still more a hidden matter with him; so that it must be pronounced in a great measure unknown, and is the subject of very diversified opinion among investigators of his character. We have dropped some hints respecting it in the former parts of our narrative; and we shall only add here, that he continued to the end of his life one of the most punctual possible attendants on public worship, and that he is reported to have given, during his last year, a fond and frequent perusal to Baxter's Saint's Rest.

The Duke's personal attachments were warm and durable. He ever cherished strong filial love to his venerable mother, till her death in 1831. He ever evinced profound respect for his eldest brother, Marquis Wellesley, to the latest hour of the latter's life. He likewise became long the virtual head of the extensive connexions into which the Wellesley family ramified. He was a kind father, not only during the childhood and the boyhood of his sons, but in the years of their manhood; and became almost proverbial for his lavish attentions to his daughters-in-law. His friendships were deep, steady, and permanent. Some of his earliest friends were also his latest,—or at least till they were removed by death; and many of his Peninsular officers, such as the Marquis of Anglesey, the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Hill, Lord Hardinge, and Lord Fitzroy Somerset (afterwards Lord Raglan), ever enjoyed his marked confidence. Many of his domestic servants were very long in his service; Kendal, his valet, nearly thirty years; his groom a still longer period. He also loved children, and often gave them presents. "He was the godfather of a great many of the offspring of the nobility. He always kept a drawer full of half-sovereigns, to which pieces of ribbon were attached; and when a cluster of the olive-branches of some noble house paid him a visit, he would invest them with these insipia, which became heir-looms as it were,—jewels beyond all price. Nor was it to the scions of noble houses alone that he was kind. At

Walmer and its vicinity the village children knew 'the old Duke,' and for all he had a nod or a smile, a small coin or a passing word."

The Duke had a strong relish for society. "In his later years, after the accession of Queen Victoria, he made a prominent figure in all royal and noble reunions. He was one of the first to pay his respects at the levée and drawing-room, and considered himself a necessary part of every ceremonial and pageant which concerned the dignity or pleasure of his Sovereign. Towards the female nobility he carried himself with a chivalrous and punctilious courtesy, with no small degree of enjoyment; but in the society of the younger daughters of the great houses, he seemed perfectly happy. In return, the notice of a man so celebrated, and so capable of conferring pleasure, was anxiously sought by the noblest; and happy indeed was some proud-eyed beauty who could succeed in engaging the old man's interest in her plans of happiness,—in securing his assistance at her marriage, or ennobling her ball by his presence. The Duke's acquiescence in these demands on his complaisance frequently arose from pleasurable interest; but in time, as his presence became a necessity, it was made to assume (all the circumstances being fitting) somewhat of the guise of 'duty.' It was expected of him, he said, and he thought it his duty not to disappoint legitimate expectation. Nor did he at all shrink from the *incommodité* of his part; for he duly appeared in character at the Queen's *bals costumés* as 'Duke of Cumberland' or a field-marshal of the time of Charles II."

The Duke also gave keen attention, in his very ripest years, to all sorts of displays and demonstrations connected with art. His intense interest in the great exhibition of 1851—which we noticed in our preceding chapter—was only a current manifestation of his ordinary character. He ever gave ready attendance at launches, inaugurations, and artistic festivals. He early and constantly visited the pictures of the Royal Academy, and often inspected the ateliers of the best sculptors. But especially was he fond of operatic performances and massive harmonies. He inherited from his father a passion for music, and in old age, as well as in his prime, he commonly indulged that passion with little curb. He frequented the opera as regularly as the House of Lords; he was one of the presidents of the royal musical festival in Westminster abbey in 1834, and one of the last directors of the concerts of ancient music, now discontinued; and he gave grand musical entertainments at his own residences, and was ever forward to countenance or enjoy them at the residences of his friends. In his last years, however, music had often a somniferous influence upon him; in such that his taking a nap at a concert came to be proverbial.

The Duke spent the summer of 1852 in the usual exercise of the habits which we have described. He was even observed at times to be uncommonly energetic, going through an amount of engagements in one day almost as great

as he had ever been known to do, in his fresher years. He likewise continued, hardy and healthy, yielding to nothing but the imperceptibly slow, insidious, of inevitable decay. And as parliament broke up very early that year, he went earlier than usual to his autumnal residence of Walmer castle, there to enjoy comparative relaxation from official care, and to luxuriate daily in the bracing influence of the sea breezes. He transacted the business of his wardenship with his ordinary zest, continued to take daily exercise in the open air, and made repeated excursions to Folkestone and Dover. He had formerly received a visit of several days from the Queen at Walmer castle,—which Her Majesty is said to have enjoyed greatly, notwithstanding the sparseness of the accommodation; and he now received a flying visit from Prince Albert, made in a boat from the royal squadron while it lay momentarily for shelter in the Downs, at the time of its going to Belgium; and he was observed to display a surprising degree of his former alacrity, while walking some time in conversation with the Prince on the ramparts.

On Saturday, the 11th of September, His Grace rode to Dover, and examined the progress of the works there. On Sabbath he attended public worship as usual in the village church. On Monday he walked out for exercise in the environs of the castle, and was thought to look much better than on some previous days. He also called at the stables, and gave some instructions for alterations. At dinner, he ate heartily from roast venison; and instead of retiring at ten, his usual hour, he sat up till nearly half-past eleven, conversing with Lord Charles and Lady Wellesley. So well did he appear throughout the evening that his son and his daughter-in-law specially congratulated him on his health and vivacity. But—so short-sighted are mortals—this proved to be the last night of the illustrious Duke's life. Nor only the inmates of his house, but the whole nation, were struck by the suddenness of his exit. "Eighteen years previously, it was commonly said that the work of the Peninsula was beginning to tell on that iron frame; and subsequently to that, men had predicted, till they were wearied or ashamed of predicting, that each Waterloo banquet would prove the last. Of late years, increasing infirmities—manifest, though energetically resisted—the treacherous ear, the struggling utterance, and the tottering step, all told their tale, and suggested even a foreboding that the greatest man of his age might live to illustrate the decay from which no greatness is secure. Yet the event, so long in sight as it was, fell upon the public by surprise."

Kendal, the Duke's valet, had been accustomed to call on him every morning about six o'clock. On the morning of Tuesday, the 12th of September, he did not call till nearly half-past six; and found him, though less alert, as usual, than usual. But, seeing no appearance of illness in him, and remembering his extra fatigue of the previous evening, he left him to enjoy another hour's rest.

Calling again at half-past seven, he observed His Grace to be manifestly uncomfortable, and in a moment or two was startled with a request to send for Mr. Hulke, an apothecary in Deal who had been accustomed to attend the Duke when at Walmer. This request was a clear indication that His Grace felt very unwell; for he was always reluctant to call in medical aid, believing that he knew better himself than any one else how to manage his own constitution. Mr. Hulke received the message about half-past eight, and made instant haste to the castle. The Duke was found by him reclining on bed, in a state of perfect consciousness and calmness, and immediately informed him that he was suffering from an affection of the chest and stomach. The apothecary prescribed forthwith, and said to Lord Charles Wellesley that he did not consider His Grace's symptoms at all dangerous, nor even nearly so bad as those of some former illnesses. And while the medicine was a-preparing which he had ordered, the Duke took some tea and toast.

Mr. Hulke had not been at home more than a quarter of an hour after his return from the castle, when he received another message, stating that the Duke was much worse, and had been seized with a fit. Mr. Hulke, accompanied by his son, made instant haste back, and found the Duke in bed, unconscious, his eyes fixed, his respiration very laborious, and his whole appearance indicating epilepsy. The valet had previously applied a mustard poultice to His Grace's chest, that remedy having on former occasions given relief. Dr. M'Arthur of Walmer soon arrived; and Drs. Hume and Fergusson of London were telegraphed for. Dr. M'Arthur advised a mustard emetic to be given, having advantageously prescribed one on a former occasion of a similar kind. But both this measure, and others which followed, were now of no avail. The Duke became very restless, tried to turn on his left side, but continued speechless and convulsed. He obtained some slight relief by being raised in bed, and then was removed to an easy chair, and there became much less embarrassed. But now his pulse sank, and he was placed more horizontally. His pulse then rallied for a little, and then gradually declined. His respiration became more feeble; his attendants could only look on, and see him die; at twenty-five minutes past three in the afternoon, he breathed his last. "So easy and gentle was the transition, that for a moment it was doubted. A mirror was held before his mouth; its brightness was undimmed, and he was no more."

The news of the Duke's death, through every part of the British empire, was a signal for general grief. All classes of men mourned his departure as a national loss. "Not the death of Lord Nelson, or that of the Princess Charlotte, caused a deeper sensation, or one so prolonged. Excepting a few individuals of peculiar character, whose dissent implied more praise than would have been given by their concurrence, all Britons now pronounced the Duke of Wellington to have been a very great man, who had rendered large services to his

country, and done some good to great part of the civilized world. The national lamentation, though necessarily wanting the pungency of private sorrow, presented all the lugubriousness of public woe. The newspapers appeared with edgings of black; the bells of cities and towns were tolled; the flags of vessels in the harbours were mounted half-mast high; places of public amusement, and even many places of business, were closed: and multitudes of the people, especially of the upper classes, went regularly into mourning.

The sensation, in a considerable degree, was a paroxysm or a shock, as perceptible as that from the victory of Waterloo or from the French revolutions, though differing entirely in kind. Millions of men, as if suddenly struck with repentance for ever having spoken a word against the illustrious deceased, seemed to vie with one another in regrets for his death and in eulogiums on his worth. Several large towns, who had neglected to honour him in his life-time, passed instant resolutions to lose not a moment longer in erecting monuments to his fame. Multitudes of the young, who had not become familiar with his history, wished to become familiar with it now; multitudes of the old who had been contemporaneous with it, wished now to read it in regular form; and multitudes of all ages, who had hitherto felt little interest in him, or only a perverted interest, were now seized with a passion to hear every anecdote about him which could be told, or to possess every reminiscence of him which could be obtained. Authors, artists, publishers, and miscellaneous venders could scarcely supply the market quickly enough for the popular demand. All sorts of Wellingtoniana, literary and artistic, historical and curious, old and new, great and small, were in peremptory request. The newspapers also teemed with every kind of matter upon the departed hero, from misty speculations on his ancestry and birth to premature announcements of the details of his funeral, and from soaring panegyrics on his genius or elaborate essays on his character to the most paltry gossip respecting his boyhood or his privacies. In short, for at least three months, emphatically and almost in the style of hero-worship, Wellington was "the topic of the day."

The intensity of interest in him, chiefly in the form of mourning, though partly also in other forms, spread likewise through no small portion of all the civilized world. Intelligent men of all nations were startled to find themselves contemporaneous with the death of one of the greatest heroes ever known to history. Diplomats and statesmen in every part of the earth stood still to wonder that the man who had figured so prominently in courts long before their own day of power, and who had worked on the same platform of influence as kings and emperors so long ago as 1814, was only now descending to the grave. All the great courts of Europe, whose countries he had benefited; whose councils he had controlled, or whose honours he had won, made formal demonstrations of sorrow for his loss. And France herself, especially in her heart of Paris, was most

affected of all,—though with such conflicting emotions as to look more stunned than grieved. The attendance on her theatres for some nights was materially diminished, by stated frequenters of them staying away to mark their respect for his memory; and all her newspapers came forth with long keen articles upon his character, some extolling him, some sacrificing his fame to that of Buonaparte, some labouring mightily to exhibit him as merely and simply a pre-eminent son of fortune, but all, in some manner or other, either directly or impliedly, confessing how completely his great name had overshadowed their country.

The British Court, at the time of the Duke's death, was at Balmoral, in the Aberdeenshire highlands. The Earl of Derby, the prime minister, aware that the nation would expect a state funeral, instantly opened a correspondence with the Duke's family, and hastened in person to Balmoral; and on the 20th of September, he issued a letter stating that the Queen wished to do all possible honour to the Duke's memory, and that the Duke's relatives placed the arrangements for the funeral entirely at Her Majesty's disposal, and proceeding,—“The great space which the name of the Duke of Wellington has filled in the history of the last fifty years, his brilliant achievements in the field, his high mental qualities, his long and faithful services to the Crown, his untiring devotion to the interests of his country constitute claims upon the gratitude of the nation, which a public funeral, though it cannot satisfy, at least may serve to recognise. Her Majesty is well aware that, as in the case of Lord Nelson, she might, of her own authority have given immediate orders for this public mark of veneration for the memory of the illustrious Duke, and has no doubt but that parliament and the country would cordially have approved the step. But Her Majesty anxious that this tribute of gratitude and of sorrow should be deprived of nothing which could invest it with a thoroughly national character, anxious that the greatest possible number of her subjects should have an opportunity of joining it, is anxious, above all, that such honours should not appear to emanate from the Crown alone, and that the two houses of parliament should have an opportunity, by their previous sanction, of stamping the proposed ceremony with increased solemnity, and of associating themselves with Her Majesty in paying honour to the memory of one whom no Englishman can name without pride and sorrow. The body of the Duke of Wellington will, therefore, remain, with the concurrence of the family, under proper guardianship, until the Queen shall have received the formal approval of parliament of the course which it will be the duty of Her Majesty's servants to submit to both houses upon their re-assembling. As soon as possible after that approval shall have been obtained, it is Her Majesty's wish, should no unforeseen impediment arise, that the mortal remains of the late illustrious and venerated commander-in-chief should, at the public expense, and with all the solemnity due to the greatness of the occasion, be deposited in the cathedral church of St. Paul's, there to rest by the side of Nelson;

the greatest military by the side of the greatest naval chief who ever reflected lustre upon the annals of England."

The body of the deceased Duke, suitably enclosed in a magnificent coffin, lay for some time at Walmer Castle, under the anxious ward of special sentinels. The principal offices and non-hereditary honours which had been vacated by his death were in the meanwhile distributed among the chief men of the realm, the persons deemed most worthy to succeed him, either his most distinguished old companions in arms, or the men of highest rank or power in the empire. The command-in-chief was given to Lord Hardinge, the knighthood of the garter to the Marquis of Londonderry, the constablership of the Tower to Viscount Combermere, the lord-wardenship of the Cinque Ports to the Earl of Derby, the colonelcy of the Coldstream guards to the Duke of Cambridge, and the colonelcy of the Grenadier guards and of the rifle brigade to Prince Albert. The Earl of Derby also became chancellor of the University of Oxford: Prince Albert became master of the Trinity-house; and Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who had long held the secretaryship at the Horse Guards, and was deemed a close competitor with Lord Hardinge for the command-in-chief, was advanced to the master-generalship of the ordnance—which had been successively held by Viscount Beresford, the Marquis of Anglesey, and Lord Hardinge—and at the same time was elevated to the peerage in his own right under the title of Lord Raglan.

Parliament met early in November, and gave a formal assent to the public funeral of the late Duke of Wellington. Preparations on a vast scale had previously been going on, and were now expeditiously pushed forward, for rendering the solemn pageant every way worthy of so great a nation to give to so great a man. The time fixed for it was the 18th of November; and this seemed at once far too near to admit of the preparations being completed, and far too distant to satisfy the earnest longings of some two millions of human beings who expected to witness it. And a grand preliminary, which gave some promise of diverting expectation, but proved only a means of driving it almost to phrenzy, was the placing of the Duke's body to lie in state six days in the hall of Chelsea hospital. The hall was much too small, the approaches to it were much too confined, and the time of exhibition was much too short; so that vastly greater crowds besieged the place than could possibly gain admittance, producing an immense pressure, and creating some serious accidents.

But the funeral itself, on the 18th, fulfilled all expectation. The ground it went over was from the Horse Guards to St. Paul's, the body having been brought on the previous night from Chelsea hospital to the Horse Guards. The parts of the procession comprised two regiments of the line, a battalion of the royal marines, the household troops, cavalry and infantry, representatives of every regiment or other corps in the British army, seventeen guns, with their complement of men, a body of Chelsea pensioners, staff-officers bearing banners, or

escorting the deceased Duke's insignia of office, representatives of all the bodies with whom the Duke had stood connected, deputations from public bodies too numerous or too distant to be all personally present, and the persons or the representatives of all the great authorities, including the ministers of state, Prince Albert, and generals or princes from foreign courts. Every inch of pavement along the whole route, every nook, every window, every house-top, together with temporary scaffoldings in every available recess, were occupied by spectators. The utmost decorum prevailed, the utmost possible solemnity, the most decided indication of profound general respect for the mighty dead. The funeral car was a magnificent object, specially constructed for the occasion, at a cost of about £11,000, decorated with trophies and heraldic devices, drawn by twelve horses, and resembling far more a moving temple than any kind of carriage.

"The procession," says one of the contemporary accounts of it, "combined almost every symbol of military and civil greatness. Its constituent elements represented every branch of the public service of this great nation: and, numerous as these representatives were, it may truly be said that there was not one who had not a right to be present, or whose absence would not have compromised the unity and derogated from the grandeur of the ceremonial. In determining on the component parts, and arranging the order of the procession, the authorities appear to have been unconsciously influenced by the spirit of the illustrious man whose memory it was designed to honour, for it partook of the character of his mind. All that was necessary and right was there; but nothing too much, nothing superfluous, or that was not demanded by the occasion. Nor was this the only respect in which the pageant itself was in harmony with the character of the deceased Duke. In its variety, in the number and distinction of those of whom it was composed, it typified his gigantic renown and multifarious services. As every new object passed the eye, as the representatives of regiments, the standard-bearers, the artillery, the high officers of state, the ministers, the civil and the civic functionaries, the delegates from universities, from the local administration of the outports, from the Trinity house, more especially as the noblemen and warriors dispatched by foreign sovereigns to take part in the ceremonial, came up,—as all these parts of the lengthy pageant slowly moved along, in their order and their places, you were irresistibly reminded that there was scarcely one service or department, civil or military, of which the Duke had not been a distinguished, if not the most distinguished member. Thus, every part of the procession was suggestive; and, as a whole, it constituted a symbolical history of his great but eminently useful career."

Upwards of ten thousand privileged persons, including all the principal ones in the procession, were accommodated within St. Paul's cathedral to witness the interment. When all had taken their places, the coffin was removed from the huge carion which it had been borne along the streets to a moveable carriage

which was to convey it up the nave of the cathedral. "And then, with the hoarse roar of the multitude without, as they saw their last of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, with the grand and touching service of the church, sounding solemnly through the arched dome and aisles of the noble edifice—with the glistening eyes and hushed breath of many a gallant as well as of many a gentle soul in that vast multitude—with the bell tolling solemnly the knell of the departed, taken up by the voice of the distant cannon, amid the quiet waving of banner and flag, surrounded by all the greatness of the land—with all the pomp and glories of heraldic achievement, escutcheon, and device—the coffin was borne up St. Paul's to the centre of the area under the dome." A frame was there ready to receive it, provided with invisible machinery for lowering it to the crypt. The coffin was gently transferred to the frame by a slide. The marshal's hat and sword of the deceased, which had hitherto lain upon it, were then removed; and a ducal coronet, on a velvet cushion, was put in their place. The late Duke's relatives, eight of the oldest British generals as pall-bearers, Prince Albert in the uniform of a field-marshal, and the representatives of the foreign courts and armies stood closely around. And then was performed the ceremony of the interment.

"After the psalm and anthem, the Dean read with great solemnity and impressiveness the lesson, 1 Cor. xv. 20., which was followed by the Nunc Dimittis, and a dirge, with the following words set to music,—‘And the King said to all the people that were with him, Rend your clothes, and gird you with sackcloth, and mourn. And the King himself followed the bier. And they buried him. And the King lifted up his voice and wept at the grave, and all the people wept. And the King said unto his servants, Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?’ And now came the roll of muffled drums, and the wailing notes of horn and cornet, and the coffin slowly sank into the crypt amid the awful strains of Handel's dead march. The ducal crown disappeared with its gorgeous support, and in the centre of the group of generals and nobles was left a dark chasm, into which every eye glanced sadly down, and all knew indeed that a prince and a great man had that day gone from Israel. The remaining portions of the funeral service were then performed. The congregation were requested to join in the responses to the Lord's Prayer, and the effect of many thousand voices in deep emotion repeating the words after the full enunciation of the Dean, was intensely affecting. ‘His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth evermore,’ from Handel's funeral anthem, was then most effectively performed by the choir. And then Garter King-at-arms, standing over the vault, proclaimed the titles and orders of the deceased, ‘whom Heaven was pleased to take from us.’ Then the late Duke's comptroller having broken in pieces his staff of office in the household, handed it to the Garter King-at-arms, who cast the fragments into the vault.

The choir and choros sang the hymn, 'Sleepers, awake!' and the Bishop of London, standing by the side of the Lord Chancellor, pronounced the blessing."

Thus was buried, with all the state pomp of the British empire, the great Duke of Wellington! Never before did the greatest city in the world behold so imposing a ceremonial. All other parts of the united kingdom, also, held funeral holiday; so that, in every sense possible, the obsequies were national. Most emphatically at the last, therefore, did all Britain do honour to her hero; and no doubt she will continue to do so, either in herself or in her sequents, till the end of time. All temporary aspersions on him have for ever passed away. All the fluctuations in his fame have become lost in one wide calm sea of glory. The declaration of a great functionary respecting him, in the people's representative house of parliament, on the eve of the funeral, was virtually the voice of the whole nation.—"Though he lived so much in the hearts and minds of his countrymen,—though he occupied such eminent posts and fulfilled such august duties,—it was not till he died that we felt what a place he filled in the feelings and thoughts of the people of England. Never was the influence of real greatness more completely asserted than on his decease. In an age whose boast of intellectual equality flatters all our self-complacencies, the world suddenly acknowledged that it had lost the greatest of men; in an age of utility, the most industrious and common-sense people in the world could find no vent for their woe, and no representative for their sorrow, but the solemnity of a pageant; and we, the senators of the empire—we who have met here for such different purposes, to investigate the sources of the wealth of nations, to enter into statistical research, and to encounter each other in fiscal controversy—we present to the world the most sublime and touching spectacle that human circumstances can well produce,—the spectacle of a senate mourning a hero!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S TITLES—HIS CONNEXION WITH THE TOWN OF WELLINGTON—HONOURS DONE TO HIM THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE FINE ARTS—TESTIMONIALS TO HIM—POSTHUMOUS MONUMENTS OF HIM—OPINIONS OF THE FRENCH PRESS RESPECTING HIM—COMPARISON OF HIM AND BUONAPARTE—SUMMARY VIEWS OF HIS CHARACTER.

titles of the late Duke of Wellington, as proclaimed by the Garter King-at-arms, at the Duke's interment, were,—“Arthur Wellesley, the most high, mighty, and most noble Prince, Duke of Wellington, Marquis of Wellington, Marquis of Douro, Earl of Wellington, in Somerset, Viscount Wellington of Talavera, Baron Douro of Wellesley, Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo in Spain, Duke of Brunoy in France, Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, Count of Vimiero in Portugal, a grandee of the first class in Spain, a privy councillor, commander-in-chief of the British army, colonel of the grenadier guards, colonel of the rifle brigade, a field-marshal of Great Britain, a marshal of Russia, a marshal of Austria, a marshal of France, a marshal of Prussia, a marshal of Spain, a marshal of Portugal, a marshal of the Netherlands, a knight of the Garter, a knight of the Holy Ghost, a knight of the Golden Fleece, a knight grand cross of the Bath, a knight grand cross of Hanover, a knight of the Black Eagle, a knight of the Tower and Sword, a knight of St. Fernando, a knight of William of the Low Countries, a knight of Charles III., a knight of the Sword of Sweden, a knight of St. Andrew of Russia, a knight of the Annunciado of Sardinia, a knight of the Elephant of Denmark, a knight of Maria Theresa, a knight of St. George of Russia, a knight of the Crown of Rue of Saxony, a knight of fidelity of Baden, a knight of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, a knight of St. Alexander Newsky of Russia, a knight of St. Hermenegilda of Spain, a knight of the Red Eagle of Brandenburg, a knight of St. Januarius, a knight of the Golden Lion of Hesse Cassel, a knight of the Lion of Baden, a knight of merit of Wurtemberg, the lord high constable of England, the constable of the tower of London, the constable of Dover castle, warden of the Cinque Ports, chancellor of the Cinque Ports, admiral of the Cinque Ports, lord lieutenant of Hampshire, lord lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, ranger of St. James's Park, ranger of Hyde Park, chancellor of the university of Oxford, commissioner of the royal military college, vice-president of the Scottish naval and military academy, the master of the Trinity house, a governor of King's college, a Doctor of Laws, &c.”

The place from which the Duke took his leading titles is the parish of Wellington, containing an ancient market town of its own name, on the western verge of Somersetshire, and on the line of the Great Western railway, 24 miles north-east of Exeter. The manor was held successively by Asser, bishop of Sherborne, preceptor to Alfred the Great,—by the early bishops of Wells,—and by the proud Duke of Somerset, who was beheaded for high treason in the time of Edward VI. Our hero probably selected this place for the title of his peerage, on account of its vicinity to the village of Wesley, which gave name to the original stock of one of his two great lines of ancestry; and, as we saw in the course of our history, he became proprietor of the estate by purchase with the first large sum of money which was given him by Britain for his achievements in the Peninsula. The town of Wellington, though rendered so immensely famous by his adoption of its name, confers upon him little celebrity in return. It is a respectable place enough, but has only the bulk of a large village, with little more than two thousand inhabitants,—and contains no more notable building than an old cruciform parish church,—and boasts no higher an event than having been held for some time, by a party of resisters, against the King's forces under Sir Richard Grenville, during the great civil war. But now its mere association by name with the hero of Waterloo makes it for ever one of the most famous of towns. And an obelisk in honour of him on a hill contiguous to it, draws attention from a large extent of circumjacent country. A spectator on the hill commands a brilliant prospect, away even to the Bristol channel. The obelisk was originally plain, and not well built; but, immediately after the Duke's death, a subscription was opened for repairing it,—for placing a bronze statue of the Duke on its top,—and for erecting beside it a building for three military pensioners to take charge of it.

The honours done to the Duke in his lifetime, through the medium of the fine arts, were innumerable. We have, in the course of our narrative, noticed the principal monuments erected to him; but these were as nothing compared with the smaller productions of the arts,—statues, busts, statuettes, pictures, and engravings. Sculptors of all grades did their best to immortalize him; and some of the best British painters taxed their utmost powers to translate his lineaments to the canvas, or to give embodiment to bright conceptions of his exploits. “By his aristocratic friends and admirers, and by public bodies, he was constantly tormented to sit for his likeness; and it was rightly considered no slight favour when he acceded to the request. He never thought of such things for himself; indeed, he had little occasion, for, as a witty French critic remarks, ‘As for public statues, it must be owned that England rather over-used her great man. The good old Duke could not walk out without being exposed to knock himself against his own nose. In Apsley-house, he was literally besieged with representations of his own figure, and he could not look out of a window

without finding himself in his own presence.' In truth, the Duke was hardly used in this respect; if we reflect on the two extremes of bad taste with which he was assailed outside his own dwelling-house. But if he was indifferent, as a matter of vanity, to having his own likeness perpetuated, yet when he did consent to sit, he was most particular as to the exactitude of the resemblance. Here we have the predominating trait in his character exhibiting itself in trifles. Nor was this all; he carried his idea of duty still further. If he went through the ordeal at all, at least the work must be well done. He was most minute and careful in this respect,—would take the measuring compasses, and ascertain the exact proportions of his own features, then compare them with the clay representative. Nor was it only the elaborate works of great artists that adorned the galleries of the rich. Every petty image-maker had his contrefaçon; so that the head of the Duke appeared in all conceivable sizes and in every degree of divergence from truthfulness to the original. It had, however, this effect—that his face became known in the remotest nooks and corners of the country; so that he could not pass along the street without being recognised."

London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, as formerly noticed, are the places which have the most conspicuous monuments of the Duke. Trim also raised early a fine monument of him,—a handsome Corinthian column, surmounted by a statue, and figuring grandly on a rising ground. Waterloo testimonials of various kinds, in various parts of the country, pillars, obelisks, or whatever else, are likewise so many monuments of the Duke. A stone statue of him, by Mr. Milnes, was erected in 1848, on the Green near the Thames in the Tower of London. The statue is in the military costume, with a cloak hanging from the shoulder, and is about eight feet high, on a pedestal of ten feet. A bust of the Duke was designed by Count D'Orsay in 1846, of thoughtful, dignified, life-like expression, with the shoulders draped; and was modelled in Parian by Mr. Copeland. A very beautiful equestrian statuette of the Duke was also modelled by Count D'Orsay, and published in bronze by Mr. Walesby. A draped bust of the Duke, very good in both likeness and style, was modelled by Mr. Noble not long before the Duke's death, and has been numerously issued in both marble and metal. A bust of the Duke, very vigorous and truthful, was designed by Baron Marochetti, the sculptor of the Glasgow monument, and has been reproduced in different sizes in bronze. A statuette of the Duke, representing him as listening to a debate in the House of Lords, the figure easy, the expression intelligent, was designed by Alfred Crowquill, and published in Parian. A bust of the Duke, of life size, an excellent likeness, very vigorous in expression, representing him in evening dress, with the decorations of the Garter and the Golden Piece, was modelled by Mr. H. Weigall, from sittings in the autumn of 1851. A bust of the Duke, more than double the size of life, but admirably treated and perfectly truthful, was executed in marble late in 1851,

by Mr. Behnes, for the King of Prussia. There are also public busts of the Duke by Turnerelli, Nollekens, and Chantrey,—Turnerelli's in the council-room of the Guildhall of London, opposite Mrs. Dawson Damer's bust of Nelson, —Chantrey's in the guard-room at Windsor Castle, beneath the annually renewed tenure-flag of Strathfieldsaye.

The published pictures of the Duke are so many and various that all cannot be enumerated. A full-length portrait of him as Sir Arthur Wellesley, holding his sword and hat, was painted by Hoppner, engraved in mezzotint by Barney, and published in 1808. A half-length, as Earl of Wellington, with ribbon and star, was painted also by Hoppner, and engraved by H. R. Cook. A half-length, in the Portuguese uniform, with ribbon and star, amid warlike accessories, was painted by Pellegrini, and engraved in 1811, by F. Bartolozzi. A whole length, in the Portuguese uniform, with the right hand holding a paper, the left resting on the sword, was painted also by Pellegrini, and engraved in 1812 by J. Godley. A half-length was painted by Sir William Beechy, and engraved in 1814, by W. Skelton. A whole length, as Marquis, was painted, by Robert Horne, and engraved in 1813, by J. Williamson. An equestrian whole-length, holding a baton, was painted by J. M. Wright, and engraved in 1814, by D. Havell. A whole-length, with both hands resting on his sword, was painted in 1814, by F. Gerard, and engraved in 1818, by F. Forster. A whole-length, with the right hand holding a field telescope, the left pointing to a camp, was both painted and engraved in 1815, by H. Leveque. An oval head and shoulders, with orders, was painted by Isabey, engraved in 1814, by Mecon, and published in Paris. An oval medallion profile, with the insignia of the Golden Fleece, was painted by Carlo Amatuszi, and engraved in 1814, by Freeman. A half-length in uniform, with the various orders, was painted, by T. Phillips, and engraved in 1814, by W. Say. A miniature, full-faced, looking directly out, with frock-coat and white cravat, was painted by Hayter, at the Duke's own request, in 1815, as a present to his venerable mother, and engraved, by J. H. Robinson, not for sale or formal publication, but for private distribution.

A full-length, in military costume, the right hand holding aloft the sword of state, the left holding the Duke's plumed hat, the background, showing St. Paul's cathedral, the entire style of execution very brilliant and ambitious, was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence for the Waterloo gallery at Windsor, and exhibited at the Royal academy in 1815. An equestrian full-length, representing the Duke in the act of giving the word of command at the crisis of the battle of Waterloo, was painted also by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and exhibited in 1818. A half-length, representing the Duke in a military cloak, with the right hand thrown across to the left shoulder, was painted likewise by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and has been very variously engraved. This was always the portrait

which the Duke himself preferred; and, having been done for his friend Mr. Arbuthnot, it is commonly designated the Arbuthnot portrait. A full-length, representing the Duke in a military cloak, on the field of Waterloo, holding his reconnoitering telescope, was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence in 1818 for Sir Robert Peel, and was guarded with such keen jealousy by Sir Robert, that not till 1847, and even then only under extraordinary circumstances, would he allow it to go out of his possession to be engraved. A life-size head in crayons was drawn by Sir Thomas Lawrence in 1815, and engraved in chalk by F. C. Lewis. A portrait almost competing, for some time, with the most admired of Lawrence's, was painted in 1825, by J. Jackson, and has been lithographed by R. J. Lane. An equestrian full-length, on the Waterloo charger, was painted by Wilkie from sittings at Strathfieldsaye, for the Merchant Tailors' Company, and exhibited in 1834. Another full-length was painted by Wilkie in 1835 for the Marquis of Salisbury. A half-length, with cloak and feathered hat, the sword carried across on both hands, was painted in 1838, by J. Simpson, and engraved in mezzotint by O. Gibbon.

A whole-length of the Duke, seated, in his robes as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, was painted by H. P. Briggs for the Earl of Eldon, and engraved in mezzotint by Phillips. A whole-length, in a military cloak, the arms crossed, standing in a portico,—and a three-quarter-length in military undress, the arms crossed,—were painted in 1840, also by H. P. Briggs, and engraved by Ryall. Two whole-lengths,—the one in the costume of Master of the Trinity-house, with the Tower on the background,—the other in the robes of Chancellor of the University of Oxford, standing—were painted by John Lucas, and engraved in mezzotint by H. Cousins. Another whole-length, in military dress, the hat under the left arm, standing, was painted and also engraved by Lucas. Two whole-lengths—the one on horse-back, on the sea-shore, near Dover,—the other as lord-warden of the Cinque Ports, with a cloak over full dress, Dover castle in the distance—were painted by Lilly, and engraved in mezzotint by J. Scott. A whole-length, in the uniform of field-marshal, standing under an arch, was painted by Salter, and engraved in line by Greatbach. A whole-length was painted by Pickersgill for the Oriental Club, and engraved in mezzotint by Wagstaff. Another whole-length, in military cloak and full uniform, the right hand holding a telescope, was painted by Pickersgill for Lord Hill. A portrait combining a reproduction of the Arbuthnot with some originalities in the dress and treatment, was painted by W. Robinson for the United Service Club. A whole-length in military frock coat, and warlike accessories, was painted by J. Simpson for the Junior United Service Club, and engraved in mezzotint by Phillips. A three-quarter-length, in evening dress, with the star and ribbon of the Garter, was painted by Count D'Orsay, and engraved in mezzotint by Wagstaff. A Daguerreotype half-length, showing the Duke

sitting in ordinary dress, with a white waistcoat, was taken in 1848 by M. Claudet, and has been published in two versions, the one with the hands, the other without them. An original miniature, in profile, representing the Duke standing, in evening dress—but with the error of holding in his hand a glove, an article of dress which he never wore—was painted in 1852, by W. Weigall, junior, and engraved by S. W. Reynolds. Another picture, the last ever taken from life, representing the Duke on horse-back, in his every-day costume, was painted immediately before the Duke's death, by J. W. Glass.

Reproduced engravings, both direct and modified, of some of these portraits, are so numerous that they cannot be traced. Other engravings also, whether from other paintings, from sketches, or from sculptured busts, are countless numerous. Some of the chief are miniatures half-length in uniform, drawn by W. Haines, and engraved in 1812, by H. Cook; a bust, after Turnerelli, engraved in 1813, by H. Cook; a bust in a circle, in military dress, engraved in 1814, by H. Minasi; a whole-length, standing, and holding a letter, engraved in 1814; a small head profile, drawn by C. F. Barneux, and engraved in 1814, by J. Heath; a half-length, with orders, engraved in 1815, by T. Frv; a bust in a niche, after Nollekens, drawn by John Taylor, and engraved in 1815, by E. Bocquet; a profile, with wreath of laurels, forming an oval, engraved in 1815, by Shroeder; a profile bust, in uniform, within a wreath and over a triumphal chariot, published in 1815, by T. Martyn; an etching of a head in profile, after Chantrey, engraved in 1822, by Mrs. Dawson Damer; a half-length in a cloak, with order, engraved by George Dawe from an original sketch, and published in 1842; a profile in small medallion, drawn and engraved by T. Wright, the brother-in-law of Dawe; an equestrian full-length, in plain clothes, returning a salute, painted by Panbrauwa; two equestrian portraits, in plain clothes, one of them representing the Duke as he appeared on his 79th birth-day, both sketched and lithographed by H. B.; a small sketch of the Duke as field-marshal, reviewing the troops at Windsor; and a group of three heads, representing the Duke at successive periods of his life, as in India, at Waterloo, and in the House of Lords, drawn and lithographed by J. F. Lassouquere.

Multitudes of splendid portraits of the Duke, many of them from special sittings, figure also in compound paintings, and in engravings of them, in association with historical incidents or with other portraits. A picture, representing the supposed meeting of Wellington and Nelson, as narrated on pages 156 and 157, of our first volume, was painted by J. P. Knight. A scene in the Peninsula, representing the Duke standing at night by a camp fire, writing a despatch, was painted and engraved by John Burnet. Another scene in the Peninsula, representing the Duke standing by his horse on a battle-field, was painted in 1820, by Sir George Hayter. A cabinet picture of the Duke writing a despatch by lamp-light, on the night before the battle of Waterloo, was painted in 1886,

by Sir David Wilkie. A picture of the battle of Waterloo, with the Duke in the centre ordering the final charge of the guards, was painted by A. Cooper, and engraved in mezzotint by F. Bromley. Another picture of Waterloo, representing the final charge, was painted by Atkinson and Davis, and published in a series of etchings. Another representation of the final charge at Waterloo, but with the French in flight toward the spectator, was done in water-colour by Luke Clennell, and engraved by Bromley. Two pictures of Waterloo were painted by G. Jones,—one of them with the Duke in the fore-ground, the central figure of many groups,—and engraved by J. T. Williams. Two other pictures of Waterloo, the one with the point of view from the British lines, the other with the point of view from the French lines, were painted by Sir William Allan. Two pictures of Waterloo also were painted by the German artist Sauerward, and engraved by J. W. Cook. A picture of the meeting of Wellington and Blücher, at La Belle Alliance, at the close of the battle of Waterloo, both of the figures being good portraits, was painted by J. T. Barker. A picture of the Duke writing the despatch of the victory of Waterloo, was painted by Lady Burghersh.

A picture of the Duke's visit to the field of Waterloo in 1821, in the company of George IV., as narrated on page 449 of this volume, was painted by Haydon. A picture of "the Hero and his Horse" on the field of Waterloo twenty years after the battle, was also painted by Haydon, and has been variously engraved and very popular. A picture, representing the Duke giving orders to his generals previous to a battle, was painted by Heaphy, and has been variously published. A picture of the heroes of the Peninsula, representing the Duke surrounded by thirty of his Peninsular veterans, was painted by J. P. Knight, and engraved by Bromley. A picture of the heroes of Waterloo, representing the Duke and thirty others in an apartment of Apsley-house, was painted also by J. P. Knight, and engraved by C. P. Lewis. A picture of the Waterloo banquet of 1836, representing the Duke and upwards of seventy of the Waterloo heroes, was painted by Salter, and engraved by Grantbach. A picture, representing the Duke, full-length, in his cabinet in Apsley-house, reading the despatches from India announcing the disasters in the war with the Sikhs, was painted by J. T. Barker, and engraved in line by F. Bacon. A picture, representing the Duke at Toussand's gallery, contemplating the effigy and relics of his old foe Buonaparte, was painted in 1852, by Sir George Hayter, and not quite completed at the Duke's death. A fancy picture, called a Dialogue of Waterloo, supposed to represent the Duke reviewing the scene of his last great victory, in company with the Marchioness of Douro, (the present Duchess of Wellington,) was painted by Sir Edwin Landseer, and engraved by T. L. Atkinson.

A whole-length portrait of the Duke, grouped with Count D'Orsay, Lady

Blessington, and other well-known personages, was painted in, 1848, by Count D'Orsay. A group picture of the Duke and Sir Robert Peel, representing the former in profile in the Windsor uniform, the latter in a frock-coat, was painted in 1844, by Winterhalter, and engraved by Faed. A group picture, called "The first of May, 1851," representing the Duke offering the birth-day gift to Prince Arthur, while the Queen holds the royal infant in her arms, and Prince Albert stands behind looking toward the Crystal palace, was painted also by Winterhalter, and engraved in mezzotint by S. Cousins. Many other group pictures contain the Duke's portrait in some one or other of his relations to the state or to state-events, and derive from it no small share of their significance. Such are Isabey's picture of the Congress of Vienna; Hayter's picture of the House of Lords, during the trial of Queen Caroline; Hayter's picture of moving the address to the Crown in the first reform parliament; Wilkie's picture of the first council of Queen Victoria; Leslie's picture of the sacrament, at the coronation of the Queen; Hayter's picture of the homage at the coronation of the Queen; Paris' picture of the coronation; Hayter's picture of the marriage of the Queen and Prince Albert; Leslie's picture of the baptism of the Princess Royal; and Hayter's picture of the baptism of the Prince of Wales. Most of these pictures exhibit the Duke as originally as the single portraits of him, and have also been well published through engravings.

Of all the multitudes of portraits of the Duke, single or grouped, original or copied, painted or engraved, how many did he place in his own collections? Scarcely any. He gave profuse prominence to Buonaparte,—placed so many as three portraits of him in one room,—and did honour abundantly to his own generals, to his political associates, to celebrated men in all departments, and to the domestic objects of his personal love, but had no thought to bestow upon himself. The usage, so common among small men, to have portraits of themselves and nobody else, or to place their own portraits in the centre of all their collection, was entirely reversed by the great Wellington. Some of his rooms, indeed, were filled with such cosmopolitan collections as to look more like picture-shops than galleries, yet differing from all actual picture-shops in Britain in a total absence of every thing relating to his own person and history; while others, devoted mainly to portraits, showed by their contents that every portrait of himself was studiously excluded. The striped drawing-room in Apsley-house is a striking instance,—eminently characteristic of the Duke, serving silently as a great chapter on his character.

"Here he has delighted to group the members of his family and the comrades of his arms,—his adopted brothers and children. The prize of beauty is justly assigned to Lady Douro, whose 'high Diana brow' has inspired Swinton to one of his happiest efforts. Around the fair are arranged the brave, who best deserve them. These walls are decorated with not a few countenances that failed

never at the anniversaries of the 18th of June. The Duke himself forms the exception. Often as he sat for others, no likeness of him graces a place and company where it would so naturally be expected. The central luminary about which satellites so bright and many-clustered, alone is wanting. Possibly he may have thought that there was little need in-doors of an image which he could not stir out of doors without seeing stare at him from every shop-window. At all events no Gerard painted him in ducal robes, stars, and garters; no Horace Vernet blazoned his battles on acres of canvass. Of his dozens of victories one only—the last, the ‘crowning mercy’—is to be found here; and in that the point of view and honour is given to his antagonist. However indifferent as to portraits of himself, he employed the highest available art for those of his comrades. ‘Fighting’ Picton figures foremost, who closed his brilliant career, like Wolfe and Moore, in the arms of victory; then Anglesey by Lawrence, the impersonification of the dashing hussar, who in 1808 at Mayorga gave the enemy the first taste of the British sabre, and who at Waterloo struck and received the last blow; Hill, the model of discipline, the quiet collected lieutenant, who never exceeded his orders, which he never failed to execute in consummate style; Beresford, the sagacious companion of many a reconnoitering ride, and over many a midnight lamp,—the man of whom the Duke said, ‘If there be a weak point in a plan, that’s the eye that’s sure to see it.’ Lawrence has given with truth and gusto the Herculean build of Beresford, who at Albuera, fought sword in hand more like a private than a chief; nor does he less justice to the stalwart frame of Lynedoch, the gallant veteran who fluttered Victor at Barrosa, and ‘alone did it.’ Here of course is Fitzroy Somerset, so long the faithful follower and right hand of the Duke in camp and cabinet; nor can we miss Alava the true specimen of the good old Castilian, free from stain, who was both at Trafalgar and Waterloo, and waged war to the knife against his country’s inveterate enemy. In a word, no corner of the room is without a hero. Murray, the polished cavalier and learned tactician, the justly prized quarter-master-general, Combermere, the splendid cavalry chief, Scaton, the ‘beauty of bravery,’ Halkett, Grant, Freemantle, Buina, and Elley, stand once more side by side, as when the foe was in front. Nor are the portraits of Marlborough and Nelson wanting to complete this glorious company of good men and true, who trod in their steps of honour.”

Many of the presents and testimonials given to Wellington rank with the statues and pictures of him as fine contributions of art to his celebrity. They are in almost all departments of tasteful produce,—even in such as have the least possible connexion with the sphere of either warrior or statesman; inasmuch that a curious collection from them well nigh furnishes a large apartment of Apsley-house, called for sake of them the great china room. “This Eldorado glitters with porcelain, silver, and gold, the offerings of grateful kings and

nations. In examining these infinite services of china—French, Austrian, Prussian, and Saxon—it strikes one as strange that a substance so fragile should have been so much selected as an enduring memorial to the Iron Duke. But diamonds, orders, and batons had been exhausted; and these specimens of the ceramic art, the best in form, material, and taste of the period, did good service at the great anniversary banquets.”

Both in this room and elsewhere, also, are objects of a more appropriate kind. One of these is the magnificent shield, the gift of the city of London, designed and executed by Stothard, and briefly noticed on page 449 of this volume. The subjects represented on it begin with the battle of Assye, range through all the Duke's chief Peninsular victories, and terminate with his receiving the ducal coronet from the hands of the Prince Regent; and they are sectioned into compartments, with a wreath of oak twined round the shield, while in the centre sits the great hero on horseback, surrounded by the most eminent of his staff, Victory placing a crown of laurel on his head, and Tyranny lying subdued and trampled under his horse's feet. Another splendid object is the Waterloo vase, designed by Lewis Vuliamy, executed by the Messrs. Smith, and presented to the Duke by the merchants and bankers of London, in commemoration of the victory of Waterloo. It is circular in form, and Grecian in style, the lower part richly ornamented with foliage. It measures two feet in height and eighteen inches in diameter at the mouth, and will hold about four gallons. Each handle comprises a figure of Victory and Fame; on one side is a representation, in very bold relief, of a square of infantry; and on the other side is a representation of a grand charge of cavalry.

Another grand object is a pair of porphyry candelabras, the gift of the Emperor Alexander of Russia. They were always used to light the Waterloo banquet; but as they stand ten feet from the floor, the tables had to be fitted round them with holes cut for the purpose. “They spring from columnar bases, where sentinels, arms, and implements of war are grouped,—so excellently modelled and executed, and so pleasing to a soldier's eye, that an honourable acquittal was certain when tried by the court-martial summoned on the 18th of June.” Another gorgeous object, is a silver plateau, presented by the Prince Regent of Portugal. This also was always used at the Waterloo banquet, and is said to be worth £10,000. “It is of solid silver plate, raised about two inches, 30 feet in length, and 3½ wide. The upper surface is worked with a design in imitation of damask cloth, and the centre is occupied by an octagonal ornament about 4 feet high, consisting of an aggroupment of halberds, representing three architectural turrets bound together by wreaths, and surmounted by a globe with a figure of Victory. Round this tower are representations of the four quarters of the globe resting on a plinth, the whole supported by sixteen griffins which repose on an equal number of feet. The ends of the plateau are ornamented with

designs intended for the reception of lights; and round the whole work is ranged a series of figures and wreaths of flowers, rising into candlesticks of rich and beautiful design, capable of holding 106 lights."

But the most curious of the presents, and not the least conspicuous, is a huge marble statue of Buonaparte by Canova, holding in its hand a winged Victory. This came to Wellington, not directly but circuitously—not as a monument, but as a trophy—in circumstances which rendered it strikingly emblematic of his position as Buonaparte's conqueror. It was designed to be one of the public sights of Paris, but never obtained other place than a confined spot within the base of the stair-case of Apsley-house. "Canova received the order for it from Buonaparte himself, shortly before the latter's coronation; and the Phidias of his day, summoned from Rome, forgot the subjugation of his country in his eagerness to descend, as he said, to posterity 'united with the immortality of the modern Caesar.' He speedily reached the Tuilleries, and there modelled the head; but as the sittings were rare and the sitter restless, the attitude and attributes had to be conventional. The statue, eleven feet high, and cut, with the exception of the left arm, from one block, was sent to Paris in 1810, but remained in its unopened case. Buonaparte, superstitious and prescient of the coming end, disliked the winged Victory, which turning her back to him, seemed ready to fly from him for ever; nor was he pleased with the classical character of the nudity,—that language of ancient art; still less was he satisfied with the colossal dimensions, for he dreaded mocking comparisons, and preferred the apparent reality of his own natural inches. When it was known that he felt coldly about Canova's performance, the courtier-critics of France, who knew it only from casts, pronounced the forms clumsy and too muscular for a 'demi-god'; on the other hand, the Italians, captivated by the exquisite finish and air of the antique, held it to be the apotheosis of their Alaric. The marble, still in its Roman box, was, upon the Emperor's downfall, purchased from the Bourbon government by ours for less than £3,000, and presented to the Duke."

The monuments which have been raised to the Duke's memory since his death, or which are now in progress, do not properly come within the scope of our narrative; yet two prominent ones which originated almost instantly after his death may be alluded to. One of these is a statue in Manchester. A great public meeting was held in that city before the end of the month in which the Duke died, enthusiastically resolving to erect a statue to him, for which nearly £3,000 had already been subscribed, with the prospect that the sum might be raised within a week to £10,000. The other project was a school or college in London, to bear the name of the Wellington College, for the gratuitous education of one hundred of the children of impoverished military officers. This scheme was started under the sanction of the Queen, who herself subscribed

one thousand pounds toward it; and, though projected so munificently as to require one hundred thousand pounds for the endowment, in addition to the costs of the building, it obtained within one month an aggregate subscription of sixty thousand pounds, and was then still rising in popular favour.

But immensely the grandest monument of the Duke is the moral conviction which towers high in the memories of all classes of his surviving countrymen respecting him, that he was actuated throughout his life by a strenuous, steady, paramount desire to *do his duty*. Lord Brougham nobly alluded to this in a funeral panegyric upon him in the House of Peers. "My Lords," said he, "it needed no gift of prophecy, there was no risk in foreseeing and foretelling, that when this day unhappily should come—when he too had yielded to fate who had never yielded to man, enemy, or rival—every whisper of detraction would be hushed, and that one voice would be universally raised to acknowledge his transcendent praise. But even the highest expectations have been surpassed. All classes of our fellow-citizens, all descriptions of persons, without distinction of class or of sex or of party, at home and abroad, the country he served, the allies he saved, the adversaries he overcame—partly in just recollection of benefits, partly in generous oblivion of differences—have all joined in this universal, unbroken, uninterrupted acclamation, to sound his transcendent merit—not the merit of genius merely, but that which I place first and foremost in his great character, and that which is worthy of being held up for the imitation as well as for the admiration of mankind—I mean his great public virtue, his constant self-denial, the abnegation of all selfish feelings, and never once during his whole illustrious career suffering any bias of passion, or of personal feeling, or of party feeling, for one instant to interfere with that strict and rigorous and constant discharge of his duty, in whatever station he might be called upon to perform it; from whence I have a right to say that his public virtue is even more to be revered than his genius and fortune to be admired."

Nelson also lives in the memory of Britons quite as much for his high sense of patriotic duty as for his pre-eminent bravery; and the venerable Marquis of Lansdowne finely alluded to this, in the way of parallel to Wellington, in a funeral panegyric delivered on the same night as that of Lord Brougham. "My Lords," said he, "I stand in somewhat of a peculiar situation before Your Lordships, addressing you on this subject, because it may not be known to the greater number of Your Lordships—there are not many now alive to recollect it—that the individual who has now the honour of addressing you, some forty-seven years ago, in the other house of parliament, when young in my parliamentary life, was permitted and authorized by my colleagues of that time to call on that other house to do justice to the memory and to provide for the family of one of the greatest heroes that ever lived, and with whom alone in the military annals of this country the noble Duke now no more could be compared. It was, my

Lords, in the year 1805,—at a time of great difficulty and a great crisis in the military affairs of this country—that the country was compelled by a stroke of fate to lose the services of the greatest admiral that ever distinguished this country, and who then fell into the arms of victory. There was but one unanimous feeling on that subject; but when I addressed the House of Commons upon it, I was then but imperfectly aware—those whom I addressed were but imperfectly aware—that at the very moment when that great man had raised the navy of this country to the highest pinnacle of perfection and glory, there was rising in the East another man destined to perform the same great services by the army of this country, and to raise it—by efforts constantly directed to that object, by the most unremitting study and the greatest practical skill—to a position in which it afterwards asserted the dignity of this country throughout the world, and established that high character which, thank God, the British army, under his peaceful administration, as well as under his military career, have never since forfeited.

“Such were the characters of these two illustrious men—differing from each other, undoubtedly, as men will in particular points of their character, but resembling each other in all that was great and excellent—directing their attention to one great object—not indifferent, either of them, undoubtedly (as who is indifferent?) to the praise of others—but never allowing that praise to divert them for one moment from the service of their country, but making the honour of the Crown and the safety of the people the sole object of that unconquerable energy which regulated them in all the paths of duty. My Lords, I feel—any man may feel—proud of having lived with two such warriors. They were men who, in my opinion, did more than any men have ever done to bring forward the resources, and to strengthen the power and efficacy of these resources, for the defence and protection of this empire. Having associated them together, I do not feel myself called upon to dwell more particularly on the history and achievements of the illustrious Duke. If it was necessary to enumerate those achievements, I should wish to leave it to greater eloquence and to greater ability; but I do not deem it requisite to enumerate them. They are in all their rapid succession on record, and in daily perusal a part of the history of the world. They live; they are at present in all men's minds; they are familiar to all men's tongues; and they are stamped and engraven on all men's hearts.”

The very French press, at the time of the Duke's death, even in instances where its mind was too prejudiced to take a fair view of either his general character or his military achievements, could see well both his love to his country, and his country's love to him. The *Constitutionnel*, for example, said,—“If the services which the Duke of Wellington has rendered to England have been striking, we must admit that she has not been backward in rewarding them. A fortune of more than twenty millions of francs, an annual grant which amounted

to at least eight hundred thousand, magnificent palaces, sumptuous villas, innumerable statues, all the orders of Europe, and titles of nobility,—all were lavished on this favourite of destiny, who had perhaps saved his country, and towards whom his country knew how to show herself sufficiently grateful. We do not impute this to England as a crime. We who have seen our greatest men exposed to insult—Marshal Soult overwhelmed with insults—Marshal Bugeaud attacked even after his death by malevolence and slander—we can only approve the respect, the deep solicitude, and the affecting sympathy which surrounded Lord Wellington to the last moment. The man of Waterloo had, besides, as a citizen, attached his name to several of the greatest measures of English policy, particularly to that of Catholic emancipation; and above all, he was, in the full sense of the word, an English general, cool, calm, methodical, without enthusiasm, but without any false brilliancy, sure of himself, confident in his soldiers, and always firm both in good fortune and in bad. It has been correctly remarked that, in the numerous despatches which he published, and which form twelve enormous volumes, the word 'glory' never occurs. His only dominant passion was love of his country. His conduct and his character may be summed up in a word—he was a Pitt on horseback."

A portion of the French press, when noticing the Duke's death, could even appreciate, in a considerable degree, his combination of particular love for his own country with general concern for all the other countries of the world. *The Siecle*, for example, said,—“The ardent rivalry, the hatreds of centuries, have become appeased. France and England have made immense progress in all the departments of human activity. The Duke of Wellington was, during the first period of his life, the last representative of the fatal animosities which so long armed the one against the other,—the two powerful nations whose union is now necessary to the march of civilization. The sword, it is to be hoped, has for ever been sheathed. The fields of battle on which France and England have so fiercely contended have become transformed; and the pacific rivalries of manufactures and commerce have succeeded to sanguinary contests. In our eyes, the Duke of Wellington's best title to glory is that, in the latter years of his life, he understood this striking transformation, and identified himself with the spirit of the century. In 1815, as the *Moniteur* of those days relates, he went about Paris with five cockades in his hat; and the cosmopolitanism which he then displayed, though no doubt it meant more than he divined, had a prophetic character. The union of nations, whose symbols he wore, tends every day to become a truth.”

A portion of the French press also could clearly see in the Duke's death the extinction of one of the greatest political lights of the modern world. *The Pays*, for example, said,—“The name of the Duke of Wellington was European.” “The vast events in which he figured, the immense part which, for many years, he

played in the destinies of the world, the eminent place which he occupied in the state councils of England, and the great influence he wielded over his party in parliament, made him one of the most remarkable personages of our time. His death will produce a profound sensation throughout Europe. It will make an immense void in the British peerage. The Duke of Wellington, for a long time, both in power and out of power, directed the policy of his country in unison with Robert Peel, who shared his conservative but moderate opinions. Both are no more, and neither will be replaced. Of all the men who, after having exercised a decisive action in the events of 1815, laboured as moderators to maintain peace and immobility in Europe, Prince Metternich, who has now retired from public life, alone remains. Another generation of statesmen has everywhere arisen to control the destinies of Europe. Who can foresee the influence which this change in persons will have on affairs in an early future?"

One French journal, the *Assemblée Nationale*, even went so far as to institute a comparison, with more fairness than has been done by some British writers, between Wellington and Buonaparte. "The principal characteristics of the genius of Napoleon," said that journal, "were a prodigious and insatiable imagination, aspiring to the impossible, the most vast and flexible faculties, but ~~these~~ a singular mobility of ideas and impressions. The chief qualities of the Duke of Wellington, on the other hand, were a solid judgment, a cool reason, a wonderful justness of perception, both on the field of battle and in the cabinet, the most penetrating good sense, amounting to a power which became genius, a perseverance which nothing could tire or turn aside, and the most unshakeable firmness in great dangers. It was at a giant's pace that Napoleon ran through a career which was to lead him for a moment to the head of human beings. By the rapidity of his ascent he dazzled the world; and everything with him took the character of a magic improvisation. His rival, on the contrary, rose by patient and modest slowness, by courageous reflection. He never drew back, however; he always went forward; and his glory followed a progression which escaped all reverses. To speak warmly to the imagination of men, to fascinate them, to excite their enthusiasm, and to labour by every means to inspire them with an admiration, mingled with a little terror, was the constant study of Napoleon, who was far from disdaining artifice to effect his purpose. The Duke of Wellington never thought but of speaking to the reason; he was never seen to do anything in a theatrical manner. Duty was the only rule which he admitted, and which he imposed upon others. He had a horror of charlatanism and falsehood. He never sought to excite his soldiers; but sometimes he reminded them that they had to shed their blood because it was their duty. No astonishment will therefore be felt at the difference in the eloquence and the style of the two generals. In the proclamations of Napoleon, particularly in those of the campaigns of Italy, is to be found a powerful orator, who in the manner of the

ancients, engraves great images on the minds of those to whom he himself. The orders of the day, the despatches, and the reports of the Duke of Wellington were written with a cold and austere simplicity. Nothing is given for effect; everything is positive and true.

"The Emperor Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington were not only great captains, they were also both called on to play great political parts. History will perhaps decide that in Buonaparte the organiser was equal to the conqueror, It must not, however, be forgotten that the possession and the use of the sovereign power smoothed down many obstacles. With despotism great things are often easy. It was in a free country that during thirty-seven years, from 1815 to 1852, the Duke of Wellington enjoyed an unequalled influence and authority. Placed by his birth, and more particularly by his glory, at the head of the English aristocracy, he belonged, truly speaking, to no party. It may be said that in the bosom of the constitutional liberty of his country, the Duke of Wellington exercised a kind of moral dictatorship. The personal force which he was able to give to the Government, or to withhold from it, was immense. If at any future period England should find herself exposed to any great danger, either at home or abroad, her ideas would certainly revert to the man who for sixty years served and defended her. She will appreciate still more, that wise, firm, and sober genius, who never allowed himself either to be intimidated or to be excited, and whose moderation was rewarded by such a fine destiny. The end and fall of the Emperor Napoleon are the last point of contrast. The Emperor fell, the scaffolding crumbled away, and he who raised it with heroic temerity only survived the irreparable crash for a few years in exile. His fortunate rival, after a day by which the face of Europe was changed, saw open before him another career, which procured for him a new glory between peace and liberty, and which has only just finished amidst the unanimous regret and gratitude of a great country. Is not this a striking evidence of the final ascendancy of reason and of good sense over all the boldness and flights of imagination and of genius? The contrast of these two destinies, and these two great historical figures, has appeared to us too instructive not to be rapidly sketched; and, in drawing the comparison, we have set passion aside, and sought only for truth."

But this comparison, and hundreds of others which have been drawn, between Wellington and Buonaparte, regard the two conquerors far too much as isolations, far too little with reference to their respective situation and their aims. Wellington, in a large sense, was not the rival of Buonaparte, but the ~~resister~~,—not a parallel to him, but a contrast. He went forth as the responsible servant of a great people to oppose what the other had done of his own despotic will; he worked with narrow and fitful means to counteract what the other did with means almost unbounded; he laboured simply to do his duty, amid stupendous difficulties, for the benefit of mankind, while the other luxuriated in inventions,

amid immense supporting enthusiasm, for the prosecution of his own glory. But if we would view the two heroes intrinsically, with regard to the constituents of generalship, apart from the circumstances by which these were moulded, we must imagine Wellington in the same situation as Buonaparte, with the same absolute authority, the same facilities, the same incitements, the same scope, and then we may readily see that, but for the restraining influence of his higher principles, his integrity, his truthfulness, his patriotism, his utter abnegation of self, he probably possessed ample ability to do more dazzling things than ever were done by Buonaparte. Hence do we desire a better portrait of him than any intense admirers of Buonaparte, whether French or British, are ever likely to draw; and the following one from Blackwood's Magazine, though not exactly to our mind in one or two of its minuter lineaments, we regard as, on the whole, particularly just:—

“Daring and decision were the original and leading characteristics of the Duke of Wellington's mind. He possessed the intuitive glance, the eagle eye, which at once discerns what should be done on every occasion, and the moral courage, the intrepid spirit, which never hesitates to act on the determination. This appears in the delivering of battle, with half his army, against fearful odds, at Assaye—the crossing of the Douro, in the face of Soult's army—the perilous advance, and dreadful passages of arms at Talavera,—the sudden seizure of the moment of victory, from Marmont's error, at Salamanca,—the daring assault of Badajoz—the desperate stand at Waterloo. But this native bent, which his whole career, both civil and military, so clearly reveals, was corrected as he advanced in his career by higher considerations, and a clear view of his delicate and responsible situation as leader of the armies of a discordant coalition, of a government in which the intermixture of the popular element was too strong to admit of the original bent of his disposition being carried without the utmost caution, into execution.

“With an army seldom superior in number to a single corps of the French marshals—with troops dispirited by long continued disasters, and wholly unaided by practical experience—without any compulsory law to recruit his ranks, or any strong national passion for war to supply its want, he was called on to combat successively vast armies, composed in great part of veteran soldiers, perpetually filled by the terrible powers of the conscription—headed by chiefs, who, risen from the ranks, and practically acquainted with the duties of war in all its grades, had fought their way from the grenadier's musket to the marshal's baton—and followed by men who, trained in the same school, were animated by the same glittering objects. Still more, he was the general of a nation in which the chivalrous and mercantile qualities are strongly blended together; which, justly proud of its historic glory, is unreasonably jealous of present expenditure; which, covetous in war of military renown, is impatient in peace of previous prepara-

tion; which starves its establishments when the dangers are over, and yet frets at defeat when its dangers are present; which fired in strife on Oressy and Agincourt, and ruminates in peace on economic reduction. He combated at the head of an alliance formed of heterogeneous states, and composed of discordant materials; in which ancient animosities were hardly forgotten amidst present danger, or religious divisions in public fervour; in which corruption often paralysed the arm of patriotism and jealousy withheld the resources of power. He acted under the direction of a ministry which, albeit zealous and active, was inexperienced in combination and unskilled in war; in presence of an opposition which, powerful in eloquence, supported by faction, was prejudiced against the war, and indefatigable in its endeavours to arrest it; and for the interests of a people who, although ardent in the cause, and enthusiastic in its support, were impatient of disaster, and prone to exaggerated views of disaster, and whose military resources, how great soever, were dissipated in the protection of a colonial empire which encircled the earth.

“Nothing but the most consummate prudence, as well as ability in conduct, could, with such means, have achieved victory over such an enemy. But the character of Wellington was adequate to the task. Capable, when the occasion required, or an opportunity was afforded, of the most daring enterprises, he was yet cautious and wary in his general conduct. Prodigal of his own labour, regardless of his own person, he was avaricious only of the blood of his soldiers. Endowed by nature with an indomitable soul, and a constitution of iron, he possessed at the same time that tenacity of purpose and indefatigable activity which are ever necessary to great achievements. Prudent in council, sagacious of design, he was yet prompt and decided in action. His activity in war was unwearied—his frame capable of bearing any fatigue. At any hour of the day, he could lie down, wrapped in his military cloak, among his soldiers, and snatch an hour's sleep; at any hour of the night, he was ready to receive despatches, and coolly give orders for any emergency. No general ever revolved more accurately, before undertaking it, the possible dangers of any enterprise; none possessed in a higher degree the eagle eye, the arm of steel, necessary to carry into execution.

“By the steady application of this rare combination of qualities, he succeeded in raising the British military force from an unworthy state of depression to an unexampled pitch of glory; in educating, in presence of the enemy, not only his soldiers in the field, but his rulers in the cabinet; in silencing, by avoiding disaster, the clamour of his enemies; in strengthening, by progressive success, the ascendancy of his friends; in augmenting, by the exhibition of its results, the energy of the government; in rousing, by deeds of glory, the enthusiasm of the people. Skillfully seizing the opportunity of victory, he as studiously avoided the chances of defeat. Aware that a single disaster would at once endanger his

prospects, discourage his countrymen, and strengthen his opponents, he was content to forego many opportunities of possibly earning fame, and to stifle many desires to grasp at glory. Magnanimously checking the aspirations of genius, he trusted for ultimate success rather to perseverance in a wise than audacity in a daring course. He thus succeeded, during six successive campaigns, with a comparatively inconsiderable army, in maintaining his ground against the vast and veteran legions of Napoleon; in defeating successively all his marshals, and baffling all his enterprises; and finally in rousing such an enthusiastic spirit in the British empire as enabled the government to put forth its immense resources on a scale worthy of its present greatness and former renown, and terminate a contest of twenty years' duration, by planting the British standard on the walls of Paris.

"In this marvellous progress there is more than the reward of mere military talent, however great, or warlike courage, how indomitable soever. Vittoria and Waterloo were the reward not less of moral determination than of military prowess. Singleness of heart was the characteristic of the British hero—oblivion of self, his ruling principle. He prosecuted war with vigour and success; but it was not as an end, but as a means, that he did so. He thought only, amidst his triumphs, of preventing the chance of future aggression, and finally sheathing the sword of conquest. The greatest and most decisive conqueror of modern times—for he conquered him who had vanquished all others—he became, when the struggle was over, the greatest of all pacificators. For the last thirty-five years of his life, his efforts were incessantly directed to the preservation of peace; and on many momentous occasions, particularly after the fall of Charles X. in 1830, and of Louis Philippe in 1848, he succeeded in maintaining it by his own personal efforts and the weight of his character, when no other person could have achieved the object. By his influence in the Upper House, in 1832, he averted the alternative of a great creation of peers or a civil war; either of which would have proved immediately fatal to the British constitution. To this praise—unique among heroes—the British chief is justly entitled,—it is hard to say whether the olive branch in his hands, or the laurels which adorn his brow, entitle him most to the gratitude and admiration of posterity. And now that death has closed his career, and a mourning nation have assembled round his bier, the voice of truth must admit the eulogy of the historian,—'Wellington was a warrior, but he was so only to become a pacificator; he has shed the blood of man, but it was only to stop the shedding of human blood; he has borne aloft the sword of conquest, but it was only to plant in its stead the emblems of mercy; he has conquered the love of glory, the last infirmity of noble minds, by the love of peace, the first grace of the Christian character.'"

But as this estimate of the great Duke depicts him mainly as a warrior, we shall add another, from the *Times*, on his general character.—"Clearness of dis-

cernment, correctness of judgment, and rectitude in action were, without doubt, the principal elements of the Duke's brilliant achievements in war, and of his vast authority in the councils of his country, as well as in the conferences of Europe. They gave to his determinations an originality and vigour akin to that of genius, and sometimes imparted to his language in debate a pith and significance at which more brilliant orators failed to arrive. His mind, equally careless of obstacles and of effect, travelled by the shortest road to its end; and he retained, even in his latest years, all the precision with which he was wont to handle the subjects that came before him, or had at any time engrossed his attention. This was the secret of that untaught manliness and simplicity of style that pervades the vast collection of his dispatches, written as they were amidst the varied cares and emotions of war; and of that lucid and appropriate mode of exposition which never failed to leave a clear impression on the minds of those whom he addressed. Other men have enjoyed, even in this age, more vivid faculties of invention and contrivance, a more extended range of foresight, a more subtle comprehension of the changing laws of society and the world. But the value of these finer perceptions, and of the policy founded upon them, has never been more assured than when it was tried and admitted by the wisdom and patriotism of that venerable mind. His superiority over other men consisted rather in the perfection of those qualities which he pre-eminently possessed, than in the variety or extent of his other faculties.

"These powers, which were unerring when applied to definite and certain facts, sometimes failed in the appreciation of causes which had not hitherto come under their observation. It is, perhaps, less to be wondered at that the soldier and the statesman of 1815, born and bred in the highest school of Tory politics, should have miscarried in his opinion of those eventful times which followed the accession of William IV., than that the defeated opponent of reform in 1831 should have risen into the patriot senator of 1846 and 1851. Yet the administration of 1828, in which the Duke of Wellington occupied the first and most responsible place, passed the Catholic Emancipation Act, and thereby gave the signal of a rupture in the Tory party, never afterwards entirely healed, and struck the heaviest blow on a system which the growing energies of the nation resented and condemned. Resolute to oppose what he conceived to be popular clamour, no man ever recognized with more fidelity the claims of a free nation to the gradual development of its interests and its rights; nor were his services to the cause of liberty and improvement the less great because they usually consisted in bending the will or disarming the prejudices of their fiercest opponents. Attached by birth, by character, and by opinion to the order and the cause of the British aristocracy, the Duke of Wellington knew that the true power of that race of nobles lies, in this age of the world, in their inviolable attachment to constitutional principles, and their honest recognition of popular rights. Although his

personal resolution and his military experience qualified him better than other men to be the champion of resistance to popular turbulence and sedition, as he showed by his preparations in May 1832, and in April 1848, yet wisdom and forbearance were over the handmaidens of his courage; and, while most firmly determined to defend, if necessary, the authority of the state, he was the first to set an example of conciliatory sacrifice to the reasonable claims of the nation. He was the Catulus of our senate, after having been our Cæsar in the field; and, if the commonwealth of England had ever saluted one of her citizens with the Roman title of *Parens Patriæ*, that touching honour would have been added to the peerage and the baton of Arthur Wellesley by the respectful gratitude and faith of the people.

"It has been said that, in the most active and illustrious lives, there comes at last some inevitable hour of melancholy and of satiety. Upon the Duke of Wellington that hour left no impression, and probably it never shed its influence over him; for he never rested on his former achievements or his length of days, but marched onwards to the end, still heading the youthful generations which had sprung into life around him, and scarcely less intent on their pursuits than they are on themselves. It was a finely balanced mind to have worn so bravely and so well. When men in after times shall look back to the annals of England for examples of energy and public virtue among those who have raised this country to her station on the earth, no name will remain more conspicuous or more unsullied than that of Arthur Wellesley, the great Duke of Wellington. The actions of his life were extraordinary; but his character was equal to his actions. He was the very type and model of an Englishman; and, though men are prone to invest the worthies of former ages with a dignity and merit they commonly withhold from their contemporaries, we can select none from the long array of our captains and our nobles who, taken for all in all, can claim a rivalry with him who is gone from amongst us, an inheritor of imperishable fame."